

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



EDITED BY JAMES KNOWLES - - - - No. 320, OCTOBER 1903

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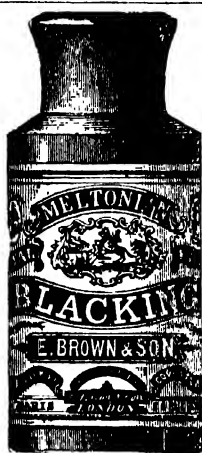
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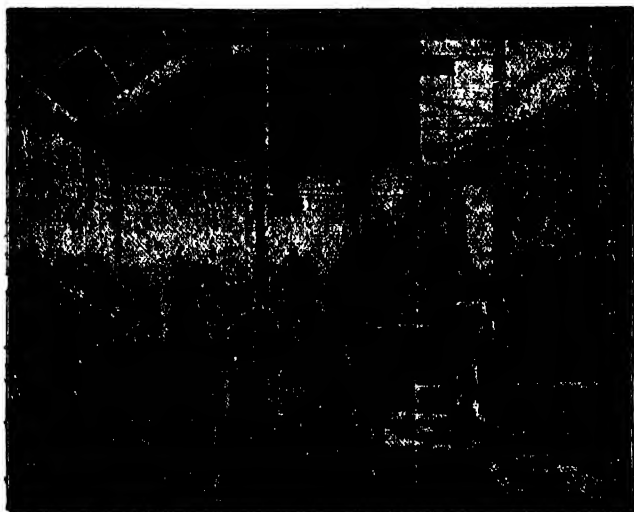
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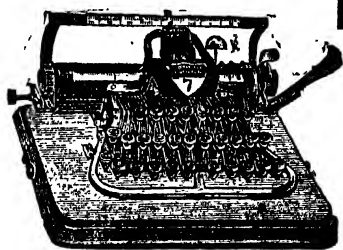
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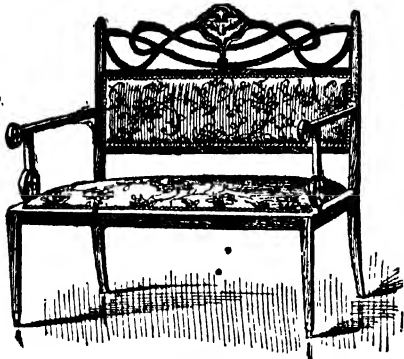
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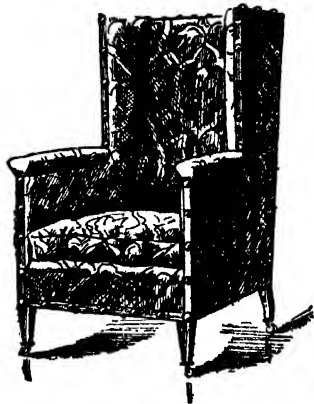
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No. CCCXX—OCTOBER 1903

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If there is one conviction which the colonial holds as indubitable, it is that in all the qualities that make up his ideal of manhood he is the Englishman's superior.

It is not here the place to indicate the validity of the grounds upon which each section of the race—the home-dwellers and the adventurers—bases its tenaciously held belief of its own racial superiority. But it may be mentioned in passing that probably the causes of this divergence in sentiment lie, on the one hand, in the assured belief in himself that centuries of supremacy have given as a

legacy to the Englishman, and on the other, in the assertive local patriotism of the colonial that resents the complacent approval of the Englishman as mere patronage.

But the implied contempt for each other undoubtedly exists; it exists in the Colonies where the local specimens of the 'new chum' do not tend to induce in the colonial youth a deep respect for the Englishman's native qualities; it exists in England in the delicate patronage of the Englishman that finds expression in such phrases as 'We are very proud of you colonials!' or 'You colonials are so loyal!' Beneath such remarks the super-sensitive colonial smarts, however stupid and petty may be his resentment. And despite the glowing accounts of fraternal feelings between the colonial and his brother 'Tommy' in the field, between the rough, alert, energetic colonial officer and his more refined British brother, that recognition of the jarring characteristics of the other existed upon the veldt. That during that long campaign, where for the first time in the history of the Empire the two branches of the Empire, the home-dwellers and the adventurers, met on equal terms, both engaged on a common task, in the intimacy of that compulsory companionship many of the misconceptions due to their mutual aloofness were annihilated, I do not deny; but the fact does not need proof that at the present moment there is between these two branches of the race a serious divergence of sentiment.

And it is the purpose of this article to show that this difference of outlook, this lack of tolerance and mutual respect augurs for the Empire that is their mutual care a future of grave and perilous issues; and to suggest a scheme of empire federation on the only basis that in the present temper of the Colonies will be possible of acceptance to all. And in order to effect that final federation of the Empire it will be necessary for the Englishman to recognise certain facts of colonial sentiment which he is either ignorant of or culpably ignores.

And it is the present writer's opinion that unless a reconsideration of the relations between the two great sections of the Empire—the Islanders and the Outside—is made, unless the Englishman is prepared to admit a greater measure of equality to the colonial, to grant him a more responsible share, a more honourable position, in the government of the Empire, unless he is prepared to abdicate some part of the title of 'Predominant Partner' which the history of the past has naturally enabled him to assume, this vast agglomeration called the British Empire will prove to be not a living organisation but a mere aggregation of units, bound together by no common tie, and liable to destruction at the first moment of stress.

And we cannot wait for the time of stress to suggest means to consolidate a dissipating Empire. The need is now, when that Empire is at peace, when throughout all the units of that wide sway

there is for the idea of Empire a keen and confident enthusiasm, a patriotic belief in its stability and power.

But in the present haphazard government of a series of 'self-governing' States and colonies by a Parliament situated in a small island in the North Sea—in which assembly not one inhabitant of nearly twelve million 'self-governing' whites is represented—at any moment the inevitable conflict between a colony and the Imperial Cabinet may come, and in the passions that such a conflict may raise there would be little chance of the equable consideration of warring claims and patriotisms necessary to ensure its peaceable and honourable settlement.

In order to clear the ground, let us consider the present position of the great world-wide business trust called the British Empire. It is composed of four great divisions, the small group of islands known as the United Kingdom, comprising a population of forty-two millions, dominating the whole concern. One of the other groups, that comprising India and Egypt, is not colonised, but occupied, and therefore is excluded from the suggested federation of the whites. The other three groups, the South African Federation (of the future), Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and New Zealand, are occupied by about twelve millions of the same race. The respective territories of the United Kingdom and that of the great self-governing colonies are 121,000 square miles and 8,000,000 square miles. Thus forty-two millions manage the affairs of themselves and of twelve millions of their fellows, and an island-group rules an Empire which in area is sixty-four times as big.

To the council from which the board of directors chooses itself, the twelve millions of the race who have left England are unable to send a single representative. They are disqualified from a voice in the management of the common business. The board of directors, too, directs the destinies of vast domains of which hardly one member has taken the trouble to catch even a glimpse. Nay, we have the further absurdity of a great department expressly set up for the management of the affairs of these twelve million outsiders, the head of which has at an advanced age just begun his education by personally visiting one of the most accessible of those vast domains. With the practical genius of the race for government, it is extraordinary that any man could occupy the position of Secretary for the Colonies who has never set foot in Collins Street, Melbourne. And at the present moment, so blinded is the board of directors by the localism of its politics, that in the popular view the Premier of England is a more important person than the real Prime Minister of the Empire—the Secretary for the Colonies. And a huge congested council, called the Imperial Parliament, whose chief concerns are not imperial at all, and which is so unwieldy, so absorbed in its little party struggles that it cannot settle the century-

old discontent of a small island at its door, nay, that it cannot put an end to a trade dispute that is devastating a whole district within its borders, is the final court of appeal to which these disfranchised Englishmen must appeal.

It is true that the small central board of directors has tacitly recognised the non-representation of the excluded twelve millions. England pays most of the expenses of this gigantic business; and the present wealth of the central governing body proves that in the past England has evidently found it profitable to incur this huge expenditure. At the present moment the forty-two millions within the United Kingdom pay each 29s. 3d. per annum for the management expenses of the business, while the twelve million non-voting shareholders in the firm pay an annual amount varying from 2s. per head in Canada to 3s. 5d. per head in New South Wales. This money is spent on necessary items for the upkeep of the business, the most costly of these being fragile things called battleships. But in the control of these expenses not one of the twelve millions has the power to interfere even to the extent of his very small contribution to the general fund; even the battleships for the common protection are manned only by members of the forty-two millions that pay so much per year for the privilege.

But in the past the United Kingdom did not find this burden excessive, for its money returned to it with interest in the form of trade and banking profits.

It is obvious that a business conducted on such paternal and irresponsible lines cannot long continue without reorganisation. This fact is recognised nowhere more clearly than in the mind of the chairman of directors, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. At the conference of Premiers last year, Mr. Chamberlain very clearly enunciated his belief in the necessity for a change in the conduct of the firm. Pointing out the discrepancies in the respective amounts contributed by the Colonies and the United Kingdom, he said :

No one, I think, will pretend that this is a fair distribution of the burdens of Empire. No one will believe that the United Kingdom can for all time make this inordinate sacrifice. While the Colonies were young and poor, it was perfectly right and natural that the Mother Country should undertake the protection of her children. But now that the Colonies are rich and powerful, that every day they are growing by leaps and bounds, so that their material prosperity promises to rival that of the United Kingdom itself, I think it is inconsistent with their position—inconsistent with their dignity as nations—that they should leave the Mother Country to bear the whole, or almost the whole, of the expense.

And during his recent noteworthy tour of South Africa Mr. Chamberlain recurred again and again to this thought. At Kimberley he said, 'Are you satisfied to be sleeping partners in the Empire?' (Cries of 'No!'). Then you will share its burdens and obligations.

and so it will become the greatest factor in securing the future peace and civilisation of the world.'

And in his speech to the Capetown Chamber of Commerce, he summed up his convictions in a noteworthy phrase that has awakened throughout the Colonies a loud and persistent echo. His declaration that 'the burden of Empire was greater than the Motherland could bear alone, and that as the Colonies grew in influence and wealth they must either abandon the idea of forming part of the Empire or take their full share of their responsibilities,' forms the *clou* of his deliverances upon that subject. In such a declaration the *Sydney Bulletin* sees 'a notice to quit' and characteristically accuses Mr. Chamberlain of being 'a preacher of sedition, secession, insurrection, and treason'; while the leader of the Roman Catholic Church in Australia, Cardinal Moran, merely remarks that it would not be for the interests of Australia to break away from the Empire at the present moment, though he cryptically concludes that 'in another fifty years the Hibernians of that day will state what their sentiments will be.'

There is, then, no possibility of doubt as to Mr. Chamberlain's convictions. The question is whether Mr. Chamberlain means to act upon those convictions.

Undoubtedly these anachronisms cannot long continue to exist. The paternal method of the past was necessary in the days when the Colonies stood to the Motherland in the relation of puny children to their mighty-muscled parent. The head of the business took all responsibility, protected his children from interference from other trade rivals, and used his children's growing intelligence and ability in the extension of his business. But now that the children are admitted by their parents to be full-grown it is inconceivable that they can still be treated as children. For good or ill they have outgrown their status; and now they must either be taken into the joint business on terms that recognise their responsibilities and also their rights, or they must withdraw and set up business for themselves.

'But,' says the Englishman, 'that happily cannot occur. The Colonies have shown their loyalty to us in unmistakable terms; they sent us contingent after contingent with the utmost readiness and enthusiasm. If a war broke out to-morrow they would unhesitatingly throw in their lot with us.'

That is a pleasant and a comfortable faith. The only unsatisfactory point about such a complacent bulwark of self-satisfaction is that such a belief is quite unfounded. Here the Englishman suffers from that radically wrong point of view which apparently is the inevitable result of his regrettable insularity. The Colonies are not loyal to *England*. The fact has been insisted upon again and again; apparently it is necessary to insist upon it till the end. The feeling

throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand is first an intense local patriotism for their own colony or State, secondly a growing enthusiasm for the idea of Empire and a pride in the conception that the colony and the Commonwealth are part of that world-sway, and thirdly a liking for and reverence for the country that is still called 'Home.' That is the invariable order of the colonial's loyalty: loyalty to his own colony, loyalty to the Empire, and lastly loyalty to England.

Surely the conception is easy. A Scotsman is first of all a Scotsman, next he is a member of the Empire, and last he may have some faint enthusiasm for the inchoate thing spoken of as his Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas. But a colonial no more expects a frenzied loyalty for his own particular State on the part of a Scotsman than a man from Birmingham would expect from a patriotic New Zealander a keen enthusiasm for the Education Bill in England. Beneath the roof-tree of the Empire we may all meet, but in the heart of every member of the wide dominion lies an affection for his own race, his own country, his own people, a love for his own land, an ineradicable belief in its particular destiny.

And in other wars the conditions that held in the African combat might not obtain. The sympathy of the Colonies might not be roused. There might not be any danger to the Empire, and the Colonies might prefer to stand aloof. No; the loyalty to his own particular island of which the Englishman is so assured does not exist save in a complacent belief due to a wrong sense of the colonial's opinion of him. And it is this complacent belief which is the greatest obstacle to the final federation of the Empire.

And it is surely unnecessary to point out that in the event of a vital difference between the United Kingdom and one of its unfranchised colonies the loyalty towards England would not survive five minutes after the first angry word was spoken. Then the Motherland would have an opportunity to test the loyalty of its colonials—to themselves, to each other. And in a large conflict of opinion between England and any of her great colonial governments, there is little doubt in the minds of those who know colonial feeling that the event would be the signal for an outbreak of sympathy between the Colonies, directed *against* the Mother Country.

For it is well to remember that the Colonies—Canada, the Commonwealth, New Zealand, and the Cape—are bound together by the mighty bond of a common outlook. The ideals of any one of the Colonies are the ideals of all the Colonies, and not the ideals of the Motherland. England belongs to an older generation; England has to be repeatedly conjured to wake up. But the Colonies have outgrown her in political ideals, have set up for themselves, and apparently to their own satisfaction, a system of government that is

totally foreign to the English mind. And the conflict between the Colonies and the Motherland will arise out of the growing divergence of the colonial and the English ideal. Consequently in the future, a recalcitrant colony that defied the authority of the Mother Country would expect to find her defiance echoed throughout the Empire, a chorus of loyalty to the colonial idea before whose unanimity the Mother Country would see the need of conciliation.

It will be seen, then, that as at present constituted the Empire is in a position of very unstable equilibrium. The vast, loosely aggregated organisation is not a living thing. It lies open at any moment to the blow that may shatter it to scattered units. The need for its reorganisation is admitted by the clamant Colonies, and most emphatically by the head of the Empire. What steps, then, does Mr. Chamberlain purpose to take in order to put his firm's business in order, to place in a condition of stable equilibrium that wobbling thing called the British Empire? Apparently his only solution is a system of preferential tariffs. His Birmingham speech advocating a reciprocal tariff with the Colonies seems to the present writer entirely a leap in the dark, a step fraught with the worst possibilities for destroying the *entente cordiale* that at present exists between the parties to the proposed federation. As Lord Rosebery has pointed out in his speech at Burnley, such a scheme has obvious dangers, for it omits the question of colonial representation in the government of the common Empire.

The Chamber of Commerce [he said] would have to think what the situation might become—how Great Britain might have annually to submit to the pressure of various Colonies who were discontented with the tariff as then modified, and wanted it modified still further. If they considered Great Britain as a target at which all these proposals for modification and rectification would be addressed, he thought it would occur to their Chamber that it would not altogether add to the harmony of those relations to have these shifting tariffs existing between Great Britain and her Colonies.

Such a matter of tariff arrangements might presumably work happily—till the first stress came. And it might work happily for years—without contributing in the least to the cementing of the imperial federation.

And judging by the 'looking-on' attitude taken up by Canada, her 'sympathetic consideration' of any tariff arrangements with the Mother Country, with Mr. J. S. Willison's proviso that 'we cannot afford to be supplicants for Imperial favours nor to determine our policy according to the dictates of British statesmen'; the open indifference of Australia, evidenced in the Governor-General's Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Federal Parliament on the 26th of May, 'The urgency of questions of domestic importance prevents Ministers from asking you to give immediate consideration to the question of preferential trade;' and Mr. Seddon's speech, on the 5th of June, in

which he defines the extent of the Colony's concession to the preferential tariff idea as a mere 10 per cent. *ad valorem* duty on foreign imports, while retaining its present high tariff wall against the products of the United Kingdom—all these evidences of the aloofness of the colonial mind do not allow us to adduce any enthusiasm for the federation of the Empire by a policy of shifting tariffs. As the Duke of Devonshire pointed out in his speech of the 21st of July, the Colonies and the United Kingdom approach the idea of free trade within the Empire from different points of view. The Colonies, in short, are essentially Protective in their ideals, and England—until we have proof from the electors—must be regarded as essentially a free-trade country.

To the present writer the obvious remedy seems to be representation. The first need of the Empire is a fuller sense of responsibility among all the members of it. Mr. Chamberlain thinks it inconsistent with the dignity of the Colonies as nations that they should leave the Mother Country to bear almost the whole of the expense of the Empire. But the colonists think it inconsistent with their dignity as nations to have no share in the government of the Empire of which they form so important a part. Mr. Chamberlain cannot intend, and certainly cannot hope, to persuade the Colonies to contribute any sum for the management of the business in the disposal of which they have no voice. Such a suggestion would negative the fundamental axiom of government—that without representation there can be no taxation.

The Colonies are no longer content to be sleeping partners in the Empire. In the words of Mr. Chamberlain, they are eager to 'share its burdens and responsibilities'; but what steps is he prepared to take to raise the Colonies from the position of sleeping partners to that of active responsible partners in the difficult business of dominion? Up to the present moment the Colonies are waiting to hear, and have heard nothing but a proposal for reciprocal tariffs. And the Colonies admit with Mr. Chamberlain that they must either abandon the idea of forming part of the Empire or take their full share of their responsibilities.

It must be quite apparent to such an astute statesman as Mr. Chamberlain that he cannot hope to obtain one penny from the Colonies without proffering them some very real privilege in exchange. How, then, is he going to induce the Colonies to take upon themselves the burden beneath which the United Kingdom is so pathetically staggering? Certainly not by an appeal to their gratitude? The Colonies, though swift in sympathy and generous in their charities, are not of a grateful frame of mind. They have too confident a belief in themselves to admit that there is need of their gratitude. The colonial is assured of his ability to protect himself, and of the splendid future before his colony. He is a

grown man now, with a man's conception of his advantages. He would come to the Motherland's help from a feeling of sympathy, and if John Bull stood at the street corner and pathetically appealed for funds to carry on the irksome business of Empire, no doubt there would be a swift response to his request. But it would be given, as all charity is given, from a feeling of pity. 'And I do not think Mr. Chamberlain asks for the pity of the Colonies.'

No; the only means available for the preservation of this loosely knit collection of territories is a firmer binding together of the scattered parts. The final federation is a federation of the Empire upon a basis of representation. The New Republic of Mr. Wells may for the present wait; now the imperative need of the Empire is the compacting of its membership by a process that will give each member of the bond a feeling of responsibility, and of pride, in his position.

Then do the Colonies want representation in the Imperial Parliament? Frankly (in the writer's opinion) the Colonies do not. The Colonies have too poor an opinion of that unwieldy council to ask permission to be swamped beneath its multitude of councillors. The Colonies are not interested in the local concerns of the United Kingdom; perhaps the only party question that finds an echo in the Colonies is the matter of the pacification of Ireland. And the Colonies have no intention of being made the tools of a local party warfare in which they have not the least concern.

No; the only solution of the difficulty that is likely to commend itself to colonial minds is the setting up of a federal council that would take over the imperial concerns of the business, and leave untouched the so-called Imperial Parliament to riot in the intricacies of its local party system. Taking the federation of the Commonwealth as a model, we should see that local parliament at Westminster slowly dwindle in importance as it slowly receded from the imperial purview and became engrossed in the party concerns of what within a century will probably be a minority of the white population of the Empire. Necessarily, when the larger imperial cares were removed from its grasp, the number of its members would suffer reduction.

Remains then the Imperial Federal Council, the supreme governing body of the Empire. This body need not be large; the feeling of democracy is continually in favour of smaller legislative bodies, and I suggest for the composition of this Imperial Council a representation on a double population and State basis that would comprise two chambers whose total members would not number fifty. In order to provide for the changing proportions of populations due to the filling up of the vast empty territories of the Colonies, it would be necessary to have a double system of represen-

tation, similar to that adopted in America, Canada, and the Commonwealth. Thus all the State-groups of the federation would be represented in the lower council in proportion to their population, while in the upper council these same States would be represented by an equal number of senators apiece, no matter what their population. The lower council would be a population representation, in which the United Kingdom would naturally greatly preponderate, while the upper council would be a State representation, in which the Commonwealth would have the same representation as England and Wales or South Africa.

In order to show how such a suggested federal council would provide for the representation of the component parts of the Empire, I subjoin a suggested table of representation. For the rough purposes of the illustration it has been found necessary to divide the Empire into those broad divisions that geographically suggest themselves. Thus, taking the map of the world, we find the central group of the United Kingdom, divided into the three State-divisions of England and Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, with which would be included the white populations of the European possessions of the Empire. Another group would comprise the proposed South African Federation, another that of Canada and Newfoundland, as well as the white peoples in the West Indian and South American possessions, another the Commonwealth of Australia, and the last the colony of New Zealand and the Pacific and East Asian possessions. Thus we have a closely connected triple group of States at the centre of the federation, and outside them four great federations. My proposal would be to give each of these seven State-groups, three of which compose the United Kingdom, a representation of three senators in the upper federal council. Thus this council would be composed of twenty-one senators.

The lower house, elected on a population basis, would work out for the total population of whites in the Empire—fifty-four millions—a house of twenty-six representatives, each member representing the suffrages of two millions of his race. The constitution of the two houses would then be as follows:

State-Group	House	Senators	Total
England and Wales	16	3	19
Scotland	2	3	5
Ireland	2	3	5
South African Federation	1	3	4
Canada and Newfoundland	2	3	5
Australian Commonwealth	2	3	5
New Zealand, Pacific, etc.	1	3	4
	26 members	21 senators	47

British and Colonial Representation Compared

—	House	Senate	Total
United Kingdom (three States)	20	9	29
Colonial Empire group (four States)	6	12	18

From the constitution of this suggested council it will be seen that the central State-group, the United Kingdom, would possess a big majority in the lower house, and a small minority in the upper. But as, following the analogy of the Commonwealth Federation, in all cases of conflict between the two divisions of the legislature the two houses would ultimately sit as one, to settle the question upon which they were divided, the central State-group would possess an ultimate majority of twenty-nine to eighteen. Even in the eventuality of Ireland throwing in her lot with the Colonies there would be a majority of one for Great Britain.

Before discussing the question whether the United Kingdom could thus take the Colonies into a working partnership, it is necessary to make one suggestion that might pave the way for the establishment of such a council. That is that such a council might in the first instance be purely *advisory*.

Following the example set by the Premiers' conference, its deliberations might take the form of suggestions to the present Imperial Parliament. And as this public opinion of the Empire gradually took concrete form it would inevitably happen that these mere suggestions for the good government of the common business of empire-management would ultimately assume the importance of commands, which Westminster would have no option but to confirm. And—a further suggestion—it would not be necessary for the two portions of the federal council to sit as separate bodies at all. A single cameral system would be the least cumbersome method of procedure for a nominally advisory board of directors, though in order to balance the claims of States whose areas and populations are so extraordinarily varied, and yet unstable, the double system of representation would doubtless be found absolutely necessary.

But it will be strenuously objected that England would never submit to the indignity of thus abdicating her proud overlordship of the Empire. It is the writer's contention that this is precisely what England will ultimately be forced to do. The whole trend of the recent growth of the Empire, the whole trend of recent colonial opinion, are inevitably forcing this issue to the surface of imperial politics. It will be seen by the man in the street, as it has already been seen with such vivid clearness by the minds that guide the destinies of the Empire, that this issue is one of immediate practical politics. It is a necessity for the Empire immediately to put its

house in order. Common sense and imperial expediency alike point to the necessity for the institution of some such scheme of representation. The Colonies will not remain long content with the sop of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential trade within the Empire. They demand a more dignified and responsible position than that of the recipients of England's charity and beneficence. They are feeling the meaning of their manhood; they demand a recognition of their ability to take a man's share of the burden.

But in order to clear the ground for such a final federation that should knit the Empire in the bonds of an enlightened self-interest, it is necessary for the Englishman to recognise that the colonial is his equal. There must be no further patronage, uttered or implied. The representatives of the Colonies do not care to come to conferences at the invitation of England; they feel that they have the right to come as the representatives of the disfranchised twelve millions behind them. In such a council as I have tentatively suggested the eighteen colonial representatives would insist upon their right to assist the twenty-nine members of the home-States in the practical details of the government of the Empire. In the debating arena of that council every member, whether he represented half a continent or half an island in the North Sea, would be equal. Is the Englishman able to admit the possibility of such a conception? With all the glamour of his great history upon him, will he submit to listen to what these representatives of unknown territories beyond the seas have to tell him of the manner in which those dominions should be governed?

Unless the Englishman is prepared to admit the reasonableness of such a contingency, unless he is able gracefully to offer a fuller share of representation to the disfranchised Colonies, then, tariff conventions notwithstanding, the cementing of the Empire is yet a long and a perilous way off.

And the idea of a federal council offers further possibilities in the future. With the ever-continuous increase in the wealth and populations of the colonial empires, the position of the three central States will gradually but surely diminish in imperial importance. The Englishman of the far future must be prepared to see a suggestion made for the removal from England of the seat of government to one of the more populous centres of Empire. And, to recur to the present, one of the first results of such a council would be the throwing open to the Colonies of the great defence forces of the Empire. The British officer would have to admit his brother colonial officer upon an equal footing with himself, and a Westralian admiral might rise to the command of the Imperial fleets. Nay, there would be nothing to prevent another Mr. Seddon assuming the position of political head of the Empire. But a Scot has more than once been Prime Minister of England, and an Irishman has

brilliantly led the armies of the country against which his native country is politically so incensed.

Finally, the writer is convinced of the immediate necessity for the consideration of some federal scheme that is based primarily upon the principle of representation. Mr. Chamberlain's desire for the establishment of Empire preferential tariffs—federation by Chamber of Commerce—has the fatal objection that it affords more opportunities for discord than for harmony. A continual bickering between the selfish individual members of the tariff combine will not conduce to that enthusiasm for Empire upon which alone a permanent federation can be reared. Representation must precede tribute. In the words of Lord Rosebery: 'From the Imperial point of view, it would have to be considered whether the relations [between the Mother Country and the Colonies] could be modified materially for the better without having direct colonial representation in some form in the Government of this country.'

ARTHUR H. ADAMS.

THE FISCAL CONTROVERSY—SOME NOTICEABLE FACTS AND EXTRACTS

I.

THE POSITION OF ENGLAND BEFORE FREE TRADE

FREE trade is on its trial. At a moment like the present when its fiscal policy is being ardently discussed throughout the country, and when free trade is being as uncritically and as vociferously lauded to the skies by one set of people as it is being condemned by another set of people, and when the public is getting more and more bewildered at the contradictoriness of the statements made by its leaders, it becomes necessary to look at the present problem in the light of history in order to find out whether free traders or protectionists are right in their assertions. This is particularly desirable as the protectionists frequently state that the economic conditions of the world and of Great Britain have greatly changed since the time when free trade was introduced into this country, and as the nature of the economic changes which have taken place since then is vaguely felt but not distinctly understood not only by the general public but even by many prominent protectionists who make use of that argument.

Everybody has a fairly correct idea of the present economic position of Great Britain as compared with that of other countries. We know that its rural industries have been decaying for many years, and that the country receives from abroad by far the larger quantity of the food and the raw material which it requires. We also know that its imports have been rapidly increasing in value during the last three decades, whilst the exports, with which we pay for the imports, have remained stationary during that period. They have actually decreased if we deduct coal from them. We know that the manufacturing industries of the United States and Germany are flourishing, that the industrial competition between these countries and Great Britain has become extremely keen, that foreign industries have ousted those of Great Britain from many markets, that many of her industries, which formerly were paramount in the world, are languishing, and that some of them have even been ruined by their foreign rivals. We know that Great Britain keeps her in-

dustrial position in the world with the greatest difficulty, that the United States and Germany are rapidly overtaking her, and that this country is at present occupying the second rank, and is rapidly sinking to the third rank amongst the industrial Powers of the world.

What was the economic position of Great Britain when free trade was inaugurated?

At the time when free trade was introduced, Great Britain was unquestionably the first and foremost economic Power in the world. Her wealth and industries knew no rival; she was industrially and commercially *facile princeps* amongst the nations. A few figures will illustrate her former position. If we refer to the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* we find the coal production of the world for the year 1845 stated to have been as follows:

Coal produced in 1845

United Kingdom	31,500,600 tons
Belgium	4,960,077 "
United States	4,400,000 "
France	4,141,617 "
Prussia	3,500,000 "
Austria	700,000 "

Evidently, as regards the output of coal, the lifeblood of industrial production, the other industrial countries were nowhere, compared with Great Britain, for their combined production was only about one-half of hers.

In the production of iron Great Britain had a similar paramountcy, for the same edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* gives the iron production of the world in 1854 as follows:

Iron produced in 1854

United Kingdom	3,000,000 tons
United States	750,000 "
France	750,000 "
Prussia	300,000 "
All other countries	1,200,000 "
Total	6,000,000 tons

Great Britain therefore produced at the beginning of the free trade period as much iron as all other nations together.

The same source provides figures of similar portent with regard to the cotton industry:

Cotton consumed in 1845

United Kingdom	604,000,000 lbs.
United States	175,000,000 "
France	159,000,000 "
Russia, Germany, Holland, and Belgium	97,000,000 "
All other countries	39,000,000 "
Total	1,074,000,000 lbs.

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The British cotton industry was consequently far superior to that of the whole of the rest of the world.

We learn from the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* that Great Britain's means of transport were as superior to those possessed by other European nations as was her production of coal, iron, and manufactured cotton.

Length of Railways

United Kingdom (1857)	9,019 miles
France (1854)	2,913 "
Prussia (1856)	2,503 "
Germany (1855)	2,226 "
Austria (1856)	1,586 "
All other countries of Europe	1,807 "

At the beginning of the free-trade period our railways were almost equal in length to the railways of the whole Continent. At present Great Britain possesses less than one-eighth of the railway mileage of Europe.

Even the British shipping industry appears to have been proportionately more powerful before free trade was introduced than it is now. According to official statistics British shipping amounted in 1845 to 4,310,639 tons, whilst all other foreign countries possessed only 1,735,079 tons. Great Britain therefore owned, before the advent of free trade, more than 70 per cent. of the world's shipping, while she has now less than 50 per cent.

This wonderful prosperity of the country, which outshone not only that of every other country but even that of all other countries combined, had grown up since the time of the great Napoleonic wars. We read in volume xiv. of Alison's *History of Europe* :

There is perhaps no example in the annals of mankind of a nation having made such advances in industry, wealth, and numbers as Great Britain has made since the Peace. In the thirty years that have elapsed since the battle of Waterloo, during which it has enjoyed, in Europe at least, almost uninterrupted peace, its population has increased more than one-half, having advanced from 18,500,000 to 28,000,000; its imports have doubled, having risen from 32,000,000*l.* to 70,000,000*l.*; its exports have more than tripled, having swelled from 42,000,000*l.* to 130,000,000*l.*, exclusive of colonial produce; its shipping has doubled, having grown from 2,500,000 tons to 5,000,000 tons. . . . During the same period the agricultural industry of the country has been so far from falling short of this prodigious increase in its commercial transactions that it has signally prospered; the dependence of the nation on foreign supplies has steadily diminished, until the grain annually imported had come (on an average of five years, ending with 1835) to be no more than a two-hundredth part in average years of the annual consumption; and the prodigy was exhibited of a rural industry in an old State possessing a narrow and long cultivated territory, not only keeping pace with, but outstripping an increase of numbers and augmentation of food required for the purposes of luxury unparalleled in any age.

It should be added that Alison's figures are based on the official statistics contained in the Government abstracts.

Such, according to the best English sources, was the paramount industrial position of Great Britain at the time when the great free traders began their activity. The few but representative figures above given should be sufficient to prove that Great Britain was then industrially and also financially all-powerful. This impression is confirmed and strengthened when we turn to the foremost foreign book of reference of that period, Meyer's *Encyclopædia*. In that work we read the following under the article 'Great Britain,' published in 1849 :

Great Britain outshines all other countries in every branch of human activity, in the raising of raw produce and in the manufacturing industries. Her rural industries are carried on on a most grandiose scale. . . . Great Britain can be called an industrial State only in so far as her agricultural population is inferior in numbers to her industrial population. In no European State have the rural industries made greater progress than in Great Britain. Agriculture and cattle-raising show an extraordinary prosperity and are a model to all countries. . . . Great Britain occupies not only a commanding position owing to the perfection at which her agriculture and her mining industry have arrived. She is besides a model to all nations of the earth with regard to the technical industries, for no country on earth possesses industries of a perfection and a size similar to those of Great Britain. There is no branch of industry which has not been cultivated by the British, none in which they have not arrived at the highest perfection. Manufactures of many kinds, such as the wool and metal industries, have been celebrated already for three centuries, but their production has only become unsurpassed in quality and quantity since the middle of the seventeenth century, when the inexhaustible mechanical genius of the British, by the invention of machinery, skilfully utilised the vast powers of Nature which had hitherto lain dormant. England and Scotland are the workshops of the world, which provide not only all the States of Christendom with goods, but which swamp the whole earth with produce of every description. Great wealth favours enterprise in Great Britain. The liberty of the citizens, an advantageous system of patents which may easily be ceded, together with governmental bounties and grants for the maximum export of manufactured goods stimulate commercial activity. The use of machinery, which is more developed in Great Britain than in any other country, saves expensive manual labour and makes it impossible for other nations to compete with that country on terms of equality.

The position of Great Britain makes a large export to foreign countries absolutely necessary, and Great Britain would rapidly decay and lose her paramountcy if the foreign markets should be closed to her and if her industries should be stifled by their own productiveness. Therefore it comes that the political relations of Great Britain with all other countries are based chiefly on commercial considerations.

The incontrovertible statements taken from the best British and foreign sources make it abundantly clear that Great Britain's industrial position before the advent of free trade was unique, and that the prosperity of the country was marvellous. Therefore it would appear that the assertion which is so frequently made by free traders that Great Britain owes her prosperity to free trade has no foundation in fact.

There was no doubt much justification for the demands for free trade which were advanced in the middle of last century. This

justification may be found in the economic conditions of the world during the early forties of last century. As we have seen from the foregoing figures, Great Britain possessed practically a universal monopoly in all important industries, for her manufacturing output was probably greater than that of all the other Powers of the world combined. Great Britain was the workshop, the banker, the merchant, the shipper, the engineer, the financier, in fact the universal provider, of the whole world. No dangerous competitors were in existence. The United States were a purely agricultural country of less than 20,000,000 inhabitants, and were our best customers for the products of our industries. Germany was an incoherent mass of small and independent States which were jealous of one another and which hampered each other's progress. Each petty State had its own coinage, weights, and measures. The internal trade of the country was subjected to all those vexatious and ruinous restrictions which are usually found only between distant countries. France suffered from chronic unrest and revolution, her agriculture was very backward, and an elaborate system of octroi duties and of unnecessary and most galling governmental and communal restrictions hampered the creation and the development of her industries. Those men in Great Britain who agitated for free trade could, of course, not foresee that backward agricultural countries, such as the United States and Germany, would ever become industrial rivals of Great Britain. This seemed especially unlikely, as it was supposed that the United Kingdom had the monopoly of good coal; which was the one and only basis of all manufacturing activity. We read in the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, issued in 1842:

In France, Liège, Germany, Sweden, Newfoundland, Cape Breton, Canada, and some of the New England provinces coal has been discovered and wrought. But in all these countries the coal is of a quality much inferior to the British, and entirely unfit to be used in many manufactures; so they import coal from Great Britain for various manufactures.

Besides, the stock of coal was believed to be practically inexhaustible, for we read in the same work:

At the present rate of consumption the coal deposits of Great Britain will still last more than 1,500 years, and, by an improved method of working, this time may be extended at least 400 years.

This sanguine forecast of the duration of the coal measures has, unfortunately, proved erroneous.

The economic position of Great Britain in the middle of last century seemed consequently to the men of the time to be so strong as to be absolutely unassailable. The country was all-powerful as a producer, there were no rivals in the field, rivalry with Great Britain seemed impossible, and, apart from its artificial resources such as its established position, wealth, and connections, its natural resources

seemed to be sufficiently great to insure for Great Britain a lasting monopoly in manufactures and shipping. Under those circumstances it was only natural that Cobden and his disciples loudly proclaimed that 'England was, and would always remain, the workshop of the world,' and that they based their whole policy on the assumption of Great Britain's natural and overwhelming superiority, which the experience of later times has, unfortunately, proved to be utterly fallacious.

This dangerous self-deception of the free traders was forcibly expressed in the *Edinburgh Review*. In July 1842 we read in an article published by that review on List's system of protection the following sentences, which plainly express the ruling idea of the period :

In Continental countries they naturally reason thus: 'England has protected her manufactures—England is rich; if we protect our manufactures we shall be as rich as she is.' They forget that England has unrivalled natural capacities for manufacturing and commercial industry, and that no country with capacities distinctly inferior can ascend to an equal prosperity by any policy whatever.

This is a characteristic pronouncement of the self-confident and unimaginative doctrinaire who always imagines that the conditions of the moment will last for ever. He presumes to dictate eternal laws to Nature.

Starting from the fundamental but erroneous assumption that England's superiority would be everlasting by the will of Providence, and that her prosperity was undiminishable by any policy whatever employed by foreign Powers, which was the practical basis on which the free-trade theory was built up, free traders argued that foreign Customs barriers would be absolutely unavailing against the natural superiority for manufacturing possessed by Great Britain. Therefore foreign nations were to be persuaded to give up their useless protection, and Cobden went so far in his delusion as to prophesy that 'there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in less than five years to follow our example.' Since that prophecy was made, not five but more than fifty years have passed by, yet not one foreign nation has followed our example, and the most rigidly protectionist countries, the United States and Germany, bid fair to possess in a few years that commanding position in the world which we occupied when we inaugurated free trade. This position has been taken away from us by these two protectionist Powers.

Free trade has been unlucky in its prophets. Cobden's prediction of the speedy advent of universal free trade has as little been fulfilled as his solemn prophecy, 'From the first I have always entertained and expressed the conviction that free trade, far from permanently injuring the farmers, would ultimately tend to their prosperity and independence.'

Similarly, Mr. Gladstone used to prophesy that her tariff was the only bar that would prevent the United States from ever becoming a prosperous country, which prophecy has also become utterly falsified by experience.

On the erroneous forecast that British industries would always remain paramount the astonishing theory was developed by our free traders that our whole fiscal policy should be shaped for the advantage of the consumer. The producer was so powerful that he was easily able to look after himself. Unfortunately history has proved that British industry is not irresistible, and as regards the celebrated 'consumer' argument, the plain truth is that a working man has to produce something during the day-time before he can consume his evening meal. If he cannot find any work because his industry, having been filched away by protectionist countries, is decaying, the cheapest 'consumer' prices for food will not save him from starvation.

II

BISMARCK ON THE POLICY OF REPRISALS

THE following mostly confidential documents were written or dictated by Prince Bismarck, and illustrate clearly the genesis of the movement for protection in Germany, which has many points of resemblance with the present movement for a reform of British fiscal policy.

The justification of his views may be seen from the marvellous industrial development of Germany which has taken place since his well-designed type of Protection was introduced. This development is directly traceable to the powerful influence of her tariff which has been instrumental in turning a backward agricultural country into the foremost industrial, and probably the wealthiest, Power on the Continent.

Owing to Bismarck's tariff, which was improved by his successor, Germany has been able to completely turn the tables on Great Britain. Whereas formerly she used to provide this country with raw produce and to receive British manufactures in return, her tariff, which was deliberately drawn up to effect that purpose, has entirely changed the character of the trade relations existing between the two countries.

Ex. gr., Great Britain exported to Germany in 1902 fully manufactured goods to the value of only about 2,500,000*l.*, and partially manufactured goods, such as yarns, sheet iron, &c., to the value of but little more than 6,000,000*l.* On the other hand she exported

to Germany *unmanufactured* goods, such as coals, metals, fish, hides, horn, tropical produce, &c., to the value of no less than 16,000,000*l.*, whilst Germany provided this country with about 33,000,000*l.* worth of fully manufactured articles and with but 9,000,000*l.* worth of *unmanufactured* goods. Thus, through the action of the German tariff, Great Britain has, as regards Anglo-German trade, been relegated to the humble position of a purveyor of raw produce which she can ill spare, whilst Germany has elevated herself to an exporter of manufactured goods of the highest class.

The fact that Germany sends us 33,000,000*l.* of fully manufactured goods and buys but 2,500,000*l.* of fully manufactured goods from Great Britain, and that Great Britain is forced to pay for foreign manufactured articles with her valuable raw produce, her tools, is sufficiently startling; and that disproportion between our fully manufactured exports and imports will, as regards Anglo-German trade, be accentuated in the near future by the action of the new German tariff, which foreign nations will probably again imitate, as they imitated Bismarck's successful fiscal policy of 1879.

Memorandum pro Memoria, the 13th of October, 1875.

His Excellency Prince Bismarck is of opinion—which opinion he is inclined to express publicly, and the criticism of which he leaves to experts—that *nothing but reprisals* against their products will avail against those States which increase their duties to the harm of German exports. The objections raised against such steps in the name of political economy seem untenable for reasons of policy.

Extract from Despatch to Prince Hohenlohe, German Ambassador in Paris, March 1876.

We cannot disguise to ourselves that, if the existing system of export bounties in France (by means of *acquits-à-caution*) should continue we would be compelled to levy countervailing duties on French iron similar in amount to the bounties given by the French Government.

Letter to Minister of State Hoffmann, the 27th of October, 1876.

. . . I request your Excellency to make proposals to me how and in which way the Imperial authorities might be empowered to take measures in order to combat the abuse of secret bounties which are given by the French Government to the French industries.

With regard to this matter, we cannot remain dependent upon the good-will of foreign Governments, but require absolute guarantees which we can only find in our own institutions and in our own

measures ; for even if we should succeed in obtaining by diplomatic negotiations and by the threat of reprisals from the French Government assurances which would appear satisfactory on paper, the French customs authorities would nevertheless in practice always be able to favour the interest of French subjects at the cost of German trade. The administrative arbitrariness of the customs officials in France, which is connived at by the highest authorities in Paris, is too great to allow us to rely upon the French authorities for the protection of German interests.

The honesty and the greater clumsiness of our officials, together with the greater publicity under which our own administration has to work, puts us easily at a disadvantage in dealing with the astute and disciplined officials of foreign Governments. By 'disciplined' I mean the greater obedience of foreign officials even to such instructions as are not publicly admitted, and their greater skill in twisting the sense of commercial stipulations in such a way that the advantages are all on one side, tactics which we find in France not only among the customs authorities but also among the transporting and forwarding intermediaries.

I believe, therefore, that we must not conclude a new commercial treaty which in any way fetters our freedom of action in the sphere of tariffs.

Letter to Minister of State Hoffmann, the 17th of November, 1876.

In the draft bill¹ received with your letter of the 15th of this month, paragraph I., and especially paragraph II., leave to us the burden of proof as to the actual export bounties which are granted by foreign Governments. It is within our power neither to determine the existence of such bounties nor to adduce legally valid proof as to their amount and extent. The determination of these bounties depends partly on scientific and partly on technical arguments, and on their applicability opinions may be divided.

In view of the lesser scrupulousness with which foreign Governments observe their treaty obligations, and in view of the greater facility with which the customs apparatus of foreign countries is made subservient to the Government for secret purposes *which are not avowed*, it is to be expected that we shall be outwitted in all

¹ The chief provisions of this draft bill were:

Paragraph I. Goods which are imported into Germany, and which receive an export bounty from another country, are, when introduced into Germany, liable to a countervailing duty which may be imposed by Imperial proclamation.

Paragraph II. The countervailing duty must not exceed the amount of the export bounty.

Paragraph III. Countervailing duties can be levied either upon the products of a certain country or upon all goods arriving from that country, without regard to their country of origin.

treaties which presuppose that the *bona fides* of foreign officials is equal to that of our own.

I do, therefore, not think it advisable for us to conclude commercial treaties which limit our freedom of action with regard to tariffs for the whole time for which such treaties are concluded. Only in freedom of action and in our determination to make use of that freedom of action to the fullest extent, shall we find protection against injuries inflicted upon us which we may recognise, but for which we cannot adduce legally valid proof.

Letter to Minister of Finance Camphausen, the 13th of February, 1877.

. . . . We should bear in mind that the German industries ought to be effectively protected against the injuries that are at present being inflicted upon them by the fiscal policy of foreign States. Therefore it should be our aim to secure for the exports of our home industries into foreign countries conditions at least as favourable as are the conditions which foreign countries enjoy in the German market. We have consequently not only to consider the duties which are levied on foreign frontiers and on our own, but also the export bounties which are granted in various countries, and which, I fear, are insufficient in the case of Germany and lower than those which are given by foreign countries.

Confidential Letter to all the German Governments, the 2nd of July, 1878.

In view of the attitude of the German Diet during its last session towards the taxation proposals recently made by the allied Governments, I think it desirable that the allied Governments should in time arrive at an agreement as to the financial policy of the future, in order to be able to submit proposals for a comprehensive programme of economic reform to the Diet during its next session.

The chief object of that reform should be the expansion of the Imperial revenues, which expansion has on all sides been considered necessary.

Consultation and agreement among the various Governments is required with regard to the following points :

- (1) As to the degree to which the revenues must be increased.
- (2) As to the objects on which taxation should be increased.
- (3) As to the manner in which that higher taxation should be levied.
- (4) As to the effect which the settlement of these three points will have upon our fiscal policy.

It appears recommendable that these questions should be discussed by way of confidential conversation between the allied Governments before formal legislation be entered upon. Consequently I take the liberty of submitting to the allied Governments the proposal that, as soon as possible, a conference of the competent ministers should take place.

For such a conference some days in the first half of August would appear to be a suitable time, and a town should be selected for it which is geographically most convenient to all the representatives of the various States. Heidelberg would perhaps be best situated and would be more suitable than Berlin.

In order to give the chief points which will be of interest for the conference I have the honour to enclose for your confidential information several copies of a memorial² in which the questions mentioned are treated.

I take the liberty of asking your Government to let me know as soon as possible whether it would take part in such a conference, and whether my proposals as to time and place are convenient. In case your Government should assent to my proposal I should be glad to be furnished with the names of its representatives as soon as possible.

(The conference in Heidelberg took place between the 5th and 8th of August, 1878, and led to an agreement in nearly all points with the proposals made by Prussia.)

Confidential Circular to all the Prussian Ambassadors accredited to the various German Courts, the 28th of October, 1878.

I have the honour to send enclosed a copy of a proposal for a revision of our fiscal policy, which proposal has been advanced by the Prussian Ministry of State. I think that it would be desirable to have thereon the views of the allied Governments.

You will therefore communicate in confidence the contents of the enclosure to the Government to which you are accredited, and ask in my name for an expression of its views on that question.

At the same time you will direct the attention of the Government to which you are accredited to the following: The policy of fostering individual industries by protective tariff (for reasons apart from financial considerations) is a policy which is permanently or temporarily pursued by all Governments. The opposition which that policy usually finds amongst those producers who are not protected is directed principally against the privileges which individual protected industries are supposed to obtain at the cost of all other industries.

To such opposition a protective system will not be exposed which

² The text of the memorial alluded to is not obtainable, but it was probably identical with the next document.

levies duties on *all* merchandise³ which passes our frontiers from abroad and which treats all produce alike, subjecting all without exception to *ad valorem* duties.

Prompted by the justified pursuit of German national interest, the whole of the German production would receive a more favourable treatment in the home market than would be granted to foreign production.

According to my opinion, such a system has the following advantages:

(1) The financial results of an *ad valorem* duty would be very considerable.

(2) Such duties would not be oppressive in any direction, as they would affect all classes equally. As every producer in the Empire is at the same time a consumer of the products of other industries, the advantages and disadvantages caused by such a tariff would be balanced and would be more equally distributed than if duties were imposed upon a limited number of particular products.

Only a small minority of the population is non-producing and lives on a settled income, on fixed salaries, professional fees, &c. This fact increases to a considerable degree the difficulties which are in the way of the introduction of such a tariff. These difficulties are especially great, as the majority of our legislators in Parliament and of our permanent officials belong to that minority. However, the justified claims of our officials can always be satisfied by increasing their salaries if prices should really advance after an increase in the customs duties has taken place. At all events it does not seem likely that a considerable rise in prices will occur.

(3) The duties raised on foreign imports will either not be borne by the home consumer at all or such duties will be borne by him to a small extent only. These duties will diminish the profit which the foreign producer has hitherto made from us, and will perhaps also affect the profit of the middleman.

By the fact that foreign countries always show the greatest concern if another country desires to increase its duties, it can be seen that such customs duties are to a very large extent borne by the foreign producer and not by the consumer. If the home consumer should really have to bear the weight of increased duties, such an increase would leave the foreign producer indifferent. However, that is not the case, for the gain of the foreign importer is diminished either by the whole amount of the duty or by part of it. Under a system of protective tariffs the Empire will, therefore, derive part of its income from foreign countries.

³ Prince Bismarck amended this statement later on by declaring that foreign raw products which are required for manufacturing purposes, and which cannot be produced in Germany, would either not be taxed at all or would be taxed according to requirement.

(4) The cost of the customs apparatus will not be much increased, as the customs arrangements already existing have to be maintained in any case, and they will probably prove sufficient for dealing with the additional goods subject to duties.

So far I have not made proposals in any direction with regard to the considerations enumerated above. The purpose of this letter is to ascertain how far it is advisable for the Imperial Chancellor to proceed officially, in which way he should proceed, and how far such proposals would be favourably received.

You will, therefore, bring about a confidential expression of views on the part of the Government to which you are accredited and notify to me the result of your conversation.

Enclosure referred to in the previous Letter.

The financial, economic, and political conditions which have determined the direction of our fiscal policy have materially altered in the course of the last years.

The financial position of the Empire and of the single States requires an increase of the revenues. During the confidential conversations which took place last summer in Heidelberg with regard to fiscal reform the conviction was unanimously expressed that the system of indirect taxation should be further developed.

Besides the present state of the German industries and the tendency to increase the protection of home production against foreign competition, which has become apparent in our great neighbour States and in America, have made it necessary to enquire carefully whether it would not be desirable to reserve the German home market also, to a greater extent than heretofore, to the national industries. By taking these steps, the growth of our home production would be encouraged, and at the same time material for future negotiations would be created, provided with which we might try later on in which way and how far the customs barriers of foreign countries, which at present damage our exporting industries, might be removed for the benefit of our industries by new commercial treaties.

The results of an enquiry into the position of the iron, cotton, and woollen industries which is being conducted will supply us with useful material for answering the question whether an increase of our import duties or their reintroduction will be conducive to the welfare of those industries.

Preliminary investigations have already been made, and papers will be placed before a committee of the council which will be appointed for the object of changing the customs tariff in such a way that in the first place the present disproportion between import duties on manufactured goods and on raw produce will disappear, and that in the second place the protection of our various industries

against foreign competition will be increased. However, the introduction of higher duties than those contemplated is in no way excluded. . . .

In order to solve the questions alluded to as quickly as possible and to end the present oppressive uncertainty with regard to the future course of our fiscal policy, which weighs on all our industries, it seems necessary to nominate a special commission for utilising the material which already exists and which has been collected by the enquiries already made in order to prepare the revision of our customs tariff.

The duty of the commission would be to examine the whole of the tariff, and it should be composed partly of officials of the Empire and partly of officials of the most important individual States. The number of its members should not be too small in view of the scope of the task. The working out of questions of detail should be left to smaller sub-commissions which could be formed from the larger commission. It is also recommendable to empower the commission and the sub-commission to call and examine experts or to call for written opinions and statements through the various authorities.

(On the 12th of November, 1878, a copy of this document was sent to the Federal Council, and on the 12th of December a commission was appointed which received Bismarck's views and instructions by his letter of the 15th of December, which is printed below.)

Reply to Objections made by German Governments with regard to the proposed Alterations in the Tariff, end of November 1878.

. . . The proposal to impose duties on our imports may be viewed with suspicion by consumers, and chiefly by those consumers who live on their assured income free from care. But the means of those people also will give out if they do not make up their mind to consider the position of the *producing* part of the population. If the producing part of the population is impoverished the whole State is impoverished. . . . Who after all is to carry the whole burden of the State? The producer alone? *Consumers are all.*

Memorandum to Federal Council, the 15th of December, 1878.

. . . It is not a matter of chance that other States, especially those which politically and economically have made the greatest progress, rely chiefly on customs duties for their revenue.

Direct taxation which is demanded from the individual, and which, in case of need, is obtained by force, is by its very nature more oppressive than indirect taxation, which is almost unperceived by the consumer. . . Direct taxation weighs especially heavily upon the middle classes.

It is a matter of course that is not intended that the increase of indirect taxation should mean an increase in the whole burden of taxation, which is not determined by the national income, but by its necessary budgetary expenditure. It is not the intention of the Government to produce larger revenues than are absolutely necessary, but it is its intention to produce them in the least oppressive manner. The reform of our fiscal policy consists not in increasing taxation but in removing the burden from the more oppressive direct to the less oppressive indirect contributions by a revised tariff.

To attain that end it would appear recommendable that all merchandise passing our frontiers should be subjected to customs duties. From those duties the raw materials which are necessary to our industries and which are not produced in Germany (such as cotton), or which are produced in insufficient quantity or quality, should be excepted. The duties should be graduated in accordance with the requirements of our home industries. . . .

The increased yield of indirect taxation would not necessitate a corresponding increase in the expenses for collecting the duties, as the existing customs apparatus will probably prove sufficient to cope with the additional work with which it will have to deal.

Though I am laying the greatest stress on the financial aspect of a change in our fiscal policy, I am of opinion that the reintroduction of protection cannot be attacked by political economists on economic grounds.

It is an open question whether a state of complete and reciprocal international free trade would be to the interest of Germany. As long as most other nations with which Germany has to keep up business relations are surrounded with tariff walls which are continually rising higher it seems both justifiable and necessary to introduce protection. . . .

Protective duties in favour of individual industries are like privileges, and meet with hostility on the part of those industries which are unprotected. In order not to give undue privileges to individual industries it would, therefore, be advisable to give a preference to all home production over foreign production in the home market.

Such a system would not be oppressive and would be just to all, as the duties would be more equally distributed over all the productive forces of the nation than in the case of protective duties in favour of individual industries.

The small minority of the population which does not produce at all, the consumers pure and simple, would apparently suffer by protection; but if the prosperity of the country should be increased by protection the non-productive section of the community and the recipients of fixed salaries, imperial and local officials, &c., would certainly also be benefited. The community would be enabled to

give compensation to those classes for a possible rise in the price of commodities; but if such a rise should take place it would be but infinitesimal and nothing like the rise that is usually imagined and feared by the consumers.

Duties which are imposed merely for revenue purposes on products which cannot be raised in the country, and which *must* be imported from abroad, will always to a large extent be borne by the home consumer. However, on those products which can in sufficient quantity and quality be raised in the country, the foreign producer will have to bear the whole of the duty in order to be able to compete in our market. Lastly, in such cases where a part of the home demand must be supplied by imports from abroad, the foreign competitor will be forced to pay at least a part and sometimes the whole of the duties, and to be satisfied with a smaller profit than heretofore. The customs duties on those products which are in part raised in this country would to a large extent be paid by foreign countries, which may be seen by the interested clamour which is always raised abroad whenever new duties are introduced or when the old ones are increased. If the home consumer would in practice be burdened with the weight of import duties, the introduction of such duties would leave the foreign producer more indifferent.

Whenever a portion of the import duties is borne by the home consumer, it is small in proportion to the fluctuations in price which are caused by the changes in supply and demand. Compared with the great and rapid fluctuations arising from these causes a duty of 5 or 10 per cent. *ad valorem* can only exercise a proportionately small influence upon prices. . . .

The return to the principle of protection all round has become necessary owing to the altered economic position of the world. *In the revision of our fiscal policy we can be solely guided by the interests of Germany.*

Commercial negotiations with foreign countries may soon be expected, and we can initiate such negotiations in the hope of securing favourable treatment of our claims and favourable conditions to German trade only if the whole of our industries can, by an autonomous tariff, be brought into a favoured position with regard to foreign countries.

*Speech from the Throne to the newly elected Reichstag,
the 12th of February, 1879.*

. . . The new fiscal proposals are firstly intended to increase our resources by broadening the basis of taxation and by abolishing that taxation which is felt to be most oppressive. At the same time I am of opinion that our home industries in their entirety have a claim for

as much assistance as can be granted to them by duties and taxes, an assistance which in other countries is given to similar industries perhaps *in excess* of the industrial requirements.

I think it my duty to try to reserve at least the German home market to national production so far as that policy is compatible with our other interests. We shall, therefore, return to those principles which have been proved by experience, which have guided the Zollverein during almost half a century of prosperity, and which we have, to a large extent, deserted since 1865. I fail to see that that departure from protection has brought to us any real advantages.

Statement placed before the German Diet in support of the Tariff Proposals and explaining their Aim, the 13th of April, 1879.

. . . German fiscal policy, in taking up free trade, had entered upon a phase during which the well-being of our national industries and the retention of the home market for the benefit of our own industries were almost completely left out of consideration. That economic policy would have been advantageous and justified only under two conditions.

Firstly, it was necessary that other countries should follow our example and also adopt free trade, and the hope that they would do so was widely entertained in economic circles until a few years ago, and was also very prevalent in the Diet. But to-day no doubt exists that the first condition which can justify free trade has not come into existence, for no nation has followed our example.

The second condition which could justify the introduction of free trade was that no changes in the international economic conditions unfavourable to Germany should take place since the time when free trade was inaugurated, and that Germany should preserve her relative economic position amongst nations. This condition also has not been fulfilled.

The marvellous development of transport has, during the last ten or twenty years, completely changed the economic aspect of the world and the distribution of economic power. The most important German industries are at present endangered by huge foreign industries whose production, owing to the greatly increased transport facilities, threatens the German market in a way that, but a short time ago, could not have been anticipated. Furthermore foreign nations have learned—and the United States are an example—to dispense with German goods by surrounding themselves with hostile tariffs and by creating industries of their own in their country.

Our present tariffs, therefore, correspond no longer with the economic conditions of the world and with the requirements of the time.

To the allied Governments the considerations enumerated

appeared so weighty as to make a reconsideration of our fiscal policy necessary, and from the disadvantages mentioned the direction which the necessary fiscal reforms should have to take became clearly apparent.

In view of the position described above it evidently became necessary to come to the assistance not of certain individual industries which had suffered, but of all the national industries, by giving them, wherever such treatment appeared desirable, a preference in the home market.

With this end in view a special commission was nominated which has examined every single item of the proposed tariff.

The changes which have occurred in the relative economic position of various nations must make it apparent that it is risky for Germany to keep our market any longer open to foreign nations, especially if we bear in mind that other nations, whose system is more strongly protective than our own, have reserved their home market to their own industries by increased customs duties.

As the unsatisfactory state of the German industries is not of recent growth, material to support the justified claims of our industries is not lacking. Two enquiries into the decay of two industries, which have particularly acutely suffered, were made last summer, and the conclusions arrived at are at the disposal of the various Governments.

The finding of the commission which has examined the requirements of the various industries is apparent from the individual provisions of the new tariff, in which the reasons which have been instrumental for determining each individual provision have also been stated. The general conclusion at which the commission has arrived may be summed up as follows: Whenever a pressing necessity can be proved to exist, home industries should receive a somewhat higher protection than hitherto received. As a rule our industries should be granted only a moderate advantage over foreign competition. In drawing up the provisions of the tariff it has been borne in mind that the ability of German industries to export should be fully maintained and that that ability should be strengthened by reserving to them the home market.

Letter to Minister of Finance Bitter, the 13th of May, 1880.

With reference to your letter of the 4th of May regarding the decrease in the yield of the income tax on small incomes ('Klassensteuer') I agree with you that it is necessary to proceed with the utmost economy, and to recommend to the local authorities the greatest possible indulgence in levying taxes in view of the diminished prosperity of the country. In reply to your letter I should like to make the following observations:

The shrinkage in the income tax on *small incomes* is a proof of

the shrinkage in the prosperity of the population. That shrinkage has made itself felt for several years past, and according to my conviction it would have taken place several years earlier had it not been for the war contribution of 5,000,000,000 francs which we received from France between 1871 and 1874. Only that circumstance has, for a time, arrested the deterioration in our economic position which has been caused by the free trade legislation that was initiated after the Zollverein period. If these statements should require further proof the fact that the masses of our population are impoverishing should be sufficient. That decline in our prosperity began when our fiscal policy was altered in the direction of free trade. . . . Only the French war contributions stopped for a time the decay of our prosperity that began when we deserted the traditional policy of the Zollverein which had been followed ever since 1823. We may therefore hope to see this decay disappear if our legislation continues to advance in the direction which it took in the session of 1879, without regard to the wishes of an opposition whose action was due rather to the consideration of the requirements of the political parties in the Diet than to considerations of public welfare.

. . . . That the income tax on *large* incomes has risen whilst that on small incomes has fallen off seems to me to be due to nothing else than to the greater pressure which has been exercised by the tax-gathering apparatus whose principle it is to increase the assessment until the public makes formal complaints. However, merchants and other business men who require credit do not easily make such formal complaints, because of their credit requirements. But even those income-tax payers who need not think of their credit will rather bear an undue increase in their assessment for a time, as long as that increase is not *out of all proportion*, than take the trouble of sending in formal complaints. Only incomes which emanate from regularly flowing sources and which are paid in cash can be measured with absolute accuracy. I can, therefore, only view with suspicion the way in which the income-tax gathering authorities have proceeded, if the income tax received between 1874 and 1880 has increased by nearly 12 per cent. when all incomes, as is well known, have decreased. In consideration of the depressing circumstances of the present time and of the shrinkage in our income I cannot believe that such an increase could have been effected except by causing perfectly justified dissatisfaction amongst the taxpayers.

If I therefore agree with the wishes of the Minister of Finance for economy I cannot help seeing in the arguments which your Excellency has advanced in your memorandum a proof how greatly the free trade disturbance, which has affected the fiscal traditions of the Zollverein, has damaged the prosperity of the German nation, and how necessary it is to continue to oppose free trade. The history of the Zollverein up to the end of the sixties was a history

of uninterrupted prosperity for Prussia, notwithstanding the narrow limits of the country and notwithstanding the greater impediments to our home trade owing to our inferior means of transport. During the short space of but half a year since we have deliberately turned away from that mistaken system of free trade we have already witnessed a slight improvement in our economic position, and we may count on an increasing improvement if we continue to proceed on the road upon which we have entered.

O. ELTZBACHER.

THE ORGANISATION OF THE ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE

WE have heard a great deal lately of the War Office and the need of reform in its organisation, and it has been unfavourably compared with the Admiralty. It may therefore be useful to show what the organisation of the Admiralty is, there being very general ignorance on the subject—the idea generally entertained by the public, and even by many naval officers, being that the Navy is governed by the Board of Admiralty created by patent ‘for executing the office of Lord High Admiral.’ And the fact that all orders emanating from it are signed by the Secretary ‘By order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty’ naturally tends to that view, which, however, is by no means a correct one, as I propose to show in this paper.

For many years previous to 1869 the Navy was ruled by a Board, responsible as a Board to the Crown and country, the members of which varied slightly from time to time, but consisted in 1869 of two civilians and four naval officers (as I pointed out in a letter to the *Times* in November 1890), the First Lord, a civilian, being *primus inter pares*; so that, if the naval men agreed, they, being in the majority, ruled the Navy, and the Board could only be overruled by the Cabinet. My statement that the First Lord was only *primus inter pares* was questioned by a correspondent in the *Times* who signed himself ‘Navalis,’ and who quoted the evidence of the Duke of Somerset and Sir James Graham before a Committee that when First Lords of the Admiralty they considered themselves supreme; and in a certain sense they were, but there is no doubt no important naval change could be made contrary to the wishes of the naval members of the Board. I have had conversations with old officers who were members of the Board of Admiralty previous to 1869, amongst whom I may mention the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Alexander Milne, and two out of the only three other officers now alive who were members of it, and they are all unanimous on this point. Cases have occurred when, the First Lord not giving in to the naval men on the Board on a vital point, the Cabinet was appealed to, and the naval men supported.

With regard to the formation of the Board, the naval men were selected by the First Lord after he had accepted office; and when a change of First Lord took place, the new First Lord made a fresh selection—which, however, often included members of the late Board. The same practice prevails now, except that whereas in former days politics often entered into the selection they have in recent times happily been abolished in the government of the Navy.

When in December 1868 Mr. Gladstone became Prime Minister Mr. Childers, who had in a previous Administration been Junior Civil Lord of the Admiralty, was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and knowing that he could not carry out Mr. Gladstone's economies with the Board in January 1869 procured an Order in Council which abolished the responsibility of the Board, and made the First Lord solely responsible to the King and Parliament, and the Naval Lords responsible only to the First Lord for whatever work he allotted to them to carry out, and this system has been continued to the present day. The machinery of the Board was retained, in case the First Lord wished to call them together to ask for their advice, which he can take or not as he thinks fit; but the Board, as a Board, are in no way directly responsible to the King and country. And the anomaly remains that, although they are appointed by patent as Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral, they are prevented doing so by the Order in Council referred to (January the 14th, 1869).

Mr. Childers, having brought in his Order in Council and taken away the responsibility from the Naval Lords, was enabled to carry out his economies, and the Navy, which had been perfectly satisfactory up to that time, went down the hill, and continued to do so until the Government were forced by public opinion to increase it.

The first expression of public opinion was the publication of a series of articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884, the concluding article stating that the Navy had been going down hill for the last fifteen years. I wrote a short letter pointing out that period coincided with the time responsibility had been taken away from the Naval Lords at the Admiralty. Since then the public and the press have forced the Government to increase the Navy. The initiative has not come from the Admiralty or Government. The increase has been forced on them by the public.

I can only come to the conclusion that if the responsibility of the Board of Admiralty to the King and country had not been abolished, it would not have been necessary to rouse the Government by public opinion.

In my opinion, and in that of all naval officers who have had seats at the Board to whom I have spoken on the subject, it would be much to the advantage of the country if the Order in Council of January 1869 were abolished, and the Board made responsible as a

Board, as it used to be. Lord Goschen has said he has always considered the members of the Board as his colleagues; Lord Selborne has said the same; and the abolition of the Order in Council would render the Board the colleagues of the First Lord in reality, instead of in theory. There is no occasion for every detail to go before the Board—the Navy has grown too large for that—but the principle that no important orders should be given without the approval of the Board would be established, and if any conclusion on a really important matter was come to against the opinion of an individual member he could resign; whereas under the present system the First Lord may give directions or adopt a policy which may be totally at variance with the opinions of one or more members of the Board, and he or they may find it consistent with their position, not being responsible, to remain. One such case and possibly others have occurred—only one naval man (Lord Charles Beresford) has resigned.

The naval officers on the Board are on half-pay, are paid as civilians, and do not wear uniform. This has obvious advantages; for men of ability and fitness can be selected without regard to their seniority, and by the phraseology of 'By order of the Lords Commissioners' their names do not appear.

How the organisation I have sketched (purposely briefly and without details) would suit the War Office it is for those who are more conversant with military matters than I am to judge. Personally I feel sure that a Board on the lines of the present Admiralty would not answer: the reason the Admiralty is more or less satisfactory at present is not because a civilian is solely responsible for its conduct, but owing to its old traditions, the extreme loyalty that pervades the Navy, and the fact that the procedure is carried on on much the same lines as previous to 1869, when the Board and not the First Lord was responsible. If the War Office is to be reorganised on the model of the Admiralty, it must be as the Admiralty was previous to 1869. You must get rid of the *sole* responsibility of the Secretary of State for War. Of course there will be objections, and the civilians will not give up what they have got if they can help it; but the majority of foreign countries have naval and military officers at the head of their army and navy, as seems natural. Under our Constitution this, however, is impossible, for it can only be very rarely indeed that a naval or military man can be found who to competent knowledge of his profession adds capability for Cabinet and Parliamentary work. It therefore seems that a Board where the experts are in a majority, and the civilian First Lord head of the Board and its mouthpiece in the Cabinet and Parliament, and which has proved so successful for ages in the Navy, is the right organisation for both Navy and Army.

M. CULME SEYMOUR.

LONDON EDUCATION

THE transformation effected in the course of half a century in the manners and morals of the London manual working class is one of the most remarkable chapters of social history. Nothing but the unimpassioned revelations of the Blue-books, or the incidental references of contemporary newspapers to what they took as a matter of course, can give an adequate vision of the abominations that, within the memories of men still living, prevailed in all the working-class quarters—two-thirds of the whole child population growing up not only practically without schooling or religious influences of any kind, but also indescribably brutal and immoral; living amid the unthinkable filth of vilely overcrowded courts, unprovided either with water supply or sanitary conveniences, existing always at the lowest level of physical health, and constantly decimated by disease; incessantly under temptation by the flaring gin-palaces which alone relieved the monotony of the mean streets and dark alleys to which they were doomed; graduating almost inevitably into vice and crime amid the now incredible street life of an unpoliced metropolis. It was with this problem, only partly alleviated in its gravity, that the educational reformers of 1860 and 1870 had to grapple. It is, in the main, out of this material that the present working-class population of London—taken, as a whole, perhaps the least turbulent, the least criminal, and the most assiduous in its industry of any of the world's great capitals—has been fashioned.

In this arrest of a nation's suicide, what influences have been most potent? We do not need to dilate upon the organisation of a preventive police, the elaboration of the sanitary code, and the ever-increasing regulation of the conditions of factory employment. But, potent as these remedial agencies have been, it is not by inhibition alone that men and women are rescued from deterioration. Hence the heroic efforts to establish church schools and chapel schools, night schools and ragged schools; and the gradual development of these by Government grants until more than a hundred and fifty thousand children were under their influence. Like all voluntary effort, this work was patchy, unorganised, and of very varying quality. It left, even at the period of its greatest development, two-

thirds of the boys and girls completely outside its scope. Not until the establishment under the Education Act, 1870, of the London School Board was there any systematic attempt to rescue the whole of the children of London. Thus it is that to the School Board for London has fallen by far the largest share in the beneficent transformation. By the persistent efforts of its army of attendance officers it has, at last, got London's 800,000 children to school. The voluntary schools stand, numerically, almost precisely where they did in 1870. It is the School Board which has provided the buildings for the half a million additional scholars brought under the wonderful discipline of the public elementary school. These five hundred new public buildings, covering a square mile of valuable land, existing now in every one of London's fifty-eight electoral divisions, four to every square mile of London's surface, erected at a cost of fourteen millions sterling, constitute by far the greatest of our municipal assets. And improvement in quality has kept pace with increase in quantity. It is, in the main, to the School Board that London owes the transformation which has, in these thirty-three years, come over its elementary schools—the change from frowsy, dark, and insanitary rooms, practically destitute of apparatus or playgrounds, in which teachers, themselves mostly untrained, mechanically ground a minimum of the three R's required by the code of 1861–96 into the heads of their scanty pupils, to the well-lighted and admirably decorated best school halls of the present day, with ample educational equipment, with pianos, school libraries, extensive playgrounds, &c., served by a staff of trained professional teachers, free to develop the growing intelligence of their pupils in whatever subjects and by whatever educational methods they find best.

Yet great as was the stride taken by the establishment of the London School Board, the dominant idea was still merely the rescue of children from the abyss. In the Government Code of 1860 the object was expressly limited to 'the education of children belonging to the classes who support themselves by manual labour,' and as late as 1868 minute regulations were framed to admit the sons of policemen and porters, but to exclude from the public schools those of excisemen, clerks, and the humblest shopkeepers. The proceedings of 1870 were full of the same idea. It is refreshing to study the plucky audacity and persistence by which the London School Board, largely through the imperturbable zeal and ingenuity of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, has forged its way through Government red tape and the grumbling of Philistine ratepayers across all these social barriers to the higher grade school and the advanced evening classes. For some years this audacity seemed to receive the sanction of the Education Department. Then came friction, resistance, and estrangement. In the end the courts were driven to decide that the legislators of 1870 had not authorised more than the elementary

education of mere children. The limitation thus practically reimposed by the judges in 1900-1 was, as we now see, not due to any special perversity, but to the historical fact that English public education, unlike that of Scotland or Switzerland, had its origin in what we have termed rescue work.

Meanwhile the community had been approaching the problem from another standpoint. England experienced successive waves of uneasiness about the supposed lack of craftsmanship in the British workman, and the deficiency in technical knowledge of the foreman and superintendent. First, as usual, came voluntary effort—the early mechanics' classes, the technical colleges of the City Companies, Quintin Hogg and the polytechnics; presently to be magnified by the dramatic 'rolling up' of the City parochial charities under Mr. Bryce's Act. Then, at last, the London County Council, reluctantly taking up the duty put upon it by the Technical Instruction Acts, began to spend its 'whisky money.' Beginning where the legal powers of the School Board ended, the Council, through its Technical Education Board, has, during the last ten years, laid down the lines of a highly complex system of specialised education, partly in the dozen great polytechnics, partly in its own technical institutes and art schools, and culminating in the technical faculties of the reorganised University of London.

But, with all this, London was still without an authority competent to deal with education as a whole. Fifty years ago, Matthew Arnold, crying in the wilderness, pointed out the absurdity of confining collective action to this or that particular grade of education, or to any one section of the community. Imperceptibly public opinion gained a new point of view. The leaders of all the political parties unconsciously absorbed the idea that national efficiency depended on our making the most of the capacities of the whole population, which form, after all, as truly part of the national resources as our iron and coal. Indeed, as we now see with painful clearness, we have, in the long run, for the maintenance of our pre-eminent industrial position in the world, nothing to depend on except the brains of our people. Public education has, therefore, insensibly come to be regarded, not as a matter of philanthropy undertaken for the sake of the individual children benefited, but as a matter of national concern undertaken in the interest of the community as a whole. It is this notion which has, almost without the notice of the controversialists, been embodied in the Education Acts 1902-3. We no longer prescribe, as the sphere of the local education authority, 'elementary education,' or 'technical education,' or any other kind or grade of education. For the first time in English history it has been definitely made the duty of the public authority to provide anything and everything that is needed in the way of 'education' without definition or limitation, without restric-

tion of age, or sex, or class, or subject, or grade. Thus the task of the new Education Authority for London is very different from that hitherto undertaken either by the School Board or the Technical Education Board. It is called upon to endow London with a complete educational system. To give to each of London's 800,000 children during the years of compulsory school attendance the most effective physical, moral, and intellectual training; to develop in them the utmost mental acquisitiveness; to arouse in as many as possible of them the indefinable quality that we call resourcefulness, initiative, inventiveness, or the capacity for meeting new conditions by new devices; to provide for the whole of them the widest possible opportunities for continuing their studies after leaving the day school; to carry on, by a 'capacity-catching' scholarship system, all whose brains make it profitable for the community to equip them with more advanced instruction; to organise, as well for these scholarship-holders as for all others able to benefit by it, an efficient and duly varied system of secondary and university education, whether predominantly literary, scientific, artistic, commercial, technological, or professional in type; to provide the best possible training for teachers of every kind and grade; and so to organise the whole machine as, while increasing knowledge and efficiency, to promote everywhere the development of character and culture, and ultimately to encourage the highest scholarship and the most advanced research—all this, and nothing less than this, is the task which Parliament has committed to the London County Council.

How much is yet accomplished towards that great task? To 'take stock' of London educationally seems to be the first duty of the new Education Authority. It was the comprehensive survey of London's technical education, made for the County Council by Mr. Llewellyn Smith in 1892, which made possible the successful ten years' work of its Technical Education Board. A similarly comprehensive survey of London education as a whole, as it stands in 1903, would be of inestimable value to the new Education Committee. It is an inevitable characteristic of educational administration in so vast an area that those who are interested in it have seldom had personal experience of, or come closely into contact with, more than a small portion of the field. One member knows about elementary schools, another almost exclusively about secondary; one is interested in the teaching of science, and is quite unaware of the progress made in drawing or modern languages; others, again, have governed boys' schools, but have hardly an idea of what is required for infants or for girls, and may be only dimly aware of the technical college or the university. No complete or systematic description of the educational institutions of London at present exists.

To begin with the broad base of the public elementary school, such a survey would, I think, show that the great task committed to the School Board in 1870 has been at last accomplished; that, of the child population living in houses under 40% rental, practically all are now either on the rolls of schools recognised as 'efficient' or otherwise accounted for; and that, roughly speaking, there is a school place for every child. This does not mean that there need be no more building of schools, even if London's child population continues stationary, but that such buildings may, broadly speaking, henceforth be confined to coping with the shifting of the people from the centre to the suburbs, and to the necessary substitution, as time goes on, of new schools for old ones. At least a quarter of the present public elementary school buildings of London are old and insanitary, and will have to be rebuilt, if not by the foundation managers out of private subscriptions, then as 'provided schools' at the public expense.

Passing from the buildings to their inmates, it will be found that the children are, taken as a whole, more regular in their attendance than they have ever previously been, the average in 1901-2 being 83·7 per cent. This, however, is not satisfactory. If several dozen schools in London, some in poor districts, can maintain an average attendance of between 90 and 95 per cent.; if all Leicester can achieve 88·7 per cent., and the whole of sparsely peopled Westmoreland 89·3 per cent., London cannot remain content with only 83·7, which means that there are at all times over 120,000 children away from school. What is even more unsatisfactory is that a great part of the absences are made by the same 6 or 8 per cent. of 'regular irregulars'—a body of perhaps 50,000 children who, by habitually missing half the possible attendances, escape most of the educational discipline of the school. Much has been done by the School Board of late years, mainly at the instigation of Dr. Macnamara, to look after these children, and various improvements are already in progress. More can be accomplished when the visitors are more closely associated with the teachers, with a view to promptly visiting every absentee, and when the voluntary schools, where the attendance is much below that of the board schools, are brought under the same central control.

Having got our children to school, the supremely important question remains: what is the quality of the education there given to them? On this point no materials exist for any confident answer. Since the abolition of the individual examination of the Government inspectors, no common measure has been applied to all the schools, and there is no statistical evidence to appeal to.¹ If,

¹ On the School Board itself there have been grave searchings of heart as to whether the greater freedom now allowed to the teachers, beneficent as the change has been on the whole, may not have resulted, in all but the best schools, in a

indeed, we confine our attention to the best hundred of the board schools, with their splendid new buildings, their unstinted equipment, their specialised departments, their completely trained staffs, and their energetic headmasters or headmistresses of the modern type, some complacency can be excused, for it may be doubted whether there is anything in the world equal to them.

Even if we survey the whole of the board schools, educating five-sevenths of the children, these may, with their high average of excellence of buildings and equipment, and their superiority in proportion of fully-trained teachers, safely challenge comparison, taken as a whole, with the schools of any other English town. But the difference in real educational quality between the best and worst London board school is pretty considerable, and it may be doubted whether anybody but the School Board's own inspectors knows how unsatisfactory the worst schools are, or what proportion the bad ones bear to the whole. Still greater divergencies exist among the 500 voluntary schools, which educate two-sevenths of the children. It would seem as if, speaking generally, the few Jewish schools, nearly all the Wesleyan and British schools, and the best score or so of the Church schools are of good average efficiency. But there is no resisting the inference that nearly all the hundred Roman Catholic schools, and probably 300 of the 331 Church schools—having, in the aggregate, more than 150,000 children—are, so far as secular education is concerned, most calamitously behindhand. It is not merely that their buildings are inferior and often hopelessly antiquated, their equipment and furniture insufficient, and their teaching staffs inadequate and in too many cases inefficient. What is more serious is the extent to which these schools have fallen behind in educational ideas and methods; their inability to provide adequate instruction in the upper standards; and their hopeless failure in such subjects as elementary science and drawing. No child in these 400 schools has any practical chance of winning a scholarship under any system of open competition, and is thus inevitably debarred, however gifted it may be, from access to higher education. Putting together what little is really known of all the thousand public elementary schools of London, including both board and voluntary, there are competent observers who declare that nearly half of them, containing about a quarter of all the children, would probably be condemned as inefficient, either in respect of buildings or sanitation, of staffing or equipment, of curriculum or real success in child-training, by a Swiss, a Danish, a Saxon, a Prussian, or a Massachusetts school inspector.

So grave a condemnation of the schools in which 200,000 London children are being educated—a greater number than the serious falling off in the accuracy and thoroughness with which the elementary subjects are taught. See the significant report, and the still more significant evidence, of the Special Sub-Committee of the School Management Committee, 1902.

whole child-population of Manchester and Birmingham together—will come to most people, as it did to the present writer, with the shock of surprise. We must with all speed find out whether it is borne out by the facts. We simply cannot afford to leave 200,000 London children to this fate. At the same time we must take care to maintain, and even to multiply and improve, the excellent higher grade, higher elementary, and other superior schools which set the pace to the rest.

Any general levelling up of the London elementary schools will bring the County Council face to face with the most pressing of educational problems, the supply and training of teachers. The present practice of the School Board of appointing to its permanent service none but fully trained teachers will, of course, be adopted by the County Council for all the schools. But this will be to raise the number required by nearly one half, and to demand, for London alone, more than 40 per cent. of the entire annual output of all the training colleges in England and Wales put together, and more than twice that of those situated in the London area. With the growing demand of the other counties and county boroughs, it is clear that London cannot possibly continue to get even as many as heretofore, let alone half as many again. Moreover it is only by each county training as many teachers as it needs (not in the least implying that each county should employ only those whom it has trained) that the total supply can be kept up. London, in fact, must somehow get established, primarily for its own supply, additional training college accommodation equal to an annual output of 500 teachers, chiefly women.

So far, no controversy arises among those acquainted with the needs; and we may confidently expect the London County Council to provide what is required. But there is as yet no agreement whether we should add to the number of residential training colleges, in which the future teachers are boarded, lodged, and instructed in a sort of 'seminary' fashion, or whether we should simply enlarge ten or twelvefold the existing 'Day Training College' established in connection with London University, in which the students live at home or in lodgings, and, whilst provided with special pedagogic training, obtain their academic instruction as ordinary students in the various university colleges. Strong arguments are urged in favour of both systems. The residential training college, when at its best, offers many advantages to the London boy or girl of eighteen, coming from an artisan or lower middle class home. The removal from the crowded household in a monotonous street, from the often narrow outlook of the family life, with somewhat restricted diet and scanty exercise, to an institution in the fresh air and generous space of the country, with a common table, and a collegiate life, with all its training in manners and discipline, under a regimen specially

devised for healthy development of body and mind, inspired, we may add, by corporate traditions, and by the personal influence of a highly selected staff—all these circumstances have, in the past, made the two or three years at such colleges as that of the old 'Borough Road,' at Isleworth, or for women at Stockwell, a veritable stride forward in health, conduct, and culture to the young men and women who were fortunate enough to gain admission to them. But there are drawbacks. The establishment of a dozen new Stockwells or Isleworths would mean a capital expenditure of half a million. Moreover, the segregation, for two or three years, of young men or young women, all of nearly the same social class and the same antecedent education, all bent on passing the same examinations and intending to follow the same occupation, all taught the same subjects by the same teachers—is not calculated to give either breadth of culture or knowledge of life. The alternative of a Day Training College, attached to a university, offers, it is said, at any rate to the abler and better educated of the pupil-teachers, a far more valuable training. The pupil-teachers entering, in London, University College or King's College as ordinary undergraduates, working for a degree in one of the faculties of the university, attending the lectures of men of distinction, and mixing, so far as university students in London mix at all one with another, with undergraduates of other antecedents, other faculties and other vocations in life, cannot fail to get a broader and more humane education than is possible at even the best seminary. The balance of advantage seems on the side of the university Day Training College. Its drawbacks are that only the ablest of our future teachers in elementary schools are at present sufficiently well educated to profit by the university curriculum; and that the pedagogic work which they necessarily have to add to that of the ordinary undergraduate makes it a severe strain upon them. And there is the practical difficulty of absorbing, in the existing university colleges of the metropolis, anything like so large a number as 1500 additional teacher-undergraduates. The inference seems to be that we must, in London, adopt both plans, making the best of each of them—on the one hand enlarge as rapidly as possible the present excellent nucleus of a Day Training College, admitting both secondary and elementary school teachers, securing, in some way or another, the necessary corresponding enlargement or multiplication of the existing university collegés, and providing residential hostels for such students as need them; on the other hand, grasp eagerly at any opportunity of establishing in the country round London, at least, a couple of new 'Stockwells' for those London girls who find themselves excluded from existing residential colleges because they are not members of the Anglican or Roman Catholic Church, and whose needs and circumstances make the university Day Training College unsuitable.

The provision of training colleges is, however, only half the problem. Between fourteen, the age of leaving the elementary school, and eighteen or nineteen, that of entering the training college, the future teachers have to be caught, broken in to teaching work, and given some sort of secondary education. Hitherto we have relied for this on the pupil-teacher system. This system, as it was, and as in many country districts it still continues to be, may fairly be denounced as a combination of child-labour and soul-destroying intellectual drudgery unworthy of a civilised nation. The boy or girl of thirteen, who a few weeks previously had been in the sixth standard, was often put straightway in charge of fifty or sixty younger urchins, whom he or she sometimes learnt to control and discipline, if not to teach, in a marvellous manner. At fourteen he or she would be regularly apprenticed to the teaching trade, receiving a few shillings a week, and being supposed to be instructed by the head-teacher. For the next four or five years the pupil-teachers would be slaving all day in the exhausting task of school-teaching, struggling with the large classes in the lower standards; and cramming up in the evening the woodenest of text-books with the scantiest of tutorial assistance, in order to pass the Government examinations on which depended their whole professional careers. It is difficult to imagine a more cruel and less enlightened way of preparing those who are to become the intellectual guides and inspirers of the masses. Fortunately, the whole system is in course of transformation, and the London School Board has long treated its pupil-teachers very differently. Yet notwithstanding all that is done for them, even in London the recruits fall short of the numbers required. To fill the annual vacancies among its assistant teachers, London needs, at least, 2000 new pupil-teachers a year, one-third boys and two-thirds girls, allowing for the percentage which drops out by the way. The School Board gets only about eight hundred and fifty and the voluntary schools perhaps half that number. With both the deficiency is greatest on the male side. The London boy has, in fact, nearly ceased to enter the teaching profession. In all London last year, with close upon five millions of people, the number of boys who became pupil-teachers in any kind of school did not reach two hundred.²

² Apart from the objections to attracting any continuous stream of immigrants to the already overcrowded metropolis, the extent to which whole sections of London's services are habitually recruited from the provinces is disquieting in its restriction of the opportunities practically open to the London boy. There is reason to infer that less than a third of the vacancies for male assistant teachers in London are filled by London boys. The competitive examinations for entrance to the great services of the Customs and Excise show an overwhelming proportion of non-Londoners among the successful candidates. Few London boys enter for the national scholarships for science and art teachers. In other spheres it may be noted that both the porters and clerks of the wholesale drapery houses are largely drawn from the country; that the London police are largely recruited from the country;

Instead of remedying this dearth of pupil-teachers, the Board of Education has just issued new regulations, which revolutionise the whole system. The pupil-teacher of fourteen or fifteen, as he exists to-day, is peremptorily abolished. The future teachers are henceforth to devote themselves exclusively to secondary education up to the age of, at least, sixteen; and their period of actual apprenticeship is limited to two years, which may begin as late as nearly eighteen years of age. The whole of the regulations point to an intention on the part of the Board of Education to make it impossible for the pupil-teacher of the future to be taken straight from the elementary school. However much we may welcome the spirit of this revolutionary change, it involves, even in London, and much more so elsewhere, some difficult readjustments. The present scarcity of pupil-teachers shows that the payment made to them between fourteen and eighteen cannot be reduced, and ought rather to be increased, especially for boys. The new Education Authority will therefore not only have to see that a sufficient number of efficient secondary schools are available for the appropriate instruction up to sixteen of all its future pupil-teachers. It will also have to pay them, in a new form, at least the equivalent of the wages which they have hitherto received up to that age, nominally in return for their services in the school. It looks as if the London County Council, merely in order to keep up the necessary supply of pupil-teachers, would find itself compelled to increase its junior county scholarships to 2000 a year, and to give two-thirds of the total number to girls, perhaps confining the last thousand to candidates who undertake to complete their pupil-teacher apprenticeship, and possibly modifying for such candidates its financial regulations.

The scholarship system which the Board of Education's new pupil-teacher regulations will thus revolutionise is one of the most successful developments of the past decade. Every year about eight hundred of the ablest boys and girls in the public elementary or lower secondary schools, between eleven and thirteen years of age, are picked by competitive examination for two to five years' higher education. These two thousand scholarships provide for the cleverest children of the London wage-earners a more genuinely accessible ladder than is open to the corresponding class in any that the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is nearly wholly drawn from sailors, comparatively few of whom are London-born; and that such a typically London industry as the building trade takes, nowadays, hardly any boys, and is mainly recruited by young journeymen from elsewhere. It must be remembered that the London boy seldom starts as a teacher, clerk, policeman, fireman, porter, bricklayer, or carpenter in any other town. It will be deplorable if we have to infer that, apart from the great army of junior clerks, it is the still greater host of dock and other unskilled labourers which is recruited in the largest proportion by Londoners. We should at any rate take care that the London boy has the first steps to the entrance of all skilled occupations and professions made genuinely accessible to him.

American, French, or German city. In addition to these maintenance scholarships there are free places at most of the London secondary schools, from St. Paul's downwards, which are utilised, as is found to be the case with all provision of merely gratuitous secondary education, by the lower middle and professional classes. Above these opportunities stand the intermediate and senior county scholarships, and others provided by various trust funds, probably altogether about two hundred in each year, for candidates between fifteen and nineteen years of age. These serve partly to carry on the best of the junior scholars; partly to admit to the highest secondary schools the ablest children of parents ineligible for the lowest rung of the ladder; and partly to take the very pick of London's young people to the technical college and the university.

This scholarship scheme has now necessarily to be revised, to bring it into accord with the changes lately made in the school-leaving age and the pupil-teacher system. Practically all children now stay at school until fourteen, and it is no longer necessary for any substantial payment towards the maintenance of the scholarship to begin before that age. On the other hand, there is a consensus of opinion that, when a child passes from an elementary to a secondary school, it should do so before the age of twelve, and should remain for not less than four years. It looks as if the limit of age for the normal junior scholarship should be reduced from thirteen to twelve, and its duration extended from two to four years, whilst the annual maintenance allowance up to the age of fourteen might be reduced to 5%, rising to 10% and 15% in the last two years. And if the need for pupil-teachers causes the number of scholarships to rise to 2000 a year, it would perhaps be possible to effect the further desirable reform of beginning the selecting process by a preliminary examination, conducted by the head-teachers themselves, in their own schools, of all the children who had attained the fifth standard before the age of twelve; and of undertaking to award the scholarships, not to any fixed number of winners, but to all who, in the subsequent centralised competitive examination, reached a certain percentage of marks. Such a reform would organically connect the scholarship system with all the public elementary schools, instead of, as at present, only about a third of them; and would bring London's 'capacity-catching machine' to bear on every promising child.

There must, however, be an adequate supply of efficient secondary schools for these picked scholars to attend, not to mention the needs of those who can afford to keep their boys and girls at school until seventeen or nineteen. There is a common impression that the public secondary schools of London are few and inefficient. Yet, including only foundations of which the management is essentially public in character, London has to-day certainly not less than 25,000

boys and girls between seven and nineteen in its secondary schools, actually a larger number than either Paris or Berlin. In the background, and not included in this calculation, stands the horde of private adventure 'commercial academies' and 'colleges for young ladies' of the genteel suburbs. These we may leave gently on one side. The publicly managed schools number about ninety, well dispersed over the whole county, ranging from those like Parmiter's School (Bethnal Green) and Addey's School (Deptford), where the leaving age is sixteen or seventeen, through the dozen admirable institutions of the essentially public Girls' Public Day School Company, up to such thoroughly efficient 'first-grade' schools as the North London Collegiate, for girls (St. Pancras), and Dulwich College (Camberwell) and St. Paul's (Hammersmith) for boys. Yet so dense is London that, with one or two exceptions, the very existence of these schools is forgotten by the ordinary citizen, and is often ignored by the legislator or administrator. Many a middle-class family which could well afford to send its boys and girls to secondary schools is unfamiliar with those which exist within a mile of its home. Even to the best informed educational administrators the real state and quality of the London secondary schools, taken as a whole, are far less accurately known than those of the elementary. All the information points to the conclusion that the efficiency varies immensely from school to school; that nearly all of them have good buildings, mostly well provided with science laboratories and suitable equipment; and that, where any school falls below the mark, the weak point is the staffing. In at least a third of the London secondary schools the income from fees and endowment is insufficient to provide more than one good salary, which goes to the head-teacher, whilst the assistants, who ought to be university graduates, are paid, for the most part, less than is earned by an ordinary certificated teacher in a board school. Yet, even recognising all the shortcomings of these schools, the department of secondary education is not one which will give the London County Council any serious trouble. About forty of the publicly managed schools are sufficiently well off to be independent of its aid, and these, nearly always charging high fees, and providing an education of high grade, may be left to themselves. The other fifty, including practically all those in need of help, have already shown by their cordial co-operation with the Technical Education Board their willingness to fall into line. It would, of course, be unnecessary to disturb the present governing bodies, on which the local authorities are already well represented, and it would be unwise for the Council to interfere in the details of administration. In no department is it so important to maintain variety and independent experiment as in the secondary schools. The policy should be one of very strenuous organising, supervising, criticising, subsidising, and advertising.

What needs to be insisted on is that every secondary school should attain a high level of efficiency in its own particular line; that the quality of the work should be systematically tested by thorough public inspection, if not also by the new 'school-leaving' form of the London matriculation; that any shortcomings in buildings, equipment, and curriculum should be promptly made good, and that, in particular, the science, drawing, and modern languages should be specially attended to; that accommodation be found, either by enlargements or by the establishment of new schools, for the necessary addition to the number of scholarship holders; and above all that an adequate scale of qualifications and progressive salaries be adopted for the teaching staff, so that all future vacancies may be filled by the appointment of men or women of education and professional training, whose remuneration and prospects will be such as to secure stability and continuity of work.

But construct what scholarship ladder we will, the secondary schools can be used only by a small fraction of the population. For the secondary education of the masses there has been organised, by the School Board on the one hand, and the Technical Education Board on the other, an extensive assortment of evening classes; providing instruction in every imaginable subject of literature, science, art, and technology. The classes of the School Board, which enrol over 120,000 students for the winter session and have an average attendance of half that number, are conducted in 400 of its day-school buildings, mainly by the younger and more energetic of its staff of day teachers. The work of the Technical Education Board, dealing usually with a more advanced stage and older scholars, is concentrated in the forty polytechnics, art schools, and technical institutes under its management or control, which have in the aggregate about 50,000 students. Here the lecturers and teachers are specialists in their respective subjects, teaching in institutions specially equipped for their work. At six of the polytechnics, the highest classes have been included in the faculties of the reorganised London University. These two schemes of evening instruction have now to be co-ordinated, differentiated, and developed. There can be no question of stopping either one or the other; on the contrary, both sides of the work will have to be increased. It ought not to be too much to ask that every boy or girl who leaves school at fourteen or fifteen should, up to twenty-one, be at any rate enrolled at some evening-class institution, even if attendance is confined to an hour a week. Yet there are in London over 600,000 young people between fourteen and twenty-one, and not a third of these are at present members of any sort of institution, recreational or educational. Out of 84,000 boys and girls between fifteen and sixteen, only 21,000 are on the rolls. What is happening to the others? We cannot, as yet, compel them to come in, as the Bishop of Hereford proposes, though

this is done in various parts of Germany and Switzerland. But we might try the experiment of using the school attendance officers to look after those who have not joined an evening school, using the method of persuasion, just as they look after the younger defaulters from the day school. Meanwhile we could bring the whole of the evening instruction in each borough into a single harmonious organisation; we could allocate the work in such a way as to provide appropriately for each age and each grade, and avoid overlapping; we could take care that each subject is taught under the most effective conditions, and properly co-ordinated with more advanced instruction elsewhere; and we could arrange for the progression of the students from stage to stage, until they reach the highest classes of the nearest polytechnic, or the technical college itself.

Finally, we reach, as the crown of the whole educational system, the newly reorganised University of London, with its 600 professors in eight different faculties, its twenty-five constituent colleges, its 3,000 'internal' undergraduates, and its still larger army of unmatriculated students attending university courses, constituting already the nucleus—especially in medicine, science, technology, and economics—of a centre of academic teaching and research not unworthy of the great city that it serves. What is important in the present survey is the closeness with which the university has already connected itself with all the other branches of educational work. By its inspection of schools and its new 'school-leaving' matriculation examination, it stretches down its roots to the secondary schools, from which it is attracting a steadily increasing number of undergraduates. By the bold opening of many of the ordinary courses to the evening student, it has—though at the sacrifice of the professors' dining engagements!—put itself in touch with a crowd of able and eager students. Alike in respect of the training of teachers and the adequate development of the scholarship system, it has made itself indispensable to the elementary schools. It is a tribute to the far-sighted statesmanship of those who drafted the scheme of reorganisation, and also to the prudent catholicity which has marked its present administration, that the University of London, only five years ago an isolated examining board without professors, students, colleges, or local connections of any kind, forms to-day an integral part of the London educational system. This connection is evidently destined to continue, and to become even more intimate. The urgent need for an extensive enlargement of the Day Training College, and the improvement in the education of pupil-teachers, will bring to the doors of the existing university colleges hundreds of additional young men and women, for whose academic training between eighteen and twenty-one the local education authority will have to provide. The development of the scholarship system will add another contingent, whom it will not be profitable to have to send to Germany, to seek the in-

struction in chemical technology or specialised engineering which is lacking in London. The need for considerable developments in the provision of more specialised science and technology, to say nothing of modern languages and economics, is, indeed, too patent to require argument. The grant of 10,000*l.* a year made by the London County Council towards such part of the university work as falls within the statutory definition of technical education, and the recent conditional undertaking of the Council to contribute 20,000*l.* a year to the projected new College of Technology, warrant us in assuming that, with the wider powers conferred by the Act of 1903, the municipal authorities of London, like those of Liverpool and Manchester, Birmingham and Glasgow, will not be unappreciative either of the requirements of their local university or of its place in the systematic organisation of London's education.

This rapid sketch of the most prominent facts and problems of London education will have seemed to some to omit the most pressing and the most important of them all. Some such readers may have looked for a discussion of the relative merits of a controlling body elected *ad hoc*, and the common municipal authority of the county, whilst to others the all-engrossing issue will have been the relation between denominational teaching and the public purse. It is my personal opinion that the Acts of 1902-3 require amendment at many points. But it is the simple fact that none of these hotly debated political questions traverses the actual work of educational administration. Neither the political nor the religious difficulty is met with in the schools themselves. Thus, if people feel strongly on these issues, it is as legislators and electors, not as educational administrators, that they must decide them.

With regard to the first of these controversies, as to whether the London Education Authority should be the County Council or a body elected *ad hoc*, not much need be said. The attitude of the educationist will be that of real mother at the judgment of Solomon—so long as the babe remains whole it is of secondary importance which body takes charge of it. What is vital is that there should be no more delay. The interregnum is paralysing the daily administrative work. Now that Parliament has decided, the sooner the new Education Committee grapples with its great task, and makes the necessary reorganisation of the administrative machinery—a subject which would demand an article for itself—the better it will be for London's children. Whatever alteration is required in the constitution of the County Council itself can best be obtained when experience of the new work has been gained.

When we come to the religious question, the first impression of the practical administrator is that grave indeed is the responsibility of those who seek to disturb the *status quo*. From this standpoint it is a merit of the Acts of 1902-3 that, so far as religious teaching

is concerned, they simply maintain the existing arrangements. They make no change whatever, and they require no change, in the religious instruction given in any London school. In the 498 board schools educating 71 per cent. of all the children, there will go on the same 'undenominational Christianity,' according to the widely accepted syllabus of the 'Compromise of 1871,' which the County Council will certainly not dream of disturbing. In the 331 Anglican schools, with their 21 per cent. of the children, the Church Catechism and the Book of Common Prayer will continue to be taught. The 100 Roman Catholic schools will go on providing their 4 per cent. with the doctrines of their own Church. The 15 Wesleyan schools and the 7 schools of the British and Foreign School Society, with their 1 per cent. of the scholars, will persist in giving exactly the religious instruction they prefer. The 9 large Jewish schools, with about the same proportion of the total, will inculcate their own faith and observe their own festivals. Exactly the same continuity is preserved to them all, and to any secularist or nondescript school. Whether this freedom in diversity represents an ideal arrangement or not, it has the great merit of existing; of having worked smoothly and well for a whole generation; and of exciting practically no objection among the children, the parents, the teachers, or, in fact, anyone actually connected with the working of the schools.

This diversity in schools involves, as every practical educationist knows, some segregation of teachers according to their views on the deepest problems of ethics and theology. It is easy for those who do not face the problem to earn the cheap applause of the unthinking by denouncing all religious tests. As a matter of fact, in the London board school of to-day, the teachers are appointed to give religious instruction on a syllabus involving the existence of a Personal Deity, the Divinity of Christ, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, Heaven (if not also Hell), and other highly controversial theological dogmas, in which many persons in the teaching profession do not believe. Even the Bible cannot be read as the Word of God without offending some consciences. In one or two London board schools, by a convenient evasion to which no one objects, the creed expounded is not that of Christianity at all; the Gospels are implicitly put on a level with the Koran; and Jewish teachers are deliberately selected in order that they may expound the Jewish Bible to Jewish children, for whose convenience the whole school is closed on the Jewish festivals. It is plain that in Roman Catholic, Anglican, and Wesleyan schools there is, for the most part, a similar selection. This inevitable segregation of teachers, or, as some persons choose to call it, this use of a religious test, is neither established nor increased by the Acts of 1902-3. There ought to be no exclusions, either by law or trust-deed. To put any such invidious distinctions on record is inconsistent with the spirit of what is

essentially a public service. But as a mere matter of administrative practice, whenever we have Roman Catholic or Protestant or Jewish children segregated in groups, it is convenient to have each group taught, at any rate as far as some of the staff of each school are concerned, by teachers of its own faith. It cannot surely be suggested that men and women should be required, or even encouraged, to give ethical or religious instruction in which they disbelieve, that they should day after day stand before their pupils and inculcate the supreme duty of veracity, with a more or less carefully hidden lie on their lips. Nor is this position created by the existence of schools connected with different ethical and religious systems. If we made all schools 'undenominational,' or even 'secular,' and imposed one particular form of moral instruction on all of them alike, we should necessarily have to couch this in some phraseology of scientific, metaphysical, or theological exposition of the order of the universe; and by any such uniformity, inevitably by implication either theistic or agnostic, we should be erecting a far more restrictive test than is involved by the present diversity. We should, in fact, in that case exclude, not from this or that school only, but from the whole teaching profession, all those who could not conscientiously swallow either the positive or the negative implications of the one official formula for the time being. The diversity of creed of the parents and the children being accompanied by an equal diversity of creed among those who wish to be teachers, the actually existing diversity of schools involves, as a matter of fact, the minimum of exclusion on account of ethical views or religious beliefs, and thus makes the teaching profession compatible with the widest practicable variety of opinions.

What the Acts of 1902-3 do, as regards the voluntary schools, is neither to create nor to alter the existing diversity, nor yet to establish any new test, but, in consideration of the provision of the sites and buildings free of cost to the public, to make the salaries of the teachers and the current expenses of education independent of the charitable subscriber, and to charge these expenses to the public purse. Whether or not this is financially a good bargain for either party to it we need not now discuss. Educationally, as Dr. Macnamara has consistently pointed out, it is pure gain. We cannot afford to go on trusting the educational efficiency of 218,000 London children to the whims and vagaries of individual charity. Nor need the ratepayer shrink from the burden. It so happens that the London County Council will make an actual profit by the transaction. The whole annual cost of the voluntary schools hitherto borne by subscriptions is only about 82,000*l.* per annum, whereas the net increase in the total Government grant to London, which becomes payable only when they are taken over, is no less than 190,000*l.* per annum. The financing of the voluntary schools and

the substitution of the County Council for the School Board as the education authority, ought to mean therefore, not an increase, but a reduction of the rate by a halfpenny in the pound. It is true that to bring up to the same educational level as the best 100 board schools the 25 per cent. of London's schooling which is now below the mark will require a gradual increase of expenditure during the next few years. It is, however, to be noted that the whole of this increase will be spent on the secular education, not on the religious instruction; that it will be required alike in the defective board schools and the defective voluntary schools; and that it will be spent in all cases directly by the London County Council, and as that body, not the managers, may choose.

There are those who advise the electors to refuse to the voluntary schools any support from the rates; and who are willing to see them close their doors if their present subscribers will not keep them efficient. Whether or not this would be fair, it would at any rate be ruinous to the London ratepayer. The present 472 Anglican, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, British, and Jewish schools stand on 150 acres of London land, nearly all freehold, worth, on the lowest computation, as land alone, something like 2,000,000%. Their buildings, though often defective, are actually serving over 200,000 children, and they have to be rebuilt, whenever rebuilding is necessary, at the private subscribers' expense. We cannot arbitrarily take away from their present legal owners these sites and buildings, worth a rental of at least 150,000%. a year, which the Act places gratuitously at our disposal. To discard them, relegating them to use as Sunday schools and Bible classes (which would in most cases satisfy their trust-deeds), and to build board schools for 200,000 more children, would cost the London ratepayers over 5,000,000%.

There are some who imagine that the powers of control over the voluntary schools which the new Acts give to the London County Council are incomplete and inadequate. If this proves to be the case, they will very soon be strengthened. The managers will not find that they have much power. My own impression, based on some knowledge of the Council, is that this body knows how to make effective any control which is entrusted to it. What with its absolute authority over secular education, and its unique opportunities of training teachers and pupil-teachers; what with its fixing the qualifications and salaries of every grade of teachers in every school, and the annual increments of salary, which it can give or withhold at its will; what with its carefully considered confirmation of every teacher's appointment, and its putting them all as its own officers on its own salary lists; what with the opportunities of evening employment which it has to offer to them, and the unparalleled field for promotion which it controls; what with its supply of

approved books and apparatus from its own central store, and the teaching of special subjects by its own peripatetic instructors; what with its extensive staff of school inspectors, on whose reports the teachers' increments of salary will depend, and its no less influential staff of dilapidation surveyors, with whose requirements the foundation managers will have to comply, I shall be surprised if the London County Council finds any administrative difficulty in getting all the power it desires. Does anyone imagine that any of the Churches, however potent in its own sphere, is going to be able to 'draw out Leviathan with an hook' or 'bore his jaw through with a thorn'?

These objections to the Acts of 1902-3 are, as is now plain, not the serious point of the attack. In the end the person with whom we stand face to face is the conscientious objector. To propose to give under public auspices any sort of ethical or religious instruction which earnest men and women deem erroneous, is, in 1903, as in 1843 and 1870, to stir up a storm of passionate conviction. Against the full force of this conviction, electoral or financial considerations, the efficiency of the physical and mental training given to the children, or even the continuance of any publicly organised and subsidised education system at all, are as dust before the whirlwind. To the fervent Protestant it is an infamy that the Government should seem to support the teaching of Roman Catholicism. The earnest Free Church minister is wounded in his soul at any public countenancing of the errors of Anglicanism. To the conscientious Roman Catholic, mere participation in the indiscriminate reading and discussion of the Bible which goes on in all Protestant schools is to incur the damnable guilt of heresy, whilst the ordinary school history-book, with its Protestant version of the Reformation, is a blasphemy. To many a devout Anglican, incredible as it seems to his Nonconformist brethren, the 'undenominationalism' of the board schools is an evil monstrosity of the most pernicious tendency. The exclusion of every shred of religion, which the Comtist and the Secularist would prefer—the turning of God and the Bible out of all the public schools of the land—is vehemently objected to by everyone else. It is in vain that you point out that, as each denomination pays its own share of rates and taxes, each may be regarded as, in effect, paying only for the particular schools which do not offend its conscience. Those of us who have been brought up to regard all truth as relative to the person who believes it are apt altogether to underrate the horror and offence given to many an earnest soul by the very notion of deliberately 'subsidising error.'

To the problem thus raised I know of no solution. It is not enough to answer, as does the practical man, that the State, with all its thousand working compromises, must somehow go on. To all who feel deeply on such questions there comes a solemn parting of

the ways—a point at which, at whatever hazard of personal or class or party interests, they resolutely refuse to participate in sin or to co-operate in bringing about a disastrous calamity to the community. The dilemma we are in is that the possession of conscientious feelings of this kind is no monopoly. It is not even confined to the conflicting bands of religionists. We must honour the motives of these idealists, and admit their several rights to struggle one against another in the Parliamentary arena for the triumph of what they respectively think of supreme importance. But they, in their turn, must recognise the existence of equally conscientious idealists, who will fight quite as hard for that on which, as it seems to them, the salvation of the nation depends. There are whole ranges of human thought and feeling, whole regions of our life in this world, indispensable to any education that is worthy of the name, which we cannot deal with in our schools without candidly accepting the principle that the State, if it is to educate at all, not only may, but frankly must, ‘subsidise error’; that is to say, must accept as the basis and vehicle of its instruction that which ‘some or other of its members deem to be error. Above all, we must not allow these disputes to interfere with the current administration. There are fervent educationists to whom the point of conscience comes in the reflection that, whilst the various other conscientious objectors are disputing as to *how they would like to alter the existing status quo in the schools*, there are 800,000 London children waiting to be taught. To these particular conscientious objectors, who will make a stand for their faith, the supremely important thing is not whether this or that ethical or theological form shall be used as the medium of instruction, but that these 800,000 children shall not be denied the mental, moral, and physical training that we all agree must be given to them, up to whatever standard London can afford; that in all this great city, from this time forth, there shall grow up no human soul in the blindness of ignorance; that henceforth no spark of genius shall for lack of opportunity be lost to the world; and that, whatever fate may be in store for the British Empire, London, at any rate, in bringing its whole population up to the highest practicable efficiency, this day shall do its duty.

SIDNEY WEBB.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES

THE inability of a surgical operation to effect a permanent and complete cure of diseases in the body politic is once more attested by the recent inflammation of the Negro Question in the Southern States of America. The Civil War saved the Union and secured the emancipation of the slaves, but it left behind the seeds of fresh racial, political, and economic trouble which are now beginning to appear above ground. The fatal chain of logic by which force generates force, fraud, and every form of illegality, by an inevitable sequence of events, is plainly marked in the history of the last forty years. The military resistance of the South was broken by the war, emancipation was imposed upon them, they could not openly resist or hope for any full restoration of the political and economic status of society before the war. But they did not acquiesce. As soon as State governments were again permitted to arise, they passed laws for the regulation of negro labour and the restriction and punishment of vagrancy, which, under the plausible pretext of securing society against a temporary condition of disorder, were really designed to re-impose servitude upon large numbers of emancipated slaves. This breach of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Emancipation Act exasperated the North, and led to the adoption of the famous Fifteenth Amendment, which bestowed a full franchise on the negroes, and the Reconstruction Act, which vested the Federal Government with the duty of providing 'efficient governments for the insurrectionary States.' Southern whites in seeking to justify their present attitude invariably dwell, not on the violence of the war, which they condone, nor upon the Act of Emancipation, but upon the abominations of misgovernment which they suffered under the tyranny of the negroes and the Northern 'carpet-baggers' during the years of reconstruction. It is the injury and insult of this period that ate into their souls, inspiring a conscious race hatred which did not exist before. If any reader wishes to understand the legacy of horror which Southerners to-day inherit from

the period 1865-1877, he will find a powerful presentation in a recent work of fiction, expressly charged with the Southern point of view, entitled 'The Leopard's Spots.'

It is quite impossible to grasp the real issue of to-day without an adequate realisation of the grotesque horror of this 'Reconstruction' period, when the legislatures were filled with negroes who could neither read nor write, and who, with their white confederates, shared out the assets of the State in schemes of open wholesale plunder. It is these years of 'anarchy' that stick in the Southerner's memory and stiffen him to any acts of force or fraud which he thinks necessary to prevent a recurrence. Since the last draft of Federal troops withdrew from the South in 1877, and free self-government was again permitted to the Southern States, the Fifteenth Amendment has habitually been set at defiance by the white inhabitants throughout the South. Until lately this denial of the franchise to the negroes was achieved by open force or fraud. Negroes were told that they would not be allowed to vote, and whites with revolvers lined the polling-booths; or else in quieter States the registers were falsified, the ballot-boxes were 'stuffed' with bogus votes, or negro votes were simply not counted. The attitude of the North towards these malpractices was characteristically American. Illegality is always excused in an emergency; the idea that a law should be enforced because it exists has no hold on the American mind. The negrophil sentiment of the North during the period following the war had undergone a 'slump,' and even the party feeling among Republicans against the habitual monopoly of the Southern voting power by Democrats was not persistent or intense enough to induce active interference. The Force Bill of 1890 was the only serious attempt to apply the law, and the tacit withdrawal of this measure was taken as an admission that the South was free to cheat the negroes out of their votes so long as it was done informally.

A novel aspect, however, has been put upon the franchise issue by the action of a number of State governments during the last few years. The degradation of resorting to force or open fraud in order to maintain white supremacy was keenly felt by many respectable whites, and they began to cast round for legal methods of compassing the same end. This they profess to have found in the form of Constitutional Amendments, placing a variety of qualifications upon the franchise. In several cases the payment of poll-tax is required. But the most efficacious measures are those imposing an education test, according to which a voter is required to be able 'to read any section of the Constitution' or 'to understand the same when read to him,' and give a reasonable interpretation thereof.' The example thus set in Mississippi has been followed in Louisiana, the Carolinas, and in fact in all States where the black population forms a large proportion of the whole. In several States, in addition to the

education test a 'grandfather clause' is inserted, which excuses the property or education test in the case of descendants of men who voted before the war. Although there is no formal discrimination of colour in these tests, all of them operate or are operated so as to admit whites and to exclude blacks. The 'grandfather clause' has of course no other possible meaning, while it is not seriously contended by anyone that the education test is fairly and equally applied to the two races. The actual effect of these 'legal' methods of exclusion is measured in South Carolina by the fact that, out of 120,000 male adult negroes, only about 6,000 are registered voters. There are some eight million negroes in the Southern and South Central States; in two States, South Carolina and Mississippi, they are a majority of the population; in three States, Georgia, Louisiana, and Florida, they form nearly a half of the population; and in several other States they form a majority in certain districts. Yet so thoroughly effective is this infraction or evasion of the Fifteenth Amendment that, nowhere are negroes returned to any of the legislative assemblies, nowhere do they possess any reality of political power. In a very few towns, largely occupied by Northerners, such as Jacksonville in Florida, a few negroes are found upon the City Council, but I could find no other instances where any real electoral rights were secured to them.

It is often represented that this denial of political rights to the negroes is not a substantial grievance. An increasing section of public opinion in the North is ready to admit that the general bestowal of the franchise on the negroes was a mistake; and many Northerners go so far as to defend the conduct of the South in excluding them from the polls, on grounds of sheer necessity. So long as it was possible to 'lump together' the great mass of the negroes as an ignorant brutal people, incapable of self-restraint or training in the acts of industrial civilisation, it was not difficult to justify withholding political power from them. The first two decades following emancipation were a terrible strain upon the negro character. Suddenly released from a state of servitude, which gave no scope for individual initiative or for any full sense of responsibility, endowed with a liberty and even a political authority which they had never learnt to use, they fell victims to every form of license. Chattel slaves driven to labour by the lash were very slow to respond to the ordinary economic stimuli of free men: all property even in their own persons had been denied them, so that the desire for property and regard for the property of others were absent; inured to a fixed routine consumption for the satisfaction of the barest animal necessities, they were naturally slow to discover an economy of progressive needs which should offer a steady incitement to regular voluntary industry. No wonder that large numbers of field labourers lapsed into habits of idleness and vagabondage, and that

even those who had received some training as house-servants, artisans, or factory hands retrograded industrially and morally in the early days of freedom. With all its faults, the 'domestic system,' at any rate as administered in the better plantations of such States as Virginia and South Carolina, was doing a certain civilising work for the negroes who were brought into close contact with the ordinary life of white communities. Such plantations were little feudal villages, largely self-sufficient in their economic resources, and negroes were carefully trained in skilled handicrafts and in minor offices involving elements of responsibility; the crude status of slavery was modified by many distinctions in which some scope for personal ambition was found, and, most important of all, sentiments of personal attachment and habits of familiar intercourse frequently grew up between the 'superior' and 'inferior' races. With emancipation this economic and social system almost entirely disappeared. The negro lost his old status and did not yet obtain a new one; for whereas slavery is a status, mere liberty is not, but only a means by which a new status, that of a free American worker and citizen, may be won. The greatest obstacle to negro progress has been the growing severance of personal contact and of human feeling between the two races. A more gradual process of emancipation, by voluntary action of the master race, would undoubtedly have yielded far better results in the orderly progress of freedmen under white leadership and the stimulus of white example. As it was, the negroes were thrown upon their own inadequate resources.

The most significant fact of the situation has been the actual widening of the gap between the races. The illicit sexual intercourse, by which a continual infiltration of white blood passed into the negro race, has greatly diminished, so that the gradual fusion of races is no more to be regarded as a possible solution of the problem. Again, although there is no general drift of the negro race towards the more tropical States, as was once expected, a decided tendency to racial segregation for agricultural work is discoverable, not only in Louisiana and Mississippi, where the lowlands are becoming exclusively black, but in many of the other Southern States, where certain districts are becoming more definitely negro in their farming population, others more definitely white. Even in town occupations the differentiation is becoming more marked; in a large measure the skilled handicrafts and personal services which brought negroes into close relations with the whites have passed from them; coloured carpenters and bricklayers are less employed than formerly, and even the negro barber is being displaced by the white. 'I do not mean to say,' writes Booker T. Washington, 'that all skilled labour has been taken out of the negroes' hands; but I do mean to say that in no part of the South is he so strong in the matter of skilled labour as he was twenty years ago, except possibly

in the country districts and smaller towns.'¹ Although negroes are still found in the same town occupations as white men, and are in a few instances members of the same labour organisations, the white mechanic or factory operative coming from the North will have no dealings with negroes, and the growth of trade unionism in the Southern States is driving them out of many skilled trades of which they had a considerable hold. With this growing economic severance there comes an almost complete severance of social intercourse, save only in the case of domestic service; whites and blacks travel in different cars, attend different churches and schools, and in all considerable towns use their own stores and live in separate districts of the city. This unique phenomenon is presented by a Southern city—two races of free citizens endowed by law with political and civil equality, occupying the same soil, walking the same streets, but destitute of all personal sympathy with one another and of all genuine human contact. Such a civilisation has not in it the elements of stability. America, so far as this part is concerned, is broken into two nations. If, however, this account of the degradation of skilled labour and of the economic impotence of a large section of the negro race were a complete analysis of the situation, however deplorable, it would not constitute a grave danger, or warrant the inflammation of race passion which is flaring up to-day. But the last few years are bringing into prominence a new factor, the proved capacity of a considerable section of the coloured population to build up a material and moral civilisation for their race along the orthodox lines of American progress. This is to be regarded as a beginning of recovery from the moral enfeeblement and recklessness which ensued on sudden emancipation. Although the majority of negroes are poor, ignorant, and occupied with low-skilled employments, a growing minority are making definite and fairly rapid progress in economic independence, in education, and in the moral capacities for good citizenship. Albeit still heavily handicapped by lack of schools, a majority of negroes can now read and write, the proportion of illiterary having sensibly diminished within the last decade, while the demand for higher education is everywhere in large excess of the supply. Not only in the great institutions of Hampton and Tuskegee, but in numerous colleges in Washington, Raleigh, Charleston, and other Southern cities, I found numbers of young negro men and women possessed of the same grit of character and determination to get knowledge which are so conspicuous in the career of Booker Washington. Though the initiative in these educational enterprises has usually come from white philanthropists in the North, the negroes are beginning to furnish a considerable financial support for higher education, and the ambition to get learning, and to enter professional careers, is widespread among the negroes of the

¹ *The Future of the American Negro*, p. 78.

towns. Along with this, and in part to counteract the dangerous attraction of a too literary education for a people prone to overvalue words, a movement for industrial education has been set on foot, which is already going far to compensate the tendency of the second generation of freemen to sink to a common level of unskilled labour. Indeed, this new industrial education may be said to embody a distinct policy, of which Booker T. Washington is the chief exponent, and which has won the active support of many influential Northerners and of not a few enlightened Southern whites. 'Learn to work with your hands in some skilled labour of general permanent utility, be content with a very little book-learning, and leave politics alone for the present.' This sums up the gospel of industrial education, which rests on the conviction that personal economic efficiency is a sufficient basis for a successful career in America. The example of Hampton and Tuskegee is being followed elsewhere, and every year several thousands of young men and women, trained in two or three handicrafts and with some general culture as well, are scattering themselves over the South as pioneers in skilled industry and the arts of civilisation.

Thus there is growing up a large body of educated intelligent coloured people, most of them with some white blood, getting property and earning a good livelihood in the cities as professional men, clergymen, lawyers, teachers, or in trade and to a less extent manufacture, sometimes as skilled artisans. In Charleston I computed a population to exist of at least four thousand belonging to this class, persons of good appearance, living in middle-class houses (as we should call them), with four or five churches, several schools, and with a highly organised society of their own. Conversing with many of them, I found them well informed in current affairs; quite as intelligent and more temperate in utterance than most of the white Southerners with whom I talked. In every city of the South this class is to be found. In the country districts, though there are fewer opportunities of education, some substantial progress in economic independence is everywhere attested. Perhaps the most solid proof is afforded by the Census returns for 1900, which show that, whereas in 1890 the number of farms occupied by negroes was 549,632, that number had risen by 1900 to 746,717, and that, whereas in the former year only 22 per cent. of these holdings were the property of their occupiers, that percentage had risen to 36.3.

From many evidences it is quite clear that a large class, forming a considerable minority of the whole race, are already living the life of ordinary intelligent American citizens, as professional men, tradesmen, and artisans in towns; and that a still larger number are earning their livelihood as quiet, law-abiding, and moderately prosperous cultivators of the soil. Now among these classes a ferment of feeling is arising in favour of an insistence upon their

constitutional rights, and a fair share in the offices and other goods which belong to them as American citizens. These coloured people are trained in their schools to salute the flag which is the national emblem of equality, they have imbibed in the atmosphere the sentiments of American democracy; and, while evincing no desire to force their society upon the whites, they actively resent the illegal disqualifications to which they are subjected. Moreover, while eagerly accepting the opportunities of industrial education offered to them, they cannot consent to abstain from protesting against the injustice of a government in which they have no share. They are, I think, right in maintaining that industrial education is not merely no substitute for political and civil rights, but that it will not even win them the economic independence and opportunity of material progress which it is designed to secure.

The common lesson of history, that where there are no political rights civil rights also disappear, is reinforced everywhere in the South. To take a chief instance: trial by jury is little better than a farce. Wherever the issue is between a white man and a black, the jury is packed solidly with whites, and justice goes accordingly. Though many negroes have been slain by white men 'with malice prepense and intent to kill,' I could learn of no single instance where a white man suffered the death penalty, or indeed underwent any serious term of imprisonment for such a crime. On the other hand, where a negro slays a white man, he is seldom allowed even the chance of a packed jury; it is in many places a point of white honour that he shall not have the dignity of a trial, but be hanged by lynch law. In many parts of the South, in country parts, the rape of negro women by white men is of frequent occurrence, and the criminal goes absolutely scatheless: not only does he suffer no trial or punishment, but his act involves no personal disgrace in white male society. In the case of a negro—not proved, but charged, or only suspected of such an assault—we are familiar with the procedure, in which not death, but prolonged and brutal torture, commonly by fire, is an accepted form.

The growing prevalence of lynching is not merely one striking illustration of a flagrant abuse of civil rights, but it serves as an index of the general degradation of character among the Southern whites. I found few Americans even in the North who appeared to realise the magnitude of the danger which this practice attests. Two salient facts mark its recent development. One is the fact that lynching cannot be regarded as the wild outburst of a momentary passion of revenge by rude men who take a negro in the actual commission of a horrible crime. Recent lynchings are in many instances an organised supersession of the law, in which not merely the lowest rabble, but large numbers of 'respected' citizens take part, the act being condoned, if not approved, by the local authorities:

in many instances deliberate arrangements for the 'execution' are made, special trains bring throngs of male and female visitors, and the event forms an interesting public holiday.

Again, it is wholly untrue that lynch law is only applied in cases where negroes are charged with criminal assaults upon white women, though this theory is almost universally prevalent not only in the South, but in the North. In less than one-third of the cases where negroes are lynched is this the charge, and in a much smaller number of cases can that charge be regarded as capable of even an informal proof. The charge of ungoverned lust against the negro race plays so important a part in the medley of sentiments that underlies the 'Negro Question' as to give great significance to any well-authenticated facts and figures bearing on this charge. Though no official record of lynching is kept, one of the most reputable newspapers in America, the *Chicago Tribune*, has for many years carefully recorded and tabulated the cases reported in the Southern press, and the following figures may be regarded as accurate :

'Persons lynched, from January 1891 to November 1902 inclusive, 1,862.

Of these coloured persons numbered 1,350 (72½ per cent.).

White persons numbered 485.

Indians numbered 23.

Chinese numbered 4.

Lynched for murder 770.

Lynched for criminal assaults on women 448 (24 per cent.)

Lynched for other causes 644.'

It is impossible to discuss the negro policy with any Southerners for a quarter of an hour without evoking a general charge of sexual immorality against the negro race, which charge is made a chief defence of the necessity of lynching as the only adequate protection of white women. Now the falsehood of this defence is made manifest by the above-quoted figures. If lynching were reserved for this peculiarly heinous crime, the Southern argument would have some merit of consistency. But it is not. Lynchings for alleged murder far outnumber lynchings for assaults on women: 'other causes' comprise not merely charges of arson and highway robbery, but include many cases of petty larceny and of 'insolence.' Whatever specially deterrent effect this practice might be expected to exercise as a preventive of criminal assaults on women is obviously weakened by every extension to minor offences. Indeed, further investigation of the facts show that lynching has its roots not in this special criminality imputed to the blacks, but in a general lawlessness among the whites, closely associated with the forcible assertion of race superiority. The punishment of homicide by death or long imprisonment in any part of the Black Belt is extremely rare, even when

the assailant and his victim are both white. The result is an appalling recklessness in the use of fire-arms : in South Carolina in 1902 no fewer than 223 homicides were placed on record : the lieutenant-governor of the State shoots at sight in the public streets of the capital a defenceless editor, and the general belief prevails that he will be acquitted by a jury of his 'equals.' Yet in the vast negro population along the coast of this very state, only one case of lynching for assault has occurred during the last thirty years, a clear testimony to the fact that such misconduct forms no normal factor in negro nature, or else that lynching is not needed for its repression. The wide and growing prevalence of lynching, confined not only to the Southern States, but occurring in portions of other states such as Indiana and Illinois, which have been largely settled by migration from the South, must clearly be taken as an index of a recrudescence of race feeling among the white population as a whole. To what is this directly attributable? Certainly not to any fear of rebellious outbreak among the negroes : however great the provocation, an organised rebellion is not a serious menace in the South. Nor is there any real dread lest the negroes should regain any measure of the political control they held with the assistance of United States troops during the years of Reconstruction. It is not the backward unprogressive majority whose ignorance and brutishness awaken the alarm of the civilised white South : the hostile feeling is directed primarily at the progressive minority whose educational and industrial progress I have described. It is the aspirations and ambitions of the 'new' negro that arouse white animosity ; the preacher, the lawyer, the teacher, who are accused of being 'politicians' and of stirring up sentiments of equality among the lower negroes, the well-to-do negro store-keeper, the educated artisan who asserts his economic independence, these are the real objects of suspicion and hatred.

A little cluster of recent events, each in itself insignificant, attests the nature of the real sentiments aroused among the Southern whites. A few coloured appointments to offices were made by President Roosevelt, fewer in number than those made by his predecessor, but one of them was to the collectorship of the port of Charleston, a post of some little dignity where a coloured official would be brought into personal contact with the 'aristocrats' of the South. The qualifications of the nominee, Dr. Crum, an able honest educated half-caste, were not seriously contested, but the appointment was none the less treated as an affront. About the same time occurred the Indianola incident, where a coloured post-mistress, who had served the public of her village with satisfaction for many years, being forced under menaces of violence to resign her post, the President marked his resentment by refusing to appoint a successor, subjecting the town to grave inconvenience in consequence. These cases brought the question of 'coloured' appointments to the front

of Southern politics. President Roosevelt made the matter worse by broaching a theory which furnished a test of Southern feeling. He announced his intention of dealing with every applicant for office upon his individual merits 'without discrimination of race.' The offence given by this declaration of equality of treatment was exasperated by another incident. Mr. Booker Washington, visiting the White House one day at the request of the President, to give his opinion on some matters affecting the negro people, was interrupted in his discussion by the sound of the luncheon bell, and Mr. Roosevelt, wishing to continue the talk, asked him to come in to lunch. The whole Southern press flared up with a mendacious story, which is still current everywhere in the United States, to the effect that Mr. Roosevelt had planned a deliberate affront to Southern feeling by inviting a 'nigger' to be the guest of honour at a dinner-party. But even those Southerners who know the actual facts are filled with indignation at the idea of a negro sitting down at table with white women.

It is this incident that furnishes the clue to the Southern feeling. White Southerners do not really fear lest they should be subjected to inefficient or corrupt government by the appointment of numbers of negroes. They will indeed usually urge that wherever there is an appointment to be made, a white man, more competent than any negro, is available and ought to be appointed. But it soon becomes manifest that this is not the real gravamen of their position, for they raise no objection to negroes being placed in subordinate posts where no authority is exercised over white men. Their objection to negro officials is based on the assertion that the practice will feed negro aspirations and lead to 'insolence.' Negroes, it is alleged, will soon come to regard themselves as being 'as good as whites.'

Southern white sentiment is summarised in a repudiation of equality between the two races. Franchise, offices, culture, even industrial elevation, are feared and disliked not on their own account, but because they will lead negroes to aspire to 'social equality' with whites. This phrase, this 'masked word,' is ever on the white man's lips, and it is not possible to understand the negro problem until one pierces the mask and discovers the real sentiment which it conceals. In discussing the matter with a stranger the Southern white man avers that the slightest relaxation of the race line, the admission of any coloured men to the rights they claim, will lead to an entire collapse of the race barriers. 'How would you like a nigger to marry your daughter?' is the triumphant retort which is always made to any argument in favour of the concession of political and civil rights. The negro must be kept down in order to preserve the purity of the white race from the degradation of negro blood. The Southern white thus poses as the guardian of the integrity of the Caucasian race. For the argument is manifestly a pose. In the

days of slavery no care was taken by the fathers of these men to 'preserve the purity of the race,' and it is fatuous to suppose that any real regard for future generations animates the present policy of repression. Moreover, there is no ground for supposing that an admission to equality of political and civil rights would lead to miscegenation. A Southern white man will not be compelled to receive a negro into his house as a visitor because he has a vote or holds an office, any more than a Northerner is now compelled to receive a 'Dago' or a Chinaman. He is perfectly well aware that no legal enforcement of rights for negroes would deprive him of the right to choose his visitors, or would lead to a breakdown of the social boycott which excludes negroes from white society. Nor is there any evidence that negroes themselves 'aspire' to this sort of 'social equality,' or desire to force their company upon white folk. It is not this dread of miscegenation that underlies the protest against social equality.

Still less defensible is the hypothesis of physical repugnance, in face of the preference which white Southerners show for negroes as domestic servants, a capacity which brings them into the closest personal contact with the master race. Indeed that physical repugnance sometimes exhibited by Northerners is admittedly absent from the Southern whites, who choose negro nurses for their children and even hand over their infants to be suckled at the breast of negro foster-mothers. It is impossible to reflect upon certain salient features of Southern life, *e.g.* the fact that nowhere is a coloured person allowed to sit down in the presence of a white person, without reaching the conclusion that the real sentiment couched in this protest against 'social equality' is the crude craving for personal masterhood, inherited from the time of slavery and hardly impaired by the process of two generations. The lust of direct personal assertion of one's will over the wills of other persons, the glorification of one's own personality by crushing the personality of others, is the most primitive and powerful of all passions; and the slave-owning practice which is the organised expression of this sentiment dies more slowly than any other social practice.

It is idle to shirk the issue. The Southern negro problem expresses the clash between the sentiment of democracy in a free republic and the sentiment of masterhood. The seven millions of coloured people in the South are still to all intents and purposes a race of 'serfs,' and it is the single fixed determination of the whites, humorously misnamed Democrats, to keep them so. This determination is partly embodied in the attitude we have described, which is fairly summarised, so far as the views of the majority of Southern whites are concerned, in the following statement:

First.—He should not be allowed to vote or to hold office.

Second.—He must be educated in manual labour only: attempts to give him a

liberal education will be wasted effort. He is incapable by reason of racial defects of acquiring it.

Third.—His instruction should be limited to teaching him to work, to be orderly and obedient—in a word, to make him a good servant, mechanic, or labourer.

Fourth.—The establishment of institutions like the Hampton Institute should therefore be discouraged, so far as they teach a liberal education.

Fifth.—The exceptional coloured man who may show some capacity for an intellectual training should be discouraged, because he will find nothing to do, and will therefore become discontented, and thus spread discontent among his fellows.

Sixth.—Before the law he should not stand equal with the white man. Whenever suspected of the crime of rape, he should be punished by lynch law. His right of assemblage and of free speech should not be unrestricted.

Seventh.—In a word, his civil and social status should remain substantially the same as when he was a slave.

But the most striking testimony to the dominance of slave-owning sentiments consists in survivals and revivals of slave-owning practices, exhibited in the administration of the criminal law. It is a common allegation against the negro race that it contributes more than its proper share to the crime of America, as attested by the number of convictions and the prison population. These statistics, however, are vitiated by the habit, which has grown up in certain Southern States, of arresting negroes upon trivial charges, ignored in the case of white men, and of condemning them to periods of imprisonment monstrously disproportionate to the offence, in order to let them out in gangs to white employers for labour in mines or upon farms or in other industrial occupations. A convict is worth at least 150 dollars per annum to the State in this capacity, and several States have for many years earned a considerable income out of convict labour, either employed in public industrial establishments, or let out on contract to private employers. A variety of this abuse has recently been brought to public notice in the State of Alabama, though the practice extends to Mississippi, Georgia, and other parts of the Black Belt. Where some trouble occurs among the negro population, a number of arrests will be made, and the defendants will be haled before a local magistrate charged with a breach of the peace. A fine will be imposed in excess of what the negro can possibly pay, in order that a white man, in collusion with the Court, may come forward, and pay the fine upon condition that the negro enter his service and work it out. The prisoner is thus handed over under contract to the white man, a neighbouring planter, who practically possesses the power of life and death over his charge, and is able to regulate almost without limit the length of service, by abusing the practice of 'truck' which is generally prevalent on Southern plantations. It will easily be understood how impotent the ordinary ignorant negro is to protect himself against this abuse of the criminal law.

Closely associated with this practice is the employment of negro gangs under the Contract Labour Law, as devised by the legislatures

of Georgia and Alabama for the protection of white planters. Written contracts are made which virtually hand over the entire possession of the negro worker to his employer during the period of contract, with right to use physical force in order to exact labour. In case a negro proves refractory he can be sued in damages for breach of contract, and is thus saddled with a debt which he must work out in addition to his term of contracted service. This labour law, supported again by the 'truck' system, keeps large numbers of labourers in a hopeless quagmire of indebtedness, and maintains a large serf class wherever it is operative. Terrible revelations have been made from time to time of the cruelties inflicted upon coloured men and women both under the convict gang system and under this practice of 'peonage,' as it is termed. Taken together they constitute a very real and considerable recrudescence of slavery.

It is no exaggeration to say that the democracy of America is on its trial in finding a solution of this negro problem. If the white Southern opinions and sentiments which I have described are permitted to dominate the situation, not merely is no solution of this specific problem possible, but the festering sore will eat away the democracy of the nation. For the negro race does not die out, it grows at almost the same pace with the white population; it cannot be deported, for, in the first place, it would not consent to go, in the second, its economic services could not be dispensed with. The Southern whites do not, indeed, desire to get rid of the negro: they want him to remain and to perform the rough manual labour and the domestic service which support their civilisation. They are determined to deny him that equality of opportunity, economic and political, which belongs to the status of American citizenship. Will the free North and West acquiesce in this denial? At the present moment it looks as if they might. Not only the forms but the spirit of American democracy are suffering a temporary eclipse. The latest expansion of America has established sovereignty without rights over ten million persons, subjects not citizens, and is inuring the American mind to the idea of forcible rule over inferior races. Northern soldiers and officials fresh from the conquered Philippines, and the politicians who approve this policy, find that the virus of imperialism acts as an alternative in their views about the negro. Such a one comes readily to the acceptance of the Southern dogma that the negro is not 'a man and a brother,' not 'a white man with a black skin,' but a creature living mid-way between beast and man, capable of work but not of rights, meriting the sort of kindness with which humane people treat their domestic animals, but not the consideration which men owe to their fellows. If this idea should gain upon the Northern mind, it plots the destruction of democracy, co-operating as it does with certain other dangerous tendencies of recent political and industrial evolution, in particular the increased

immigration of lower types of European population, but little superior in present intelligence and proved capacity for progress to the Southern negro. It must at least be accounted a possibility of the future that this idea of permanently subject peoples may so transform American civilisation that upon a servile base of negro and mean white labour may be erected a commercial and professional aristocracy, consisting of the higher and more dignified grades of white Teutonic and Celtic Americans, with the real powers of political and industrial government vested in the hands of a small able oligarchy of millionaires. In this larger peril the negro problem has its proper place. It is indeed a test question for the American character.

While the problem admits of no final satisfactory solution, there is one plain present policy, which lies straight along the line of the true democracy. The Federal Government should insist upon the administration of the laws of the several states conforming to the principles of the Federal Constitution, not bartering away the Amendments which were the substantial fruits of the Civil War, for some small party advantage in the field of current politics, but insisting upon such rigorous supervision through the Federal Courts as will secure equal political and civil rights for all American citizens regardless of race or colour. Such an enforcement of the law will not bring negro domination, nor will it threaten in any way the civilisation and good government of any Southern State. On the contrary, by securing for the first time equality of races before the law, it will rescue the South from some of her gravest and most lasting causes of disorder; it will sharpen for both races those incentives to industrial development which have been conspicuously feeble in the past; and it will help to heal the sorest wound in the body of American democracy.

JOHN A. HOBSON.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF RELIGIOUS APOLOGETICS

IF a modern theological Epimenides were to awaken to-day from his long slumber of even twenty-seven years, he would be astonished on seeing the remarkable changes of belief which had taken place since he had fallen asleep; but on reflection he would perceive that they are the inevitable effects of enlightenment, and of time which tries all things. The old order indefinitely changeth. As the world grows older it grows wiser, whether we will or no. The illusions of intellectual youth, which seemed so golden, are recognised to be delusions by the eye of age. The Juggernaut car of Science is drawn steadily on, and crushes thousands of cherished myths in its course, and as it has been in the past, so will it be in the future. The evolution of religious opinion has not reached its perfect form, and the great error of every epoch has been to imagine that the enduring truth has been attained. This, as we shall see, has especially to be recognised at the present time, when retreating clerical forces are so apt to suppose they have reached positions which, though obviously weak, they think capable of permanent occupation.

The Church has hitherto maintained that Christianity is a religion the doctrines of which, being undiscoverable by the reason of man, had to be communicated to us by Divine Revelation, and their truth and divine origin attested by evidence which man must recognise as miraculous. Men like Butler and Paley could not conceive that revelation could be made in any other way than by miracles, or be accepted on any authority which could not be proved to be supernatural. This view was fully shared by all divines down to very recent times, and a powerful thinker like Dean Mansel asserted that the whole system of Christian belief with its evidences—all Christianity, in short, so far as it has any title to that name, or has any special relation to the person or the teaching of Christ—is overthrown at the same time, if the reality of miracles not only as evidence but as facts, and as facts of a supernatural kind, be denied. Similar statements were made in equally forcible terms by men like Dr. Mozley and Dean Farrar. Dr. Westcott expressed his conviction that if the

claim to be a miraculous religion could be considered essentially incredible, apostolic Christianity is simply false, for the essence of Christianity lies in a miracle; and if it could be shown that a miracle is either impossible or incredible, further examination was superfluous.

This position of the Church, if it could be maintained, was strong and logical, but it could not resist the attacks made upon it by earnest reasoners, and in default of the requisite evidence its foundations have crumbled away. So complete has been the collapse of the Butler and Paley theology that, at the present day, the majority of the active thinkers of the Church, though they have really nothing substantial to put in its place, disavow the ancient belief, and contemptuously repudiate it. We find an able writer, who does not, however, 'wish to associate himself with the contempt which has been cast on the "Old Bailey theology" of Paley,' nevertheless saying concerning it:

This mode of apologetics was very popular in the last century, and was elaborated with great skill by divines whose names are still famous. But it was not an accident that it flourished most at the period when religion was at its very lowest ebb in England.¹

Mr. Inge, however, very clearly betrays the reason which induces him to warn his readers against that method, for he feels that those who rely upon it are trusting to 'a broken reed,' which is sure to pierce their hands as soon as they really lean upon it.² That is to say, he recognises that the necessary evidence cannot be produced. Further on in the pages of *Contentio Veritatis*, an able writer says on the same subject:

The time is past when Christianity could be presented as a revelation attested by miracles, depending on these for the main evidence of its truth. For a while these were the walls that formed the chief bulwark of the city; to-day the defences are placed far up on the surrounding hills, wholly unmarked by unobservant eyes, but infinitely more subtle and more strong. At the same time, though no longer of defensive value, the ancient walls still stand, lending a peculiar character and aspect to the city they once protected.³

A very peculiar character and aspect indeed! for the walls really lie in ruins round the former Christian position, from the intellectual bombardment directed against them. A 'tremendous change of front' has avowedly taken place; but there has been no voluntary retirement, but the hasty and disordered retreat of a beaten army, with bag and baggage left behind. The abandonment of the older form of argument involved a very momentous sacrifice. It must be apparent that if Christianity really had the support of supernatural evidence, it would be unassailable, but it is not too much to

¹ The Rev. W. R. Inge, M.A., Fellow, Tutor and Chaplain of Hertford College, *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 103 f.

² *Ib.* p. 104.

³ The Rev. H. L. Wild, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, *ib.* p. 144.

say that miracles have been completely discredited; and it is only the recognition of the truth that it has not this miraculous testimony, and that the central dogmas of the Church, which are in themselves miraculous, are dwindling away through the same process of disintegration, that the renunciation of supernatural evidence has been forced upon serious thinkers. Professor Adeney, for instance, frankly admits:

In point of fact, the change from the Paley position to that of the intelligent believer of our own day means that the case is entirely reversed, so that the latter, instead of accepting Christianity on the ground of the miracles, accepts it in spite of the miracles. Whether he admits these miracles or rejects them, his attitude towards them is towards difficulties, not helps.⁴

One cannot help admiring the charming illogical accuracy of this last sentence, but I must add that Dr. Adeney is not an advocate for rejecting or accepting miracles *en bloc*, but advises our being more discriminating and endeavouring to explain away as many as we can. The whole attitude of the 'liberal school' in the Church in regard to the Paley argument reminds one forcibly of the scene of Molière, where the sham doctor assures G  ronte, who had been under the impression that the heart was on his left side, and the liver on his right: 'Yes, sir, they were so formerly, *mais nous avons chang   tout cela*.'

With the rejection of the old system of theology, and the acceptance of the modern method of criticism here described, of course the former views of inspiration and revelation can find no place, and it is with no surprise that we consider the hesitating definitions of these processes which are given by modern teachers in the Church. Dr. Ingram, Bishop of London, may first be quoted. He says:

Thus the first thing that inspiration means is that a special instruction in truth was given to a special nation. But it means more than that; it means that certain members of that nation were supernaturally helped to record the history of its education.⁵

The Bishop sums up:

This then is what we mean by the inspiration of the Bible. In one sense God is inspiring all good men and good actions in all time, but we mean that special help was given to the good men who carried on the work recorded in the Bible, to the good men who recorded it, and to those who selected their writings from other writings. What remains for us to do is to 'wash for the gold'; the Bible contains the Word of God; let us by study and meditation get at the Word of God, and work out the hidden treasure.⁶

This may perhaps be represented as one of the earlier stages of the modern teaching. Dr. Moorhouse, the Bishop of Manchester, is not quite as definite. He says,

In respect to the inspiration of the scriptures of the Old Testament, there is a difference of opinion amongst Christian men, but that difference is not such as is

⁴ *The Hibbert Journal*, 1903, p. 393.

⁵ *Popular Objections to Christianity*, ed. 1902, p. 48.

⁶ *Ib.* p. 51.

popularly imagined. It relates not to the *fact* of inspiration, but to the *nature* thereof. It is agreed that 'all scripture is given by inspiration of God'; but the answer to the question 'What is that inspiration by which Holy Scripture is given?' has never been precisely determined. The Church has nowhere defined inspiration; nor is it perhaps desirable that a precise definition should be sought. Why then, it may be asked, meddle with the subject at all? Why not leave it in the salutary indefiniteness with which the Church has been so far satisfied? ⁷

The Bishop of Ripon, who has made such courageous attempts to deal with Bible problems, more fully admits the difficulty of recognising inspiration and revelation when we see them, or in fact of even knowing what we are looking for, and confesses that he knows no satisfactory definition of either of them.⁸ Indeed, he ventures to think that a precise definition of Bible inspiration is not to be expected and 'ought not to be insisted on,' and the only explanation which he can give of it is the characteristic that it is 'persistently Godward.'⁹ His definition of revelation is equally vague. After much hesitating illustration he concludes :

Briefly, then, revelation is best understood as the name given to the gradual process by which God made Himself known to men—revelation as disclosed in the Bible must be looked for as subject to this gradual process.¹⁰

To show that the Bishops are not alone in their modest views of inspiration and revelation, some remarks on the subject in *Contentio Veritatis* may be referred to. The Rev. W. C. Allen admits that the religious value of the New Testament is bound up with the ideas of revelation and inspiration, but he confesses the difficulty of giving any clear definition of these terms, and that definition must be content with negative rather than positive methods. The negative is, of course, a total abandonment of the old view of verbal inspiration, and after some curious statements regarding the degree in which not merely the intellect but the moral and 'volitional' nature of man are involved in consciousness of God, Mr. Allen says :

Hence there can be no *proof* of God's existence, and it follows that it is impossible to prove that the Bible is a history of God's revelation of Himself to mankind.¹¹

There is in all these writers complete agreement as to the impossibility of defining what is even meant by inspiration and revelation, and any one who calmly considers the instructive vagueness of their statements must perceive that the processes discussed by the new school are far removed from the old doctrine of Divine revelation, for which the evidence of miracles was considered essential. They cannot lay claim to any authoritative influence, and with such liberty

⁷ *The Teaching of Christ*, 1892, p. 1.

⁸ *Ib.* p. 92.

¹¹ *Contentio Veritatis*, pp. 235-238.

⁹ *The Temple Bible*, p. 83 f.

¹⁰ *Ib.* p. 99 f.

of selection the religion of Buddha makes as clear an appeal to one race as the religion of Jesus can make to another. The Bishop of Ripon, in another work, evidently anticipates such objections, for he says :

It will be said that, of course, whatever man wants in the form of his religion, he will be ready enough to invent—that nobody ever doubted the religious inventiveness of human nature. . . . We may be sure that the only religion which has a chance of survival is that which meets the essential demands of his (man's) nature. . . .¹² The law is true : as we are, we see. Our deceptions take the colour of our character. . . .¹³ Most religions admit the sovereign influences of ideas, and therefore provide their worshippers with doctrines.¹⁴

In the doubt as to what is inspiration and revelation, the individual and the sect will always trace to them that which most appeals to their personal ideas and aspirations.

Able men in the Church quite recognise the disability under which they suffer through the unfortunate position of miracles. I may quote a few more sentences from *Contentio Veritatis* to represent what that position is.

But the long-standing secularisation of dogma is not the only reason why much of it holds a precarious position at the present time. The miraculous element in the Gospels is a very serious crux. This is a burning question, on which both caution and candour are necessary. Primitive man lives among miracles ; he expects them, and he finds them. By miracles I mean what the word has always meant in periods when such miracles are reported—a special intervention of the Divine will, contrary to the natural order of things. This is the notion of miracle in the Bible as well as in profane literature. In unscientific ages belief in miracles is not a sign of piety. Everybody shares it ; it puts no strain on the conscience of men ; it is simply the most obvious and natural way to account for anything unusual. The Jews and King Herod saw nothing improbable in the supposition that Christ was Elijah, or even John the Baptist who had just been beheaded. They did not doubt His miracles, they attributed them to Beelzebub. These are indications of a state of things so different from our own that we cannot be surprised if the religious symbols of that age do not appeal to us quite as they did to the first Christians.¹⁵

Of course the general feeling against miracles, whether as evidence or as mere incidents of supernatural intervention, leads to the very natural desire to remove them from the records, or give them a naturalistic explanation. As an instance, I may quote the procedure of the Bishop of Ripon in regard to a miracle related in the fourth Gospel. Before coming to the point, he makes some very pertinent remarks regarding the writers of Bible books, which may possibly strike sceptical readers as either like driving a coach and four through the theory of inspiration and revelation, or at least as

¹² 'The Permanent Elements of Religion,' *Hampton Lectures*, 1887, ed. 1894, p. 17 f.

¹³ *Ib.* p. 33.

¹⁴ *Ib.* p. 35.

¹⁵ *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 87.

opening a wide field for rationalistic explanation of all the Gospel statements. The Bishop says,

In the course of our Bible study, we meet not only narratives of certain events which took place, and certain phenomena which were observed, but also with the contemporary interpretation of the event or of the phenomenon. The judicious student will not feel bound to accept the writer's interpretation of everything which he narrates. In fact, phenomenon or event is one thing, the interpretation which the narrator puts upon these is quite another. In his interpretation he is limited by the knowledge current in his age. We may put the matter this way. We moderns, seeing such phenomena, would not describe them as the ancients did. This would not mean that we discredited the fact or existence of the phenomena, but that being what we are, and knowing what we know, we must describe them in one way, whereas the earlier writers, no less honest than ourselves, being what they were, and knowing what they knew, were constrained to describe them as they did. Let us take a single example. In John v. (the authenticity of the passage is of no moment to this argument) we read that the stirring of the waters and the consequent healing virtue was attributed to the presence of an angel. The modern would speak of the pool as a medicinal spring. The fact is the same. The mode of description is different. The ancient knew little of what are called natural causes. We are not bound to accept or adopt the theory of a special angel visit. The devout mind will, however, realise that the natural spring of healing virtue is just as truly of God as any angel visitor.¹⁶

Any one who remembers, or will refer to, the details of this episode as narrated in the fourth Gospel, will see how far-reaching is the Bishop's conclusion, that in such cases 'we are not bound to accept or adopt the theory' of the narrator; and in this way we may at one fell swoop dispose of all the leading doctrines of Christianity. Nothing can escape the application of such sensible principles of reasoning, whether it be the story of the sun and moon being made to stand still that a small people might kill a few more of their enemies, or the accounts upon which are based the doctrines of the Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection. The change of front which has taken place from the Butler and Paley system of theology, or even from that which Dr. Westcott held sacred, is well illustrated by this example.

The difficulty of digesting statements of Gospel writers regarding miracles, however, leads to the consideration of another important point, which the Bishop of Ripon, with his usual candour, frankly discusses.

How far does the acceptance of the standards of ignorance current in the past invalidate the teaching authority of great religious leaders? ¹⁷

The Bishop thinks, with regard to general religious teachers, that as they are only concerned with ethical or spiritual teaching, it would be as absurd to speak of their scientific ignorance invalidating their teaching, as it would be to suppose that Phidias was a worse sculptor because he knew nothing of the law of gravitation; but he admits that the case is somewhat different in the case of Jesus Christ.

¹⁶ *The Temple Bible*, p. 50 f.

¹⁷ *Ib.* p. 52.

In His case, the dilemma is put forward somewhat in this fashion. Either Jesus Christ knew or He did not know the great laws of the universe. If He did know, He is open to the charge of allowing people to continue in great and harmful errors; if He did not know, what becomes of the claim that He is one with God? ¹⁸

The Bishop evidently feels the reality of the dilemma, but he does not do much to remove it. His argument is singularly instructive, and I refer to it mainly as illustrating the change of views which we are considering. He says,

It seems to me a pity that either on one side or the other this question is raised, and that the history is not read as a history belonging to its own age and coloured by its prevalent scientific or unscientific ideas. Jesus Christ lived in a certain period; He is to appear as a true man in that age; it must be as one accepting ideas of that age that He appears, except, of course, in the spiritual questions in which His mission is concerned. What was the measure or limit of His acquaintance with matters outside the sphere of His mission does not in the least concern us. ¹⁹

The example which the Bishop takes for treatment is the question of demonology. He admits that the writers of the New Testament did ascribe certain evils to the malignant influence of spirits, for they accepted the current explanations of the age. He makes, however, a very fine distinction regarding the prevalence of such stories in the Gospels:

Demonological ideas were no doubt fundamental conceptions in the Gospels, but they are not fundamental ideas of the Gospel. ²⁰

He frankly goes on to the issue thus raised:

We must not, however, shirk the real difficulty. The real difficulty does not lie in the conception of the Evangelists, but in the attitude of Jesus Christ towards the current demonological ideas. Now there are, as far as I can see, only three suppositions which are possible on this subject. (1) Either Jesus Christ knew that the evils described were due to the agency of evil spirits; (2) or He knew that the current conceptions were mistaken, but He did not think it to be wise, or a part of His mission, to correct misapprehensions on the matter; ²¹ (3) or He Himself was truly limited in His knowledge of this matter, and in accepting the limitations of humanity He accepted the limitations of knowledge which bound humanity at the time. If the first supposition be true, there is an end of the question. If the second be true, Jesus Christ appears acting as every wise teacher would act in refusing to attempt to correct misapprehensions on matters which were outside the range of His mission, and the discussion of which would only serve to divert men's attention, carrying their minds to side issues away from His main purpose. If the third supposition be the true one, then it only means that Jesus Christ, in accepting the limitations of humanity, accepted the limitations which marked the scientific knowledge of His own day. One or other of these three suppositions must be true. Does the acceptance of any one of these—no matter which—affect the veracity of the Gospel narrative or the authority of Jesus Christ in spiritual matters? I think not. ²²

¹⁸ *The Temple Bible*, p. 52 f.

¹⁹ *Ib.* p. 53.

²⁰ *Ib.* p. 54.

²¹ The third edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1797) anticipated this explanation by suggesting that, in dealing with *Dæmoniacks*, the Gospels 'adopted the vulgar language in speaking of those unfortunate persons who were generally imagined to be possessed with demons.' In more recent editions this suggestion was silently omitted.

²² *The Temple Bible*, p. 55 f.

The Bishop does not complicate the dilemma by pointing out that the Gospels so completely accept the reality of demonology that they represent devils, when cast out by Jesus, holding conversations with him, and making requests which he grants. On the theory that evil spirits do not exist, does not this characteristic prove that the writers composed fanciful stories of the doings of Jesus, and leave us to draw the inevitable inference that we cannot rely upon the veracity of the Gospels? The Bishop's statements are only advanced to explain away miracles which are so embarrassing a crux in the New Testament. The Gospels are admitted to be the composition of men so ignorant and superstitious that of course nothing they tell us can for a moment be relied on. If so complete a reversal of the old argument be adopted as to confess that we believe in miracles because of Christianity, and not Christianity because of miracles, even after that feat of putting the old spiritual cart before the horse is performed, what advantage is gained? We, evidently, can no more be warranted in believing the stories of the Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection, for instance, which are derived from legends which those ignorant men record, than their stories of demonology. If we are at liberty to ascribe errors of all kinds to the ignorant superstitions of the evangelists—and that they were profoundly ignorant and profoundly superstitious the Bishop of Ripon admits—where are we to stop? The Bishop gives us the privilege of equally ascribing ignorance or deception to Jesus himself, for if it was not deception to cast out devils in the way he did, if devils were not cast out,²³ I do not know what deception means: and if the choice be left us to accept the reality of demonology or the natural ignorance and superstition of Jesus himself, I think there can be no doubt what the selection must be. Every statement of a supernatural kind may be explained in the same way; and there is at once a complete elimination of miracles from the New Testament, and only that which is natural survives. The Christianity which remains is nothing but human ethical teaching, truly of a high and noble order, but which can no longer be considered a supernatural revelation.

Miracles, then, wherever it is possible, being thrown overboard to lighten the labouring ecclesiastical ship, and the theory of inspiration and revelation, under the stress of adverse circumstances, being no longer the almost central dogma of Christianity, but now only administered in homœopathic doses to hesitating believers, it becomes of primary interest to inquire how those who have so contemptuously rejected the theology of Butler and Paley imagine they can still rationally maintain the three greatest doctrines of the faith: the

²³ Archbishop Trench said in regard to such a case that there would be in the language used 'that absence of agreement between thoughts and words in which the essence of a lie consists.' *Notes on Miracles*, p. 154.

Incarnation, Virgin-birth, and Resurrection ; and what is the evidence which is advanced as capable of proving the reality of such stupendous miracles. It would, at first sight, seem impossible for a logical mind to cling to any supernatural events recorded in the Gospels after the admissions which have to be made regarding their character and composition. The late Dr. Bruce confessed :

All the miraculous must go, if any goes on speculative grounds. The moral miracles must be sacrificed to the Moloch of naturalism not less than the physical.²⁴

The necessary surrender of any miracle in the Gospels as fabulous is an argument against the retention of any other as genuine, and it is recognised that the miraculous is not only commonly rejected for many unassailable reasons, but that all miracles would undoubtedly be rejected were it not that some of those of the Gospels, in spite of the admitted ignorance and superstition of their writers, must at all costs be maintained, in one shape or another, unless Christianity, as Divine Revelation, is to be finally abandoned.

We have seen, how the natural ignorance of the writers of the Gospels, and perhaps even of Jesus, according to so good an authority as the Bishop of Ripon, obliges us to disregard many of their statements which are opposed to natural law and scientific fact ; but we have to go much further than this, and to recognise that any traditions regarding that period of religious disturbance recorded by writers who, in addition to such ignorance of natural law and liability to superstition, are personally unknown, cannot seriously be regarded as satisfactory evidence for anything. In spite of the loose and piously prejudiced statements which are often advanced regarding the authorship of the four Gospels, I do not hesitate to affirm that no capable scholar pretends to identify, by more than mere conjecture, the actual writers of those works. With the ancient claim to Divine Revelation practically abandoned, how can the statements of these Evangelists have any weight when miraculous events are narrated by them ? A certain difference is made by the more careful of the modern theologians in the value of the records as evidence. Mr. Allen says frankly :

The view current in the Christian Church since the beginning of the second century is that St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke wrote, independently, the Gospels called by their names. This view still has its adherents, but they diminish in numbers daily. And, indeed, the theory is beset with difficulties which cannot be explained away.²⁵ . . . In all cases where matter is common to both Gospels, St. Mark must be regarded as not only earlier in point of time, but also as more accurate in point of detail, and St. Matthew not only as secondary in respect of dependence, but also as inferior in respect of the faithful transmission of historical fact.²⁶

²⁴ *The Miraculous Element in the Gospels*, 1899, 4th ed. p. 12.

²⁵ *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 208.

²⁶ *Ib.* p. 214.

The Bishop of Ripon is quite in accord with these remarks. He states that we find certain portions of the Gospel narrative which are common to all three of the Synoptics, and other portions which are common to two Gospels but lacking in the remaining Gospel, and lastly that each Gospel has a portion peculiar to itself. He calls the portions common to all three Gospels the common stock, and he considers that in each Gospel we have an edition of the common stock Gospel with additions. He concludes that if we desire to reach the nearest sources of information regarding Jesus, they will be found in the common stock Gospel, as the most valuable and authentic record of the history of Jesus.²⁷ With this preamble we may now proceed to the consideration of the central miracles associated with the life of Jesus, and the Bishop of Ripon gives no uncertain testimony regarding them. He says :

Now, in the common stock Gospel, the miraculous accessories connected with the birth and resurrection of Jesus Christ do not find a place. These accessories are found in the group of secondary witnesses, *i.e.* in narratives common to two evangelists. Upon these, in the first instance, we have purposely refused to lay stress. Our belief in Jesus Christ must be based upon moral conviction; not upon physical wonder. The argument that He was wonderfully born and miraculously raised, and that therefore He was God, does not evoke, at any rate to-day, an adequate and satisfactory response; even if it could be considered valid, it would not create a worthy or an acceptable faith.²⁸

Such arguments are of course necessarily abandoned with the 'Old Bailey theology' of Paley; but it is interesting to note the shifts to which apologists are driven to explain the absence of such dogmas in what are considered the earliest records of the Gospel narratives of Jesus. To one only can I refer here, which seems intended to account for the absence of the story of the Virgin-birth from the 'common stock' Gospel. Mr. Allen says :

It might be urged in favour of some of the incidents found only in St. Matthew, that their nature sufficiently explains the fact that they do not occur in the earliest sources. The narratives of the infancy, *e.g.*, owing to their nature, would be withheld from publicity until special circumstances called for their disclosure.²⁹ On the other hand, it is not difficult to raise objections to such an explanation. The historical character of these narratives would, we cannot but feel, be less open to question, if some trace of knowledge of the facts which they present could be found in St. Paul or in the earlier Gospel sources, *e.g.* St. Mark.³⁰

When one remembers, however, that there is no trace of written accounts of the infancy till very long after the death of Jesus, and no suggestion by any scholar that any of such narratives was composed during his lifetime, it is not easy to understand the suggestion that such narratives could be withheld for any special dislike to publicity beyond the time when the second Synoptic was composed.

The Dean of Westminster is well aware of the difficulties which

²⁷ *The Temple Bible*, p. 128 f.

²⁸ G. Gore, *Dissertations*, 12-40.

²⁹ *Ib.* p. 131 f.

³⁰ *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 217.

surround the theory of the Virgin-birth; and of the serious disquietude which prevails regarding it. In his little book *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, after referring to the doubts which necessarily disturb the minds of students of natural science, Dr. Robinson says in the Prefatory letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury:

They are learning for the first time that it finds no direct expression in the writings of the two great teachers who above all others have expounded to us the doctrine of the Incarnation—St. Paul and St. John. They are, indeed, confronted by the first and third of our Gospels. But here they discover that criticism has been at work; that it tells us without ambiguity that the earliest *stratum* of the evangelical narrative contained no statement at all as to the mode of Christ's birth. They learn that careful and orthodox critics do not attach, from the historical point of view, the same weight to narratives peculiar to St. Matthew as to other parts of the Gospels. They find themselves left with St. Luke as the strongest historical evidence within the New Testament. They begin to wonder whether, after all, the tradition may not be an aftergrowth. They learn, too, that German scholars of the highest eminence have done what English scholars of the highest eminence have not yet done—have definitely rejected the narratives of the Virgin-birth as in their judgment historically incredible. As the result of all this they are confirmed in the position to which they had come on other grounds.³¹

I am afraid that these apparently very young students of natural science, when they come to inquire, will find that the Dean has done injustice to English scholars of the highest eminence, and that most of them are not in this matter behind eminent German scholars. The Dean of Westminster, however, believes that he can explain the distinction in thought between the Incarnation and the special mode of its manifestation in the Virgin-birth, and he thinks that if he can enable men to realise the moral and intellectual necessity of the former doctrine, he has some hope of explaining the unique appropriateness of the latter.³² It will be interesting to follow the Dean's mode of doing this. He starts with the declaration that if the Son of God was made man in the birth of Jesus, that was an event absolutely unique, and utterly miraculous;³³ but it is a pity that he has to commence so grave an explanation with so serious an 'if.'

It may startle many readers that the Dean of Westminster begins his demonstration with the account of the Creation in the book of Genesis, although he frankly says that it does not matter for his purpose who wrote that chapter, whether he was adopting more ancient materials, or describing a kind of vision, or composing a kind of prose-poem.³⁴ He does say, however, that 'the general idea is wholly in harmony with our latest scientific thought,' although he admits that here and there it may be slightly 'out of order.' This hardly does justice to scientific opinion regarding this myth, derived from Babylonian and other sources, and so long

³¹ *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. viii. f.

³² *Ib.* p. 8.

³³ *Ib.* p. x.

³⁴ *Ib.* p. 10.

received as a revelation of the course of creation. The principal point on which the Dean rests is the creation of man. On the bodily side of his nature, he admits that man is but little removed from the animals, but 'his true distinction is his being made "in the image and likeness of God."' ³⁵ Man is made in God's image. He is set at the head of the creation as God's visible representative. He is to rule as God's vicegerent. "Let them have dominion," is the character of his authority. Man is the link between nature and God.' ³⁵ We shall not consider what science has to say on this representation, but the Dean illustrates the modern theories of inspiration when he goes on to say: 'It is in a chapter like this that we *feel* inspiration, even if we cannot define it. We are sure that it was the Divine Spirit who taught this early writer the sublime lesson which is embodied here.' ³⁶ He goes on to assert that 'this teaching is the intellectual and moral preparation for the doctrine of the Incarnation.' ³⁷ However, man may have failed to maintain this high ideal: 'In the midst of this failure, and with a view to its ultimate remedy, God taught one nation in plain terms that human nature is essentially God-like, that it is capable of presenting the very image and likeness of the Divine.' ³⁸ This is the reason for expecting and believing the Incarnation. But Dr. Robinson confesses: 'It requires, after all, an act of faith—and not an act of reason by itself—to say "He came down from heaven, and was incarnate and was made man." Faith I say; and I mean faith in the condescension of God, faith in the essential kinship of man to God.' ³⁹ He then gives a short account of the picture of Jesus drawn in St. Mark's Gospel and concludes: 'That, in the briefest outline, is St. Mark's picture of the Incarnate Son of God . . . and it is full of miracle, and the miracle is always appropriate, though never anticipated . . . And the resurrection, the crowning miracle, is indispensable . . . The picture is full of miracle, but the miracle is demanded by the uniqueness of the situation.' ⁴⁰

Is there anything which can be called evidence in the Dean's argument? His eloquent discourse seems to be nothing but an emotional appeal to pious imagination, and an endeavour to make his representations convince the reason through the poetical and sentimental instincts. It is a considerable drawback to the success of the statement that man was made 'in the image of God,' that in his whole history he is depicted as governed by tendencies to wickedness. The universe might be perfect and glorious, but

³⁵ *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. 11 f.

³⁶ His view is evidently shared by the Bishop of Manchester, who, although he might hesitate to use the decided and unconditional language of the early chapters of Genesis, exclaims, 'But does this imply that we fail to recognise the Divine inspiration in the view of the flood which was taken by the author of these chapters? Nay, the very opposite.' *The Teaching of Christ*, 1892, p. 9.

³⁷ *Ib.* p. 12.

³⁸ *Ib.* p. 13.

³⁹ *Ib.* p. 20 f.

⁴⁰ *Ib.* p. 22-25.

certainly man was vile. What material evidence is there of his being made 'in God's image'—if any one can conceive what that means—or if he was, what could the God be in whose image such a creature was made! From the very first, man is represented as falling into sin, and becoming so desperately wicked that the whole human race, except one small family, had to be destroyed by a flood. The so-called 'Chosen people' betrayed the most persistent ingratitude and disobedient perversity, and were constantly punished by famine, pestilence, and the sword, and these trenchant remedies proving ineffectual, as a last resource God is said to have become incarnate in His Son. But so little success had this final effort to reclaim man, that the Incarnate Son of God was rejected and despised and finally put to death by God's chosen people, by the shameful death of the cross, as an atonement for sin, the just for the unjust, without which shedding of the innocent blood man could not be saved from the wrath of God.

The Dean of Westminster's faith 'is not staggered by miracles in a life which is altogether unique, and which he believes to be the Incarnation of the Divine,' and he asks those who have been able to go so far with him—that is to say, in believing in the Incarnation, for which no direct evidence is produced—'If a wholly new departure in human history was being made, is it unreasonable to suppose that this departure might be marked by a signal miracle?'⁴¹ In other words, he asks those who may already have believed in the Incarnation, whether they cannot also believe in the Virgin-birth. Certainly, it is not unfair to suppose that any who have admitted the reality of one great miracle will not have much difficulty in believing in a second; that, to reverse a scriptural saying, those who have already swallowed a camel will not be very likely to strain at a gnat. Beyond a very marked display of pious imagination, the Dean offers nothing in the shape of evidence either of the Incarnation or of the Virgin-birth. Of the latter, he points out that we have, as a matter of fact, two notably different narratives. One is from the pen of a devout Jew, and the other by a writer who is familiar with Greek literature and Greek modes of thought, who professes to have made careful inquiries in order that he may write accurate history, and he goes on to say: 'Where we can test him, as in the Acts of the Apostles, by such historical evidence as inscriptions afford, we find him astonishingly exact in minute details. We discover that he was an unusually careful observer; and at this we are the less surprised when we learn incidentally that he was a medical man; for then, as now, the practice of medicine trained the faculty of observation and promoted a reverence for fact.'⁴² I am afraid that few who have studied the practice of medicine at that epoch will endorse this theory of its medical men, but the fact is that there is

⁴¹ *The Teaching of Christ*, p. 27.

⁴² *Ib.* p. 34.

not only no evidence that the author of Acts was a medical man, but every reason to believe that the tradition which identified him with 'Luke, the beloved physician' was erroneous. Because it has recently been argued that some of his simple statements of history are in accordance with inscriptions of the period, it is a most unwarranted inference that he was careful to write accurate history. I have elsewhere pointed out that there is more miraculous legend in the Acts of the Apostles than in any other book of the New Testament.

The Dean's theory as to the source of information of the two Evangelists regarding the Virgin-birth is that which was held by Dean Alford, and which has been adopted with great minuteness by the Bishop of Worcester and others, that, if genuine, the account of the first Synoptist was ultimately derived from St. Joseph, and that of Luke from the Blessed Virgin.⁴³ The Bishop even conjectures that St. Joseph (who must have died before the public ministry of Jesus began) left some document detailing the circumstances of the birth of Jesus to be given to Mary in order to vindicate her own virginity, and that after Pentecost it passed into the hands of the author of the first Gospel. Dr. Randolph honestly confesses: 'How this account has been preserved in the first Gospel we do not know, for we know so very little about the authorship of that Gospel, but there is nothing unreasonable in Bishop Gore's conjecture.'⁴⁴ It will probably strike most readers that it is somewhat strained to explain what is so doubtful by such minute and fanciful conjectures, and still more to consider that a Gospel about which so little is known can be received as evidence for the stupendous miracles it relates.

As a sequel to *The Ripon Episode*,⁴⁵ I may quote an explanation of his views regarding the Virgin-birth given by the Dean of Ripon to the Rev. John Verschoyle, and published by him in an interesting article in the *Contemporary Review*.⁴⁶

In Darwin's book on *The Changes of Plants and Animals under Domestication*, he points out that parthenogenesis is found much higher than is generally known in the organised creation, and he asks why the operation of the male is required, the germ or ovum of the female being complete in itself. He answers that he can give no reason except, probably, that force and energy is thus added. If, then, the accounts in the Gospels—that is, Matthew i. and Luke i.—are true literally, the meaning of my suggestion would be that the yearnings of a young Hebrew woman, longing with intense and holy desire to be the mother of the Messiah (which longings were the direct action of the Holy Spirit), excited and quickened the germ within her, and produced in this case what is usually produced by the action of the male. This seems to me the only meaning that can be got out of

⁴³ *Some Thoughts on the Incarnation*, p. 33.

⁴⁴ *The Virgin Birth*, p. 27. Gore, *Dissertations*, p. 28 f.

⁴⁵ *The Nineteenth Century and After*, January 1903, p. 26.

⁴⁶ August, p. 236.

the words of St. Luke, unless you are to invoke the word 'Miracle.' But this will not help us. It is really nothing more than a confession of our ignorance, or, if definition be imposed upon it, such as that assumed by writers like Paley, then we must say that it is not only ambiguous but is not a scriptural word at all, nor a scriptural idea, for *σημεῖον* and *δύναμις*, the Greek words which our version translates by miracle, do not mean what Paley meant, and what in a somewhat vague way is popularly understood by the word.⁴⁷

The application to the Virgin-birth of the principle of parthenogenesis, supposed to be observed in some of the lowest forms of animal and vegetable life, is an interesting example of the strenuous effort which is being made to get rid of miracles and find a reasonable basis for belief. I must point out, however, that the Dean does not correctly quote Darwin, who does not say 'that parthenogenesis is found much higher than is generally known in the organised creation,' but that 'with most of the lower animals and even mammals, the ova show a trace of parthenogenetic power.'⁴⁸ From this to draw the inference that the unimpregnated human ovum could by any process of 'natural law' develop into a man shows a very strange conception of the laws of biology and evolution, and such an idea would probably have been to Darwin more inconceivable than most of the ordinary miracles. There is, however, an important remark to be made. Before offering such remarkable explanations of the Virgin-birth, would it not be better to produce sufficient evidence that such an extraordinary event ever occurred? The story is plainly interpolated amongst other matter in the first Synoptic, 'of the authorship of which we know so very little,' and in the third, of which we really know little more, but it is not referred to anywhere else in the New Testament. Even the Bishop of Ripon refuses to lay stress on the miraculous accessories of the birth and resurrection of Jesus, which do not find a place in the common-stock Gospel. Such discussion of the details of alleged miracles or supernatural events, the actual occurrence of which has not antecedently been established by adequate evidence, is very like a performance of the play of *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince left out.

There is another point to which I must briefly refer. Whilst some assert the necessity of the Virgin-birth to get rid of the taint of 'original sin,' and even Dr. Sanday contends that in no other way is a sinless nature possible, the absolute 'sinlessness' of Jesus is advanced, not only as a fact, but as a moral miracle, and as the strongest evidence for the Incarnation. For instance, the late Dr. Bruce, in his interesting work on *The Miraculous Elements in the Gospels*, writes :

To the faith of the Church Jesus Christ is sinless in spirit and conduct,

⁴⁷ *Contemporary Review*, p. 236.

⁴⁸ Darwin, *Animals and Plants under Domestication*, second edition, revised, p. 352.

unerring in spiritual insight, original as a religious teacher; in the strictest sense a moral miracle. His character is the one miracle vitally important to faith. Believers could part with the physical miracles of the Gospels if science or exegesis demanded the sacrifice; but if a sinless Christ were taken from us on the plea that the moral order of the world knows only of imperfect men, all would be lost. Nothing less than a sinless, infallible, incomparably original man is demanded by the titles and functions ascribed to Christ. The Son of God must be holy as God is holy.⁴⁹

Similar sentiments are expressed in *Contentio Veritatis*:

The sinlessness of Christ is the one of His divine attributes which we cannot afford to part with. We might dispense with the belief in His power over nature whilst He lived as a man amongst men, but to give up His divine character is to sever the most precious link in the chain which binds heaven and earth together. If there has been no Incarnation, if no morally perfect Being, perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect, has ever lived on earth, then there has been and is no revelation of God as a Person.⁵⁰

It is true that if we compare the representation of the God of Israel in the Old Testament with that of Jesus in the Gospels the superiority of the latter is striking; but these writers seem to forget that, with the exception of some references to the infancy, the Gospels at the very most concern themselves with brief records of three years of the life of Jesus, and these records, confining themselves to selected episodes, are really worked up in the spirit of the prophetic Gnosis, and coloured brightly with the tints of pious superstition. Yet even here and there in these Gospels may be found passages which do not altogether accord with the ecstatic idea of perfection as God is perfect which the writers I have quoted, and so many others, ascribe to Jesus. For instance, the cursing of the fig tree is found not only in the first but also in the second Synoptic.⁵¹ Jesus comes to the tree to look for fruit and finds none, for, as the second Synoptist tells us, 'the time of figs was not yet,' and because he did not find fruit at a season when he had no right to expect any, he cursed the tree, which presently withered away. The Synoptists of course represent this as a miracle, but it is a miracle affecting the character of Jesus which few could wish to retain. I may also just refer to the famous episode of the swine of the Gadarenes, which is related in all the three Gospels.⁵² When Jesus casts the unclean spirit out of the man, he asks the spirit: 'What is thy name? and he saith unto him, My name is Legion; for we are many, and he besought him much that he would not send them away out of the country; and they further besought him, Send us into the swine, that we may enter into them. And he gave them leave. And the unclean spirits came out and entered

⁴⁹ *The Miraculous Elements in the Gospels*, p. 320.

⁵⁰ Inge, p. 97.

⁵¹ Matthew xxi. 18 ff. Mark xi. 13 ff., 20 f.

⁵² Matthew viii. 28 ff. Mark v. 1 ff. Luke viii. 26 ff.

into the swine; and the herd rushed down the steep into the sea, in number about two thousand, and they were choked in the sea.' Is it necessary to point out the unjust and deplorable indifference which gave the unclean spirit leave to destroy the property of the Gadarenes? We can very well understand how naturally the people began to pray Jesus 'to depart from their borders.' Of course, as the Gospels are presumed to be the authority for the sinlessness of Jesus, we are justified in quoting these episodes. Had the Synoptists been able to foresee the judgment of posterity regarding such stories, they would probably never have found a place in the Gospels.

Any evidence for the Resurrection is conspicuous only from its absence, for, like the Bishop of Ripon, who does not find it in the 'common-stock' Gospel, writers commonly relegate it to the region of indifference. For instance, Mr. Inge frankly says:

The real basis of our belief in the resurrection of Christ is a great psychological fact, a spiritual experience. We know that Christ is risen, because, as St. Paul says, we are risen with Him. If this basis is forgotten, the event becomes an isolated occurrence in past history, which from its very uniqueness is unimportant, and also impossible to establish. Whenever the carnal mind (to use St. Paul's phrase) is set to judge of spiritual things, this degradation of the symbol into a bare fact is bound to occur. And as a bare fact has no religious content, its flank is fatally open to the attacks of scepticism. It is a dead fact, and it is the nature of dead facts to decompose and vanish.⁵³

The doctrine is, in fact, so spiritualised by the modern school that it is almost unseizable, and certainly very different from the representation in the third Synoptic (xxiv. 38-39), for instance, where Jesus appears to the disciples, who supposed him to be a spirit, and to whom Jesus says: 'See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having'; or in the fourth Gospel (xx. 27), where the risen Jesus says to the doubting Thomas: 'Reach hither thy finger, and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and put it into my side, and be not faithless but believing.'

There are, however, some remarks of Archbishop Temple to which a moment's attention may be given. He argues that if all the miraculous events recorded in the Bible were some day discovered to be the result of natural causes, this would not affect their character as regards the Revelation which they were worked to prove. The miracle would in that case consist in the precise coincidence in time with the purpose they served in arresting attention, which would otherwise not have been arrested. He then proceeds to give an illustration.

Thus, for instance, it is quite possible that our Lord's Resurrection may be found hereafter to be no miracle at all in the scientific sense. It foreshadows and

⁵³ *Contentio Veritatis*, p. 87.

begins the general Resurrection; when that general Resurrection comes we may find that it is, after all, the natural issue of physical laws always at work. There is nothing at present to indicate anything of the sort; but a general resurrection in itself implies not a special interference but a general rule. If, when we rise again, we find that this resurrection is and always was a part of the Divine purpose, and brought about at last by machinery precisely the same in kind as that which has been used in making and governing the world, we may also find that our Lord's Resurrection was brought about by the operation of precisely the same machinery.⁴⁴

Such suspension of judgment would certainly arrest discussion of this and many other theological dogmas, but would scarcely conduce to the present comfort of troubled Christians. I refer to the Archbishop's argument merely to illustrate the efforts which have for long been made to explain away the miraculous elements of Christianity.

The more one looks into the religious views in the Church at the present time, the more apparent it is that with the abandonment of the 'Old Bailey' system of Paley, and the recognition that there is practically no valid evidence producible for the doctrines it still, at least nominally, holds, Christianity has become a mere religion of the heart and of the imagination, its evidence being nothing more than the impressions made on the believer by the noble life and teaching of Jesus. Men think themselves justified in believing anything that seems to appeal to their own fancies and personal leanings. Dogmas are matters of taste, matters of opinion, which are adopted with little or no examination, and held with no discrimination. Miracles as evidence have been relinquished with relief and without regret, and the fatal consequence of discrediting the central dogmas of Christianity, which are, so to say, more miraculous than the attesting miracles, is avoided as much as possible by spiritualising their details and reducing the more stubborn supernatural elements to such a state of haze and indefiniteness that they may float through the mind without any substantial shock. No testimony is demanded or considered necessary beyond the witness of personal emotion, and perfect satisfaction is at least expressed regarding the certainty of views which seem to have no other support than assumed suitability to the needs of man.

WALTER R. CASSELS.

⁴⁴ *Dampton Lectures for 1884*, ed. 1903, p. 196 f.

JOAN OF ARC

II

FOR a short space of time Joan was the idol of the hour, and honoured by all, so that her humility was alarmed; but the clouds were soon to gather. As the royal party left Rheims after the Coronation and approached La Ferté and Crespy-en-Valois, the people surrounded the King crying 'Noël.' 'The Maid was then riding between the Archbishop of Rheims and myself,' relates Dunois. "This is a good people," she said to us, "I have seen none elsewhere who rejoiced so much at the coming of so noble a King. How happy should I be if, when my days are done, I might be buried here!" "Jeanne," then said the Archbishop to her, "in what place do you hope to die?" "Where it shall please God," she answered, "for I am not certain of either the time or the place, any more than you are yourself. Would it might please God my Creator that I might retire now, abandon arms, and return to serve my father and mother, and to take care of their sheep with my sister and my brothers who would be so happy to see me again." Some writers have taken these words to signify that Joan considered her work to be accomplished and wished to leave the King and return home, but it is certain that this was not so. She had still two tasks before her; to drive the English quite out of France and to bring back the Duke of Orleans, and although she knew she would be opposed she was determined to do her best.¹

The celebrated Gerson had warned the French that by ingratitude and injustice they might hinder the success of the Maid, and his words were prophetic, as the history of the next few months was to prove.

We see the Maid's counsels systematically opposed, and all her hopes and plans for the good of France frustrated: her wise wish for the reunion of the Burgundian party with that of the King—'Make a good firm peace with the King of France,' she begs the Duke of Burgundy in her letter; 'I pray and implore you with

¹ She said quite simply that if she was to die before *that for which God had sent her was accomplished*, she would, after her death, be more harmful to the English than she was in life, and that notwithstanding her death all that for which she had come would be accomplished.

joined hands fight not against France'—her desire to take Paris defeated by delays on the King's side and the enmity of the Duke of Burgundy, and finally the disastrous results of the attack on the capital and the retreat in which she was forced to take part. 'Thus was broken the will of the Maid and the army of the King,' mournfully exclaims a contemporary chronicler.² Some gleams of success had, however, come to the French. Beauvais had capitulated, which one almost regrets, as it caused the Bishop, Pierre Cauchon, to fly to the English for safety, and helped him to become Joan's bitter enemy, and Compiègne, so soon to be the scene of her last fight, had also surrendered to the King. After the retreat from Paris the Maid had two great successes, among the last of her life. She was sent to take St. Pierre de Moustier and La Charité. At the former the wonders of Orleans were renewed; at the latter, although she raised the siege, she was ill-provided with men, and the King sent no supplies. After this Joan had to follow the Court for some weary weeks of inaction. Time was passing, and the year of her mission was nearly run. Her Voices prophesied her coming imprisonment, and the Maid prayed that she might die as soon as she was taken, but they told her to bear graciously whatever befell her, for so it must be. As one of her biographers says, among all Joan's deeds this was the bravest—to go on fighting, knowing certainly that her English foes would take her—they who had often threatened to burn her.

In May—just a year after the glorious victory at Orleans—the blow fell. The truce with Burgundy ended, and the Duke promptly proceeded to besiege Compiègne, held by de Flavy for the King. Joan hurried thither from Crespy in Valois on the 23rd of May, and that same day led the sortie which was to be her last effort for France. She drove the enemy back three times, but meanwhile she encountered the English, and retreated her men. The English followed them under the walls of Compiègne, and, to prevent their entering, the gate of the redoubt was closed, and Joan was shut out from the town she had come to deliver. They told the Maid of her danger, but she paid no heed, and her voice was heard as usual, calling 'Allez avant,' 'Forward! they are ours.'

The English held the entrance from the causeway, and Joan and a few men (her brother among them) were driven into a corner of the wall. A rush was made to secure her: 'Yield, yield, give your faith to me,' was the cry. 'I have given my faith to Another,' was Joan's reply, 'and I will keep my oath.' Thus was she taken prisoner, and her prediction accomplished. Some historians think that the gate was closed by treachery, but we may be sure that this was not so, as Compiègne was held loyally for Charles, and was relieved eventually by the Maid's friend, Xaintrailles.

² Perceval de Cagny.

Joan was now the prisoner of the Duke of Burgundy, whom she had tried in vain to bring back to his allegiance, and great rejoicings were made over her capture by her unworthy countrymen and the English. Still, had she remained in the hands of the Burgundians, it seems incredible that Charles should not have endeavoured to procure her release, and again, had the English held her as a prisoner of war, it is possible that the shame of having a woman captive in their hands would have led to their allowing her to be ransomed. But the English-French party were determined on her ruin, and united in making rescue impossible. The great things accomplished by the Maid bore an evident mark of their supernatural origin, but the old accusation of magic and witchcraft could be used for her destruction. She was honoured as a Saint by the people; let her be shown to be a rebel to the Church. Such was the odious policy agreed upon, and, to add to its terrible injustice, the very form of procedure was to be illegal. Had Joan been really considered guilty of heresy, she would have been a prisoner in the Ecclesiastical Courts' and entitled to counsel and guidance. She would have been placed in a proper prison in the care of persons of her own sex, but her wary enemies knew that she had already been examined and approved by learned bishops and priests at Poitiers, and the result might well again be in her favour. They would run no risks. Therefore it was decided that the Maid, while charged with an ecclesiastical offence, should be kept in a lay prison, guarded only by her greatest enemies, rough English soldiers. In such proceedings an instrument was necessary, and such was to be easily found in the unworthy Pierre Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, a traitor to his King, and still more to his sacred office. Joan had been captured in his diocese, which was the plea for his interference, although this also was illegal, as she was judged in Rouen, in another diocese. The University of Paris, at that moment passing through the worst crisis of its history, and itself tainted with unorthodoxy, was Cauchon's willing accomplice, and summoned the Duke of Burgundy to give up the prisoner. It is said that he resisted for a long time, but at last, vanquished by the large sum offered to him and the obligation of conscience insisted upon, he gave over the Maid to Cauchon and his adherents. It was in the winter of 1430 that this treacherous deed was accomplished. Her Burgundian guards, more Christian and sympathetic than the captors into whose charge she was going, allowed Joan to hear Mass and go to Confession and Holy Communion during the journey to Rouen; but at Crotoy she was delivered to the English, who brought her to Rouen towards the end of December. There she was placed in a tower of the Castle, which no longer exists. The room of her captivity was on the first floor up eight steps, and facing the fields. The Maid was under the surveillance of five common soldiers, three of whom remained in the

room day and night, while two guarded the door. She was heavily ironed, and chained to a beam which crossed the end of her bed. For six long months she was to undergo the agony of these surroundings, supplemented by the moral torture of the judicial inquiry, before the final martyrdom released her heroic soul.⁸ According to the official report the trial opened on the 9th of January, but we find no record of what occurred till the 21st of February. The trial was based on the procedure of the trials of the Holy Office, and the form, which was as follows, was punctiliously observed. *Process ex officio*, inquiry as to facts of accusation. Examination of the accused on the result of this inquiry. The promoter then draws up the case if any be undertaken. *Process in ordinary*, trial and examination of the accused, sometimes by torture. Sentence. We are thankful to know that by the decision of the greater number of assessors Joan did not suffer trial by torture.

It is quite impossible here to enter into the details of this infamous trial, grave doubts of the legality of which were expressed even from the beginning by those not absolutely actuated by enmity to the accused. A few brave voices made themselves heard from time to time on behalf of Joan and in antagonism to the form of procedure, but to no avail, and she might almost have used the same words as did Mary Stuart, 'Alas, I see many counsellors, but not one for me.' She, like the Scottish Queen, had to defend herself against the hatred and subtle questioning of her judges, and sometimes they all attacked her together, when she—again like Mary—was forced to protest, 'Beaux Seigneurs, faites l'un après l'autre.'

Here we can but consider a few of the accusations made against Joan, and her replies. Let us follow her to the first interrogation. 'The said woman was brought by the Executor of Our Mandate and set before us,' says Bishop Cauchon. . . . 'And in the first instance we did require her, in the appointed form, her hand on the Holy Gospels, to swear to speak truth on the questions to be addressed to her. To which she did reply: "I know not upon what you wish to question me; perhaps you may ask me of things which I ought not to tell you." "Swear," we did then say to her, "to speak truth on the things which shall be asked you concerning the Faith, and of which you shall know." "Of my father and my mother and of what I did after taking the road to France," replied the maid, "willingly will I swear, but of the revelations which have come to me from God, to no one will I speak or reveal them, save only to Charles, my King; and to you I will not reveal them, even if it cost me my head, because I have received them in visions and by secret counsel, and am forbidden to reveal them."'" Warned again to speak truly on

* It is impossible to think that no effort was made on the Maid's behalf by her gallant friends in the French army, and it is said that such an attempt was actually made by Xaintrailles and La Hire, but that it was defeated by treachery.

whatsoever should touch on the Faith: 'The said Jeanne, on her knees, her two hands resting on the Missal, did swear to speak truth on that which should be asked her, and which she knew *in the matter of the Faith*, keeping silence under the condition above stated, that is to say, neither to tell nor to reveal to anyone the revelations made to her.'

Then came the questions regarding her early days at home and the beginnings of her mission, her Voices, her banner, her sword, her warfare, her spiritual state. Nothing was too sacred for the interrogators, and wonderful are the replies of the Maid in their dignified simplicity. When asked, 'Do you know if you are in the grace of God?' 'If I am not, may God place me there; if I am, may God so keep me! I should be the saddest in all the world if I knew that I was not in the grace of God,' was her answer.

As it is impossible here to give more than short extracts from the Processes we will select some of the interrogations put to the Maid on matters of special interest and her replies. We will take questions dealing with the fight at Compiègne, the accusation regarding Franquet d'Arras, the attempted escape from Beaurevoir and the history of her Banner, concluding with the examination on the famous letter to the Duke of Bedford.

With regard to Compiègne Joan was examined as follows:

'On the faith of the oath you have just taken, from whence had you started when you went the last time to Compiègne?'

'From Crespy, in Valois.'

'When you were at Compiègne, were you several days before you made your sally or attack?'

'I arrived there secretly early in the morning,⁴ and entered the town without the enemy knowing anything of it; and that same day, in the evening, I made the sally in which I was taken.'

'When you made your sally, did they ring the bells?'

'If they did ring them it was not by my order or knowledge; I do not think it was so, and I do not remember to have said they rang.'

'Did you make this sally by command of your Voice?'

'During the Easter week of last year, being in the trenches of Melun, it was told me by my Voices—that is to say, by St. Catherine and St. Margaret—"Thou wilt be taken before St. John's Day; and so it must be: do not torment thyself about it; be resigned: God will help thee."'

'Before this occasion at Melun, had not your Voices ever told you that you would be taken?'

'Yes, many times and nearly every day. And I asked of my Voices that, when I should be taken, I might die soon, without long suffering in prison; and they said to me: "Be resigned to all—thus

⁴ On the 23rd of May, 1430.

it must be." But they did not tell me the time; and if I had known it, I should not have gone. Often I asked to know the hour; they never told me.'

'Did your Voices command you to make this sally from Compiègne, and signify that you would be taken if you went?'

'If I had known the hour when I should be taken, I should never have gone of mine own free will; I should always have obeyed their commands in the end, whatever might happen to me.'

'When you made this sally from Compiègne had you any Voice or revelation about making it?'

'That day I did not know at all that I should be taken, and I had no other command to go forth; but they had always told me it was necessary for me to be taken prisoner.'

'When you made this sally, did you pass by the Bridge of Compiègne?'

'I passed by the bridge and the boulevard, and went with the company of followers of my side against the followers of my Lord of Luxembourg. I drove them back twice against the camp of the Burgundians, and the third time to the middle of the highway. The English who were there then cut off the road from me and my people, between us and the boulevard. For this reason, my followers retreated and, in retreating towards the fields on the Picardy side, near the boulevard, I was taken. Between Compiègne and the place where I was taken there is nothing but the stream and the boulevard with its ditch.'

The Maid, who was reproached with the death of Franquet d'Arras, defends herself in these terms: ⁵

'To take a man at ransom, and to put him to death, while a prisoner, is not that mortal sin?'

'I never did it.'

'What did you do to Franquet d'Arras, who was put to death at Lagny?'

'I consented that he should die if he had merited it, because he had confessed to being a murderer, thief, and traitor; his trial lasted fifteen days; he had for judge the Bailly of Senlis and the people of the Court of Lagny. I had given orders to exchange this Franquet against a man of Paris, landlord of the Hôtel de l'Ours. When I learnt the death of the latter, and the Bailly told me I should do great wrong to justice by giving up Franquet, I said to the Bailly, "As my man is dead, do with the other what you should do, for justice."'

'Did you give, or cause to be given, money to him who took Franquet?'

⁵ Franquet d'Arras was a robber chief on the Burgundian side. The Maid, with four hundred French and Scots men-at-arms, had defeated and taken him prisoner near Lagny-sur-Marne.

'I am not Master of the Mint or Treasurer of France to pay out money so.'

'We recall to you: (1) That you attacked Paris on a Feast Day; (2) That you had the horse of my lord the Bishop of Senlis; (3) That you threw yourself down from the Tower of Beaurevoir; (4) That you wear a man's dress; (5) That you consented to the death of Franquet d'Arras: do you not think you have committed mortal sin in these?'

'For what concerns the attack on Paris, I do not think myself to be in mortal sin; if I have so done, it is for God to know it, and the Priest in confession. As to the horse of my Lord the Bishop of Senlis, I firmly believe I have not sinned against our Lord; the horse was valued at 200 gold crowns, of which he received assignment; nevertheless, this horse was sent back to the Sire de la Trémouille, to restore it to my Lord of Senlis; it was no good for me to ride; besides, it was not I who took it; and, moreover, I did not wish to keep it, having heard that the bishop was displeased that it had been taken from him, and, beyond all this, the horse was of no use for warfare. I do not know if the bishop was paid, nor if his horse was restored to him; I think not. As to my fall from the Tower at Beaurevoir, I did not do it in despair, but thinking to save myself and to go to the help of all those brave folk who were in danger. After my fall, I confessed myself and asked pardon. God has forgiven me, not for any good in me: I did wrong, but I know by revelation from St. Catherine that, after the confession I made, I was forgiven. It was by the counsel of St. Catherine that I confessed myself.'⁶

'Did you do penance for it?'

'Yes, and my penance came to me in great part from the harm I did myself from falling. You ask me if I believe this wrong which I did in leaping to be mortal sin? I know nothing about it, but refer me to God. As to my dress, since I bear it by command of God and for His service, I do not think I have done wrong at all; so soon as it shall please God to prescribe it, I will take it off.'

The above replies lead us on to the Maid's action at Beaurevoir, about which she was also questioned on several other occasions. On the 14th of March for instance she speaks more in detail of this event.

'Why did you throw yourself from the top of the tower at Beaurevoir?' they asked her.⁷

'I had heard that the people of Compiègne, all, to the age of seven years, were to be put to fire and sword; and I would rather

⁶ This attempted escape took place at Beaurevoir, whither she was sent early in August, and where she remained till November.

⁷ A contemporary Chronicle, hostile in other ways to the Maid, says that she tried to jump from a window by the aid of a rope, which broke, and thus she fell.

have died than live after such a destruction of good people. That was one of the reasons. The other was that I knew I was sold to the English; and I had rather die than be in the hands of my enemies the English.'

'Did your Saints counsel you about it?'

'St. Catherine told me almost every day not to leap, that God would help me, and also those at Compiègne. I said to St. Catherine: "Since God will help those at Compiègne, I wish to be there." St. Catherine said to me: "Be resigned, and do not falter; you will not be delivered before seeing the King of England."⁸ I answered her: "Truly I do not wish to see him. I would rather die than fall into the hands of the English." After having fallen, I was two or three days without eating. By the leap I was so injured that I could neither eat nor drink; and all the time I was consoled by St. Catherine, who told me to confess, and to beg pardon of God; and without fail, those at Compiègne would have help before St. Martin's day in the winter.⁹ Then I began to recover and to eat and was soon cured.'

'When you made this leap, did you think you would kill yourself?'

'No, but in leaping I commended myself to God. I hoped by means of this leap to escape, and to avoid being delivered up to the English.'

'When speech returned to you, did you not blaspheme God and His Saints? This is proved by allegation.'

'I have no memory of having ever blasphemed and cursed God and His Saints, in that place or elsewhere.'

'Will you refer this to the inquiry made or to be made?'

'I refer me to God and not to any other, and to a good confession.'

And now we come to the question about the Maid's banner, which won from her some of her most characteristic replies.

'When you were at Orleans, had you a standard, or banner; and of what colour was it?'

'I had a banner of which the field was sprinkled with lilies; the world was painted there, with an angel at each side; it was white, of the white cloth called "boccassin;" there was written above, I believe, "Jhesus Maria;" it was fringed with silk.'

'The words "Jhesus Maria" were they written above, below, or on the side?'

'At the side, I believe.'

'Which did you care for most, your banner or your sword?'

⁸ It is probable that she saw him at Rouen as he spent the Christmas of 1430 there, and the Maid's prison windows looked out on the fields where he probably took exercise.

⁹ Compiègne was relieved on the 26th of October; St. Martin's Day is on the 11th of November.

‘Better, forty times better, my banner than my sword!’

‘Who made you get this painting done upon your banner?’

‘I have told you often enough, that I had nothing done but by the command of God. It was I, myself, who bore this banner, when I attacked the enemy, to save killing any one, for I have never killed any one.’

‘Did the two Angels painted on your standard represent St. Michael and St. Gabriel?’

‘They were there only for the honour of Our Lord, Who was painted on the standard. I only had these two Angels represented to honour Our Lord, Who was there represented holding the world.’

‘Were the two Angels represented on your standard those who guard the world? Why were there not more of them, seeing that you had been commanded by God to take this standard?’

‘The standard was commanded by Our Lord, by the Voices of St. Catherine and St. Margaret, which said to me: “Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven;” and because they had said to me “Take the standard in the name of the King of Heaven,” I had this figure of God and of two Angels done; I did all by their command.’

‘Did you ask them if, by virtue of this standard, you would gain all the battles wherever you might find yourself, and if you would be victorious?’

‘They told me to take it boldly, and that God would help me.’

‘Which gave most help, you to your standard, or your standard to you?’

‘The victory either to my standard or myself, it was all from Our Lord.’

‘The hope of being victorious, was it founded on your standard or on yourself?’

‘It was founded on Our Lord and nought else.’

‘If any one but you had borne this standard, would he have been as fortunate as you in bearing it?’

‘I know nothing about it: I wait on Our Lord.’

‘If one of the people of your party had sent you his standard to carry, would you have had as much confidence in it as in that which had been sent to you by God? Even the standard of your King, if it had been sent to you, would you have had as much confidence in it as in your own?’

‘I bore most willingly that which had been ordained for me by Our Lord; and, meanwhile, in all I waited upon Our Lord.’

The Maid’s answers about her famous letters to the Duke of Bedford, written on the 22nd of March, 1428-9, are as follows:

‘Do you know this letter?’

‘Yes, excepting three words. In place of “give up to the

Maid," it should be "give up to the King." The words "Chieftain of war" and "body for body" were not in the letter I sent. None of the Lords ever dictated these letters to me; it was I myself alone who dictated them before sending them. Nevertheless, I always showed them to some of my party. Before seven years are passed, the English will lose a greater gage than they have already done at Orleans; they will lose everything in France.¹⁰ The English will have in France a greater loss than they have ever had, and that by a great victory which God will send to the French.'

'How do you know this?'

'I know it well by revelation, which has been made to me, and that this will happen within seven years; and I am sore vexed that it is deferred so long. I know it by revelation, as clearly as I know that you are before me at this moment.'

'When will this happen?'

'I know neither the day nor the hour.'

'In what year will it happen?'

'You will not have any more. Nevertheless, I heartily wish it might be before St. John's Day.'

'Did you not say that this would happen before Martinmas in winter?'

'I said that before Martinmas many things would be seen, and that the English might perhaps be overthrown.'

At times when hard pressed by repeated and useless questions Joan would refuse to say more—'*Passez outre,*' she would say. 'You say you are my judge,' she said one day to Bishop Cauchon. 'Take care what you do, because of a truth I am sent from God, and you are placing yourself in great danger.' When they tried to persuade her that her Voices came from the evil spirit, 'I believe firmly,' she replied, 'as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith and that God has ransomed us from the pains of hell, that this Voice comes from God.' Another time when again pressed to deny her Voices, 'I will appeal to them for help as long as I live,' she replied. 'I will call upon Our Lord and Our Lady to send me advice and consolation.'

When puzzling questions about referring to the authority of the Church were put to her, and her judges insisted on her submission to themselves as being the Church, she replied simply, 'Take me to the Pope and I will answer him, for I know and believe that we should obey our Holy Father the Pope who is in Rome;' and when the President, recognising the importance of this reply and fearing to see his victim escape him, forbade the clerk to write down her words, she sorrowfully exclaimed, 'Ah, you always write down what is against me, but not what is for me.' One of the most affecting

¹⁰ The English lost Paris in 1436, and soon afterwards the rest of France.

things in the history of the trial is Joan's intense loyalty to the King, the weak prince who had never been over-grateful to her and who now had deserted her in her extremity. She speaks with constant respect and affection of him, and some of her last words in this world were for him.

The weary examinations went on till May.

The Maid stood daily, friendless, unalarmed
... at times she smiled, at times
Her dark eye rested, with a sadness sweet,
On brows, some mitred yet unvenerable,
And wrinkled scribes with hot and hurrying hand
Transmuting truth to lies.¹¹

But worse was to come. Joan must be brought at any price to deny her great mission, and must make a formal retraction.

On the 24th of May, 1431, the cemetery situated to the right of the church of St. Ouen was the scene of a cruel attempt to intimidate her. Two stands had been erected; on one of them stood Bishop Cauchon and his partisans, on the other was placed Joan, heavily fettered. Two documents had been prepared, one the sentence of condemnation to death, the other announcing the canonical penance to be imposed should the prisoner retract. At a short distance were placed the faggots with the executioner stationed near. Jean Massieu, apparitor, held ready a short form of abjuration, in which Joan was to declare that she would submit to the Church, and would accept a woman's dress. But, unknown to her or to the public, an English secretary had another and much longer paper ready in which Joan was to declare that she renounced her visions, and all she had affirmed during the trial.

Joan had been warned that she must choose between a terrible death and making a slight act of submission to her judges. If she would recognise their authority at least outwardly, and show it by taking a woman's dress, her life would be safe, and she should be taken from her English guardians and placed in the ecclesiastical prisons—for this latter boon she had long petitioned; there she would be safe from insult, in the charge of women, and could resume the dress of her sex, and there was a hope that she might be sent to Rome to the supreme tribunal, to which she ever turned as her only hope.

Can we wonder that, threatened on the one side with death and implored on the other to consent, the Maid trusted her advisers, and, after long hesitation, agreed to sign the first short paper? 'Let the clerics see it,' she said, 'and if they tell me that I ought to sign it, I will do so.' By a detestable stratagem the long recantation mentioned above was hurriedly substituted for the short paper, and a pen was put into Joan's hand. 'But I can neither read nor write,' she said, and

¹¹ *Joan of Arc*, Aubrey de Vere.

placed a mark as her signature. 'She has *abjured*,' whispered Bishop Cauchon to Cardinal Beaufort. 'What shall we do?' and we are thankful for the reply, 'Admit her to penance.'

As Joan was being led away, she asked to be taken to the ecclesiastical prison, 'that I may no longer be in the hands of these English.' But, alas! she was to reap no benefits from her submission. 'Take her back whence you brought her,' was Cauchon's only reply. We have no space to linger here over the next sad hours—the cruel deception by which her woman's dress was taken from her by her guards, and her forced resumption of her armour, and the prompt sentence of her enemies in consequence that she had '*relapsed*.' Her Voices, she said, reproached her with her denial of her mission—but in this and other parts of the process it must be borne in mind that the reports were much tampered with. The only thing we can feel sure of is that Joan wished formally to retract a pretended abjuration extorted from her by deception. She utterly denied that she ever intended to deny her revelations.

The victim had been declared '*relapsed*,' which was the signal of death. Very early on the morning of the 30th of May word was sent to Joan that she was to appear before the Bishop at the Market Place at eight o'clock, and soon Brother Martin Ladvenu came to announce to her that the Bishop was giving her over to the secular power and that she was to be burnt. In that moment Joan passed through the very agony of death. She, the innocent maiden whom we have seen in the hour of her radiant triumph and in her heroic calmness before her judges, was permitted for a little time to lose her serenity. She wept and lamented her cruel end. 'Alas!' she said, 'will they treat me so cruelly and horribly? Ah! I would seven times rather be beheaded than thus be burnt. . . . Ah! I appeal to God the great Judge against the great wrongs and evil they have done me.'

Then peace came back to Joan, for she was allowed by the Bishop to go to Confession and to receive Holy Communion, and Brother Ladvenu says that words failed him to express her pious joy or the ecstasy of her thanksgiving after Holy Communion.

The hour was approaching. The executioners came to fetch the Maid; her chains were taken off, and she was given a long robe. Over her head a sort of mitre was placed, bearing the odious words, '*Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolatress*.' She entered the cart accompanied by Brother Ladvenu and Maître Jean Massieu, and it proceeded, escorted by English soldiers, to the place of execution. As the cart passed slowly through the crowd many showed their sympathy for the innocent girl. She was praying fervently meanwhile, and was heard to say, 'Rouen, Rouen, am I then to die here? Ah, Rouen, I greatly fear that you will have to suffer for my death.'

We must pass over the miserable formalities that now took place and Bishop Cauchon's address to the victim. When he had finished speaking, her young voice was heard, 'Holy Trinity, have mercy on me. I believe in Thee. Jesus, have mercy on me.' Pray for me, O Mary. St. Michael, St. Gabriel, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, come to my aid!' 'All you here present forgive me as I forgive you.' 'You priests say each a Mass for the repose of my soul.' 'Let no one accuse my King. He had nothing to do with what I did. If I have done ill, he is innocent.' 'O Jesus, O Mary, Holy Saints of Paradise, protect me—succour me!' ¹²

Every one wept to hear her. She begged for a cross to hold, and an English soldier hastily made one of two pieces of wood, which she kissed and placed on her breast, and Brother Ladvenu fetched a crucifix from the church hard by, which she begged him to hold before her till the end. But the soldiers were impatient and she was hurried to the scaffold—illegally, like everything else in the trial, as the necessary formalities in handing over the prisoner to the civil power were omitted.

The scaffold was erected not far from the old Market Place, where the fountain in honour of the Maid now stands. When Joan ascended the fatal steps, Brother Ladvenu followed her, while Massieu and Frère Isambart placed themselves in front carrying the crucifix. Bishop Cauchon approached. 'Bishop, I die through you,' cried his victim. The faggots were now kindled, but Joan, even at that moment, thought of others and cried out to Brother Ladvenu to leave her. 'Take care . . . the fire . . . go down quick, but continue to exhort me in a loud voice. Hold the cross very high that I may see it to the end,' she said. He obeyed, and now heavenly consolation came to the Maid. Her Saints appeared to her: she saw St. Michael, St. Catherine, St. Margaret, and she understood at last what their predictions had meant for her, 'Do not lament your martyrdom; through it you will come to the Kingdom of Paradise.'

Thus it was to be not victory in this world, but—through the fires of Rouen—a Crown of Glory in the next.

'No, no, my Voices have not deceived me,' she said. 'They come truly from God. It is in obedience to this Sovereign Lord that I have done all my actions.'¹³

Her last look was for the crucifix. Her last words, 'Jesus, Jesus.'¹⁴

'God grant that I may be in the place where I believe this woman to be!' exclaimed one of those present. 'I saw many—the greater number of those present—weeping and bewailing for pity, and saying that Jeanne had been unjustly condemned,' adds another witness; while one of Henry the Sixth's Secretaries, Tressart, was

¹² Quicherat, ii. p. 9.

¹³ *Ibid.* iii. 90, 170.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*

heard to exclaim, 'We are all lost, for we have burnt a Saint.' During Joan's captivity some hearts had remained faithful to her, and in the churches throughout France many prayers had been offered for her delivery.¹⁵ Now, after her death,

All the heart of France from north to south
Like Alpine floods in spring rushed to the Maid,
Till through her praise on earth and prayer on high
King Charles—her King—reigned o'er his rightful realm.¹⁶

Twenty years were to pass, however, before any attempt was made by those in authority to vindicate Joan's memory. In 1450, after the occupation of Normandy and the submission of Rouen, it seems to have occurred to Charles the Seventh that it was incompatible with his dignity to allow the stigma of heresy and witchcraft to rest on her who had 'led him to his anointing.'

He therefore—on the 13th of February—issued a declaration empowering William Bouillé to inquire into the proceedings of Joan's trial undertaken by 'our ancient enemies the English' who 'against reason had cruelly put her to death,' and to report the result of his investigations. Charles had chosen a competent and reliable person for the task—Bouillé was Rector of the University of Paris, Dean of the Theological Faculty, and a member of the Great Council, and had at one time been Ambassador to Rome. Under his guidance a court of inquiry was held in Rouen on the 4th and 5th of March, when seven witnesses were heard, namely, three Dominicans of St. Jacques, Toutmouillé, de la Pierre, Ladvenu, Duval, the notary Manchon, the usher Massieu, and Beaupère, who had been one of the chief examiners. However, but little interest was taken in the matter by the Court, and although in the opinion of several legal authorities whom Bouillé consulted the process of condemnation was considered to be null and void, the whole question was allowed to fall into abeyance.

Two years later the mother of the Maid, Isabelle d'Arc, made a formal request to the Pope's legate in France, Guillaume d'Estouteville, for the rehabilitation of her daughter—which she claimed on both civil and ecclesiastical authority—and for the restoration of her family to the position they had lost by the imputation of heresy cast upon one of their members. The Cardinal accordingly held a fresh inquiry at Rouen in 1452, at which twenty-one witnesses were heard; but after this again there were further delays for which, as before, the fear of arousing the hostility of the English was partly responsible.

In 1455 Pope Calixtus III. ascended the papal throne, and one of his first acts was to hasten the great work. He granted a

¹⁵ The prayers said daily at Mass for Joan's deliverance are still preserved.

¹⁶ *Joan of Arc*, Aubrey de Vere.

rescript authorising the process of revision and appointing as delegates for the trial the Archbishop of Rheims, the Bishop of Paris, and the Bishop of Coutances—a providential choice, for these three sees were intimately connected with Joan's history. That of Rheims had declared her virtue and approved her mission at Poitiers; Paris had been 'after London' her bitterest foe, and Coutances belonged to Normandy, in which diocese she had met her death.

The case was solemnly opened on the 7th of November, 1455, in the Church of Notre-Dame at Paris.

Isabelle d'Arc and her two sons came before the Court to present their humble petition for the revision of the Maid's sentence, demanding only 'the triumph of truth and justice.'

The bereaved mother threw herself at the feet of the Commissioners, showing them the Papal rescript and weeping aloud, 'while her advocate Pierre Maugier and his assistants prayed for justice for her and for her martyred daughter.' So many of those present joined in this petition that we are told it seemed as if one great cry for justice rose from the assembled multitude.

The Commissioners formally received the petition and appointed the 17th of November for its consideration, warning the petitioners, however, of the possible danger of a confirmation of the former trial, but promising careful consideration of the case should they persist in their desire.

To this Isabelle and her sons replied, 'We are certain of the innocence of Jeanne. We only beg for the declaration of this innocence—we do not ask for the condemnation of any one.'

The trial opened in Paris on the 12th of December, and while it is impossible to give here a full report of its proceedings, which, as became the case, were long and most minute, we will recall a few special features. On the 20th of December, the last day appointed for the appearance of any representatives of the accused, only the Advocate of Bishop Cauchon's family presented himself. He declared that the Bishop's heirs had no desire to maintain the validity of a trial with which they had no concern . . . 'that Jeanne had been the victim of the hatred of the English, and that therefore the responsibility fell rather on them,' and they begged that her rehabilitation might not be to their prejudice. The Procurator declared his willingness to agree to this petition and the heirs of Bishop Cauchon were put out of the question; on the same day the Promoter formulated his accusation and placed before the Court certain special points in the original trial which tended to vitiate the whole, concluding with 'the incompetence of the Court, and the unfairness of the treatment received throughout by the accused, culminating in an illegal sentence and an irregular execution.'

The Promoter then asked that inquiries might be made into the life and conduct of the Maid and of the manner in which she had undertaken the reconquest of France. The inquiries lasted for several months and brought us the precious depositions—from which we have already largely quoted—of Joan's early friends and her comrades at arms, besides those of many witnesses of the trial, of whom the notary Manchon's are perhaps the most important, regarding as they do the documentary evidence and the traps that were laid to falsify the records of the proceedings.

The final meeting took place, as was fitting, at Rouen, on the 7th of July, 1456. Here the Court assembled in the Hall of the Archbishop's Palace, and the formal sentence of rehabilitation was solemnly read by the Archbishop of Rheims. It concludes as follows :—

We say, pronounce, decree, and declare, the said Processes and Sentences full of cozenage, iniquity, inconsequences, and manifest errors, in fact as well as in law. We say that they have been, are, and shall be—as well as the aforesaid Abjuration, their execution, and all that followed—null, non-existent, without value or effect.

Nevertheless, in so far as is necessary, and as reason doth command us, we break them, annihilate them, annul them, and declare them void of effect ; and we declare that the said Jeanne and her relatives, plaintiffs in the actual Process, have not, on account of the said trial, contracted nor incurred any mark or stigma of infamy ; we declare them quit and purged of all the consequences of these same Processes ; we declare them, in so far as is necessary, entirely purged thereof by this present.

We ordain that the execution and solemn publication of our present Sentence shall take place immediately in this city, in two different places, to wit :

To-day, in the Square of Saint-Ouen, after a General Procession and a public Sermon.

To-morrow, at the Old Market-Place, in the same place where the said Jeanne was suffocated by a cruel and horrible fire, also with a General Preaching and with the placing of a handsome cross for the perpetual memory of the Deceased, and for her salvation and that of other deceased persons.

We declare that we reserve to ourselves (the power) later on to execute, publish, and for the honour of her memory to signify with acclaim, our said Sentence in the cities and other well-known places of the kingdom wherever we shall find it well (so to do) under the reserves, finally, of all other formalities which may yet remain to be done.

Thus was the Maid's memory vindicated. In our own generation, the France of to-day, echoing the France of the fifteenth century, has solemnly petitioned for yet greater honour for her deliverer, and the Cause for the Canonisation of the Venerable Joan of Arc, Virgin, is already well advanced in Rome.

In conclusion we must again express our gratitude to Mr. Douglas Murray for his admirable book, which, it must be a pleasure to him to think, will help so many to understand and appreciate more fully the saintly Maiden and her heroic deeds.

M. M. MAXWELL-SCOTT.

*THE GARDENS OF ANCIENT ROME,
AND WHAT GREW IN THEM*

FROM archæological experiences of the city and Campagna di Roma one may say that, wherever stucco-relief or actual fresco-work comes to light, one finds depicted not only *amorini* or *grotteschi*, but, with more or less skill, birds, flowers, garlands of fruit, or sometimes large shrubs, or even tall leafy trees. Now, these representations as a rule are not merely formal leaves and flowers, not conventional foliage, such as we frequently see in Roman or early English architectural work; they are often actually identifiable with this or that species or variety of plants, which was sometimes familiar, sometimes historic, and sometimes positively sacred in the eyes of the ancient population of this city.

What is even more to the point in view, these beautiful objects are depicted with such vivid grace, and they betray, by form or colouring, such skilful observation on the part of the artist, that we may reasonably conclude the people for whom they were painted must at least have delighted in gardens and the things which grew in them; in fact, were a people who loved Nature as their mother, rather more deeply than other sides of their known character would lead us to conjecture.

When we go over an ancient house, whether in Rome or at Pompeii, we are tempted to criticise the narrowness of the windows and the restricted area of their sleeping-rooms, for to us they appear 'poky,' or quite impossible. But perhaps we ought to allow liberally for the fact that the owners passed much more of their lives out of doors than within them; in the sunny streets, in the airy porticoes, in the beautiful gardens; and, therefore, we should not translate these untoward evidences for proof of a dislike of fresh air. It seems more probable that when these artists are found, as at Livia's Villa, representing these realistic leaves, flowers, and trees, instead of other ornaments, they are following, as it were, a line of least resistance, and are expressing some of that constant delight in the open-air life which they led, and in the things of nature which they most loved to observe and have about them.

Again, if we clear for ourselves an imaginary path through the

throng of imported divinities and cults (worshipped by the later Romans with so much sumptuousness, but so little sincerity), and go to the primitive deities adored by the early Latian peoples, we have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that a large proportion of their gods and goddesses may be referred to the 'powers' of the Vegetable world, not, as we should perhaps expect, to the Military spirit. They were gods of the corn, the wine, the fruits and flowers; sylvani, or tree-spirits; Saturn, the sowing god; and Flora, goddess of the flower-world. And there, surely enough, we find (what at first may rather surprise us) Venus to be the garden-goddess (not the fatal temptress Aphrodite, of 'a later dispensation') to whom the myrtle is sacred, and with it the Vallis Murcia—the site of the Circus Maximus. Moreover we find *Mars*, the early god of Vegetation, the lord of the wheatfields, and having his first temple among them in the *Campus Martius*, and to whom the first month of the Roman year—the budding month—is sacred. His priests, or dervishes, were called *Salii*, or leapers; and they had their meeting in chapter-houses on each of the hills of Rome. On the first of the new year they danced, singing their hymns, around the Palatine, and the height which they leaped was regarded as indicative as to the height to which Mars would allow the new grain to grow.

Venus, we find, had a temple dedicated to her in 293 B.C. and yet another in B.C. 265, upon the feast-day of the *Vinalia Rustica*. Moreover, April was considered to be her month, therefore very respectable authorities have considered that, besides being the goddess of gardens, vineyards also were regarded as being under her prolific surveillance and protection. But in any case she was the divinity to whom the owners of gardens and orchards paid their vows.

And this brings me to the consideration of the word 'hortus.' For in early days it seems to have signified an orchard or a garden indifferently. And perhaps no argument is needed to persuade us, that, with an agricultural people such as the ancient Romans, the garden was for a long period a purely practical adjunct to the residence; the necessary and increasingly important companion to the house which it supplied; and the refuse of which fed the dog and the pig. We may thus at the same time take for certain that this humble position was fulfilled by it long years before it became so matured as to give birth to the separate flower-garden. What flowers, sacred and others, were grown, probably grew as strips in what we should call a kitchen-garden.

The villa, of course, had no being as yet. Pliny¹ states that he finds no mention of a villa in the XII. Tables, 'nusquam nominatur villa,' but only the word 'hortus,' signifying the 'bina jugera,' or two acres inheritable by the heir to the house.

¹ *H.N.* lib. xix. cap. 19.

In those early times of this city, the woodlands, with their dark ilex shadows and gnarled trunks, were not regarded as places of delight and attraction; they were not yet 'vocales' or 'venerabiles,' so much as dangerous, black, and oracular, as were our own forests to the medieval mind; they were looked upon with awe and fear, as 'selve obscure,' 'caligantes nigra formidine.' In them you would be likely to meet wild beasts, bandits, or apparitions. But, besides these, there were many strips of woodland, or at any rate preserved portions left over from clearings, which were consecrated to one or other divinity, which might neither be cut nor utilised for 'mast' or fuel, by man or pig, without due and formal act of expiation. Such were the 'nemus' and the 'lucus'—a subject for separate treatment.

So too, in the garden, there came to be cultivated plants which, besides being good for food, were raised for ritual uses, garlands, decorations, and sacrificial fuel, and also, no doubt, for salves and medicines.

The semi-volcanic soil of Rome possesses innate genius for growing good vegetables. For variety of salads, no city in Europe should excel Rome; though it may be thought that the hotel-keepers might, rather oftener than they do, permit their guests to experience these pleasant possibilities. Yet it is certain that, in the early days to which I am referring, the number of fruits and vegetables was strictly limited, as compared with imperial and modern days, when importations from all parts of the then known world continually arrived to enrich both garden and *cuisine* of the Roman house or villa. It is perhaps impossible now to determine precisely all the strictly indigenous vegetables which the early Romans used—I mean in those days when the meat-meal occurred but once a day, and when libations were made, not yet with wine, but with milk or honey.

Referring to those days of simplicity, Varro says '*avi et atavi nostri, cum allio ac cæpe eorum verba olerent, tamen optime animati erant*': i.e., vigorous folks as they were, our forebears flavoured their speech with onion and garlic; and if we turn for a moment to the origins of some of the most aristocratic names in Roman history—the Fabii, the Cæpiones, the Lentuli, and the Pisones—we shall find that they rather corroborate the suggested homeliness of the national beginnings.

It can scarcely be said that if one hears a person addressed as Mr. Bean the fact necessarily impresses us; yet, if in Cæsar's day a Roman had heard one of his neighbours addressed as 'Fabius,' he would have become aware that the person so addressed was a member of the most aristocratic of the clans; albeit in that period the harmless, necessary bean had come to be considered as food only fit for peasants and gladiators. In the Louvre—or was it in the Hermitage?—I once saw a golden crown fashioned of bean-leaves which had been taken from an Italian tomb, and which, doubtless,

had adorned the brows of some once-revered personage, and the thought came from the olden time: Was he, by chance, of the valiant Fabii, one of whom erected a triumphal stone arch on the Sacra Via, three hundred of whom once perished together in the Veientine war?

At the feast of the goddess Carna, in her temple on the Cœlian, used to be offered a mess of beans. Ovid explains this custom by saying that when her cult was instituted the Latin soil produced only beans and spelt. But Macrobius tells us further that beans were looked upon as a great source of vitality: *quod his maxime rebus vires corporis roborentur*; otherwise, the origin then of our phrase, 'full of beans.' He says also that the Kalends of June were called Fabariæ because beans were then ripe and were called for in sacrificial rites.² Pliny says that in the administration of justice, a black bean signified condemnation, while a white one meant 'not guilty.' The black variety was also much used as a funeral offering to the Lemures, and was laid in tombs. There is no doubt, therefore, that however much it had become despised in Imperial days, in preceding periods the bean had been one of the most important plants of the Roman garden.

But the *Fabii* were by no means the only illustrious family deriving their name from a garden vegetable. The *Cappiones* owed theirs to *capa*—an onion; the *Lentuli* theirs to *lens*, the lentil; while the *Pisones* derived theirs from '*pisum*,' the pea; moreover, *Cicero*, the cognomen of Marcus Tullius, like that of Professor Ceci to-day, is from *cicer*, the chick-pea. In Satire V. 177, Persius tells us that at the feast of Flora vetches, beans, and lupines were scattered broadcast among the populace gathered together in the Circus Maximus. The significance of this was doubtless the same as that intended by the rice, peas, and beans still thrown at weddings in various countries.

The potato was, of course, wanting to the Roman garden, but Cato considered the cabbage (*brassica*) to be the very king of vegetables, and it is likely that many varieties of the plant were cultivated already in his day. *Brassica est quæ omnibus holeribus antistat*,³ and he liked it both cooked and raw, dressed with vinegar. The best kind of artichokes (*cinara*) came from Carthage, whence had been imported the *malum Punicum*, or pomegranate; and also, apparently, the finest figs. For one recollects the clever use made by the same Cato of a bunch of quite fresh Carthaginian figs, which, being suddenly produced from beneath his toga, were intended to convince his hearers that great Carthage was become too near a commercial rival in the Mediterranean for the security of Rome. *Feniculum* or fennel, and *lactuca*, lettuce—both of them, with the Phœnicians, sacred to Adonis—were regarded, as

² *Saturnal.* i. 123.

³ Cato, *R. R.* 156.

they still are here, as particularly good for the 'Minister of the Interior,' and also as sleep-producers. Venus is said to have salved the wounds of Adonis with lettuce. Pliny mentions a family who were not ashamed of their name, in fact a branch of the Gens Valeria: Lactucini. Pumpkin (*cucurbita*) and cucumber (*cucumis*) may both have been cultivated in quite early times. The Emperor Tiberius, probably a carefully temperate man, at one time is said to have eaten cucumber daily. *Intybus*, or endive, and wild asparagus were greatly esteemed, though the latter was thought inferior to a kind grown at Ravenna, and to that brought from Germany.⁴

I turn from these vegetables, however, to the fruit-trees, which in early days must perforce have been rare, perhaps including only apples, pears, certain nuts, together with the almond and the fig, and even these came to Rome chiefly from other districts in Italy, such as Picenum, Nola, and Taranto. The *malum Punicum* or pomegranate, which has always thriven in Roman soil, was no doubt a very early introduction from Carthage, perhaps by way of Sicily; and of course, the olive was regarded almost as native though brought up from Campania by one of the Licinian Gens.⁵ But so much during the later Republic did the Romans apply themselves to fructiculture that some ancient writers even go so far as to describe Italy (as some have called England) one great orchard: *ut tota pomarium videatur*.⁶ At that period rich amateurs vied with one another in the culture of apples and vines, and after Lucullus had introduced the cherry from Cerasus (on his way home from his campaign against Mithridates) of that fruit also; so that we hear of *malum Claudianum*, *Appianum*, *Cestianum*, of *Vitis Licinia*, *Sergia*, *Cominia*, and finally of *Cerasa Juniana*, *Aproniana*, and *Pliniana*. The *bericocca*, or apricot, is mentioned by various authors as *malum præcox*.⁷ Peaches multiplied, while chestnuts, pistacium⁸ from Spain, nuts from Thasos, and quinces from Crete, formed an integral portion of the festive repast.

But, meantime, what was happening to the primitive Roman garden? It is obvious that powerful influences were operating all on the side of its elaboration. What, indeed, in Roman life did not begin to feel, or could resist, the electric forces of increased wealth? The spread of education, the importation of Greek teachers and semi-oriental habits, foreign wares and foreign plants, and foreign gods, both after the Punic wars, and especially after the conquest of Greece, fatally affected the simplicity of Roman life, and the spirit that haunted the Roman garden likewise felt the change, as did Venus, the garden-goddess herself, and Mars, the god of the wheatfields. To simple utility was given for partner costly ornament.

Then perfumes, derived from specially cultivated flowers, began

⁴ Plin. *H.N.* xix. 61.

⁵ *Id.* xv. 3, 4, 6.

⁶ Varro, *R. R.* i. 2.

⁷ Dioscorides, i. 165.

⁸ *H. N.* xliii. 5, 10.

to obtain recognition in fashionable life, and incense was more freely burned in the temples. And I must confess that if the Tuscan dealers in perfumes and pot-pourris thronged the Vicus Tuscus leading into the Forum, the immediate vicinity of the Cloaca Maxima was not altogether an inappropriate situation for the centre of their commerce. In the words of our own poet, all the spices of Arabia might sometimes fail to sweeten that little spot. From simple burnt laurel, verbenæ (*herba sabina*), and juniper, people advanced to the use of Cilician crocus, myrrh, *costum speciosum*, and cinnamon.

At the same time liqueurs were resorted to, and we find myrtle wine, palm-wine, and mastic made from wild lentisk, from which toothpicks likewise were cut. Absinthe was favoured, especially that imported from the Black Sea;⁹ also mint, thyme, and anise. The stamens of the crocus were kept for colouring the dishes.¹⁰

But the garden itself probably most felt the change when the architecture of the house underwent improvement by the addition of the Greek peristylum or colonnaded court. Houses with no peristylum still kept their flower-gardens at the rear; as may be seen in the houses of Pansa, Epidius Rufus, and that of the surgeon at Pompeii; although in the latter instance both peristylum and rear-garden occur, the latter behind the former. In fact, the more precious or flowering portion of the garden was transferred to the peristylum, which it brightly adorned and made fragrant, and where it could be enjoyed by the entire household.

Of course, matters did not stop here. Enrichments of various kinds presently supervened in the peristylum, or close, by the addition of carven well-heads, fountains and statues, and the marble-lined 'impluvium' or tank, in which, later on, were placed roots of scented lilies brought from the rivers of Africa. Finally, there came over artists who covered the court of the rich man with frescoes in brilliant panels. And in this manner, it seems to me at least, the Roman pleasure-garden may have had its 'genesis.' It was an expansion of the garden in the peristyle.

But although some such pleasure-gardens, on quite a limited scale, marked the evolution from the mere strip of flower-garden—marked, that is to say, the superior rank and estimation put upon the place for flowers—the authorities practically agree in regarding Lucullus as the real creator of the great princely pleasure-garden, a place of sumptuous private entertainment. And I shall presently come to refer more closely to this. The example of the millionaire was certainly imitated with rapidity, on a smaller scale, by all the rich and leisured folk of the succeeding times.

Varro¹¹ says: '*Saturi fiamus ex Africa et Sardinia*,' and he complains that the most fruitful districts of the land are being con-

⁹ Plin. xiv. 19, xxvi. 53.

¹⁰ Ovid, *Fast.* i. 75.

¹¹ *R. R.* ii. 20.

verted into these pleasure-gardens, and that the operation is attended by increasing dearness of the cereals. And, but little later than this,¹² we find Horace lamenting that the luxury of possessing myrtle-woods, violet-beds, and plantations of roses has become so general that there is scarcely room for the cultivation of more useful plants. Truly we do not often find a poet deliberately regretting that the cabbage gives way to the rose, or the onion to the violet.

And this, perforce, brings me to an agreeable point in my subject, namely, the consideration of the amazing (but who will say undue?) importance attained in Roman civilisation by the Rose. There seems to have been no known period when the rose was not at home with the Romans. It belongs to their earliest traditions, and it flourished wherever they conquered. For they grew roses and imported them also. They raised them from seeds and likewise from runners, or threads of root. They knew all about grafting on to wild stocks, all about budding, pruning, and fumigating. Yet notwithstanding the favouring climate, the demand for this national passion of theirs could not be supplied.

Roses were planted both singly and in groups, sometimes actually in whole plantations, and thus arose even a profession of rose-merchants. They possibly used glass-houses for the more delicate kinds¹³—

Condita sic puro numerantur lilia vitro,
Sic prohibet teneras gemma latere rosas,

—so as to save them from frost. The culture of roses commenced in February. Of the various species raised, the Campanian was the earliest; later appeared the scented Milesian rose and the rose of Palestrina; while the Carthaginian roses bloomed every month and were called ‘monthly roses.’ For its sweet powerful oil, the rose of Cyrene was highly esteemed, and the twice-flowering little roses of Pæstum held great favour.

At first the Romans possessed but three or four sorts; the wild hedge-rose, the musk-rose, the pimpernel-leaved rose, and the Gallica. In Pliny’s day, however, he is able to enumerate ten varieties of garden-rose, having for colouring white, light pink, crimson, and yellow. Zell points out how much they were given to planting roses, by referring to sums of money given by grateful children to celebrate the return of their parents (after travel) by the planting of a new rose.¹⁴ A soldier also gives money to plant a rose on the day he returned from the war. In a will a bequest is made by the testator that three myrtles and three roses be planted upon each successive anniversary of his birthday. Tacitus tells us that the deservedly ill-fated Vitellius beheld the dreadful battle-field of Bedriacum, near

¹² *Odes*, II. xv. 5.

¹³ Martial, *Ep.* IV. xxii. 5, 6.

¹⁴ *Epigraph.* i. 107, and E. F. Wüstemann, *Unterhaltungen aus der alten Welt für Garten- und Blumenfreunde*, 37–68.

Cremona, strewn with laurels and roses. It was the custom to sprinkle the ashes of the departed with wine, incense, and rose-leaves, before placing them in the funeral urn. The graves of relations were most religiously decked out with roses—'purpureosque jacit flores,'—and on the 23rd of May was celebrated each year a Rose-feast for the departed. It finished with a banquet in which roses were distributed to each of the partakers, and these were, presently, thrown upon the tombs. Plenty of inscriptions relating to this will be found in *C. I. L.* iii. 662, 754. And this *fête des roses* appears to have maintained its influence until it passed into Christian usage.¹⁵

There were in actual fact four days in the year upon which the flower-gardens were heavily taxed for supplies—'solemnia sacrificia'; (1) Birthday; (2) *Parentalia* (February 13); (3) *Rosalia*; (4) *Dies violæ*.¹⁶ The outsides of all the monuments were adorned on these occasions with roses and violets, while the lamps were lit within them.¹⁷ There is a sarcophagus in the Capitoline Museum, whereon the Genius of Life holds in her hand a wreath of roses.

Again, in ordinary life the joy of roses entered largely; for the cushions were filled with rose-leaves in the *triclinia*, and the floor was often strewn with them.

Nero caused roses to pour with rare perfumes from the vault of the banqueting-hall in his 'golden house' upon his guests. Lampridius tells us, in his *Life of Heliogabalus*, that the beds and pavements of the palace (Flavian) were strewn with flowers—violets, lilies, hyacinths, narcissi, and roses—when Heliogabalus feasted; and from this to suffocating his guests with them was perhaps no very great step. A little later, the Emperor Carinus (281 A.D.) had caravans of roses from Milan; while in the south whole shiploads of them were wafted continually across the sea from Alexandria and New Carthage. It is pleasant to fancy ourselves falling in the track of one of those vessels at night upon the starlit sea. These must surely have been dried roses and their leaves!

And once again, another use for roses: on festival days the statues of the gods were crowned with wreaths of roses; and if the head of the statue could not be reached, then the crown was laid at the feet. The portraits of all beloved persons were likewise wreathed with roses; while the paths of triumphant warriors were strewn with them, or they were flung into the chariot as it passed on the route through the Forum up to the Capitol. Moreover, the rose was regarded as the symbol of reserve or silence, or typical of the secrecy of a trusted friend. The *Anthologia Latina* contains an epigram¹⁸ regarding the 'Intercourse of Persons in Love,' and it is said that a custom 'sometimes' prevailed of suspending a rose above the company. This action was intended to show that what was uttered

¹⁵ Cf. Bellermann, *Die ältesten christlichen Begräbnisstätten*, p. 16, st. 5.

¹⁶ *C. I. L.* iv. 9626.

¹⁷ Ovid, *Fast.* ii. 539.

¹⁸ v. 127, tom. ii. 471.

there must not pass outside; hence '*sub rosa*.' At Baiæ, when people went out on water-parties, they used even to sprinkle the sea with roses, as if it were the path of the God of Love.

But the adoration of the rose did not end here!

It was used by the *maitres de cuisine* with quinces as an essence for delicate dishes. Apicius even made rose-soufflés and rose-salads. The globules of dew were swept off roses with a bird's feather and mixed with wines and liqueurs. Pliny gives a recipe for rose wine,¹⁹ and baths of rose wine and absinthe were a vicious novelty introduced by the Syrian Heliogabalus.

But from the interesting literature of the rose I must cut myself adrift here to return but briefly to the sumptuous and ever more sumptuous gardens which grew it, and let it breathe softly through their dark avenues of ilex and along their white marble colonnades and pergulæ; gardens that far surpass anything of the kind now to be found here or elsewhere. (1) For in these, dropping, terrace by terrace, down the slopes of the Capo-le-Case, the Gregoriana, and Sistina, for example, there occurred in the Gardens of Lucullus (as perfected later by Valerius Asiaticus) magnificent avenues of carefully cropped ilex, box, cypress, and bay, overshadowing marvellous fountains, and interrupted here and there by graceful temples, shrines, and porticoes, along which the roses and jasmine twined and garlanded themselves, and where the swallows and swifts coursed up and down in the dazzling Roman sunlight. There, too, stood that marvellous Hall of Apollo, wherein Lucullus once feasted Cicero and Pompey at the cost of 50,000 drachmæ. There also, later, Messalina desperately took refuge with her mother, Lepida, and presently heard the garden-gates behind her being beaten and broken open by the centurion, Euodus, who had come to make an end of her. Some of the mosaic floors that have felt the feet and been swept by the garments of the great people of those days, are still lying *in situ*, obscured beneath No. 57 in the Via Sistina and No. 46 in the Via Gregoriana. From one of its multitude of pedestals or niches came forth the well-known 'Slave sharpening his blade,' in the Uffizi at Florence. The head of Ulysses in the Vatican was likewise found when digging the foundation for the cipollino column that now stands in the Piazza di Spagna.

(2) Trinità dei Monti, the Villa Medici, and the Pincian were included in gardens of similar splendid character belonging to the Acilii; and here, in 1868, besides nymphaea, porticoes, and hemicycles, was found a votive tablet dedicated to 'Sylvanus' by Tychicus, freedman of Manius Acilius Glabrio, the keeper of his gardens.²⁰

(3) Below these, towards the Piazza del Popolo, succeeded the gardens of the Domitii, wherein was buried Nero. That Emperor's

¹⁹ Plin. *H. N.* xiv. 10, 19.

²⁰ Cf. Ersilia Caetani, 'Il Monte Pincio,' *Miscellanea Archaeologica*, 1891, p. 211.

demon, it is well known, was supposed to haunt that spot, even as late as the twelfth century; and the crows which then roosted in a walnut-tree over his tomb were regarded by Pope Paschal the Second as creatures connected but too intimately with the certain abode of the first persecutor of the Church, and he cut it down.

(4) Across the city, on the Esquiline were spread the *Lamian Gardens*, through which the *Via Merulana* now runs, adjoining those of *Mæcenas*, which became, as had most of those splendid homes of tragedy, Imperial property by means of successive confiscations. There crazy *Caligula* received the Jewish embassy headed by *Philo* of *Alexandria*, and thither his body, covered with the red wounds made by *Chærea's* dagger, was brought in January A.D. 41 from the *crypto-porticus* on the *Palatine*, where he had bled to death, shrieking maniacally on the pavement.

(5) Adjoining those were spread out the rival gardens of the rich *Statilii*, which in the fourth century were owned in part by the famous *Vettius Agorius Pretextatus*, as his inscribed leaden pipes have revealed. In earlier days, *Agrippina* coveted these gardens from the son of that *Statilius* who built the amphitheatre in Rome, and so effectually did she calumniate him that he satisfied her cupidity by conveniently suiciding.

(6) Again, in *Regio VI.*, at that portion of the city toward the *Porta Pia* (now occupied by the *Via Boncompagni* and *Via Sallustiana*) were spread out the favourite Imperial gardens of the *Flavian Emperors*, once those of the millionaire historian, *Sallust*. There the excellent Emperor *Nerva* ended his too brief reign. Their beautiful situation and the fine air prevailing there during the summer, as well as the magnificent arena, the *Porticus Milliarensis* and circus (to which belonged the obelisk now adorning *Trinità dei Monti*), recommended these gardens to numbers of the later Emperors. *Vopiscus* (in his account of *Aurelian*, the builder of the walls) says that Emperor preferred living there to residing on the *Palatine*, and that, although not enjoying very good health, *Aurelian* took daily the exercise of horse-riding. Their splendour, however, was doomed to survive but little more than one hundred years later. For, albeit walled in, it so happened that *Alaric*, the Gothic conqueror, encamped with his army just outside the *Porta Salaria*; and certain traitors within the city taking the gate by a sudden assault, the Gothic army was let in, and fire was set immediately to all the houses and buildings near it, including the villa of *Sallust*. *Procopius* says, 'The greater part of these buildings remain half-burnt, even now, in my time.' So the beauty of those famous gardens perished in 409-10 A.D.

But were one to pass in procession, jewel by jewel, along all the splendid girdle of luxurious gardens that encompassed Imperial Rome, it would not only occupy more space than would be proper,

but readers would at the same time be constrained, I think, to come to the conclusion, to which I am myself driven, that with all their grandeur and beauty combined there prevailed also considerable monotony and repetition of forms; that one garden with porticoes much imitated another, though on a different scale, all around Rome, the same architectural mouldings being repeated in various marbles; that there was in fact a notable poverty of invention, which (to the Roman mind), however, was sufficiently atoned for by excessive expense and ostentation. We should surely have been wearied with the oppressive costliness, by the bewildering wealth, and by the deadly want of contrast! For, apart from the eternal colonnades and fishponds, fountains and marble seats and statues, monotony, if not vulgarity, must have tyrannised over us in the over-prized achievements of the 'topiarius' or 'arborator,' that highly salaried pleacher, who cut and tortured trees of divers kinds into the various deformities then most prized or fashionable. For his duty was not confined to interminable neat box-edging and pruning, but he imitated in the living materials furnished by the garden the forms of sculpture and of architecture. He literally grew colonnades, he fashioned obelisks of box, cypress, or ilex. He not only flattered his lord and master by inscribing his name in odoriferous herbs, or gorgeous flowers, that startled the garden with occasional *tours de force*, but he actually trimmed trees into family portraits, or even those of historical characters; he transformed bushes and thick-foliaged shrubs into the fantastic likeness of ships, lions, bears, and birds. And these rather degenerate 'conceits' and extravagances met with profound appreciation and were rewarded with increase of wages by the same individuals who, having tired of mere gladiatorial fights with wild beasts in the Coliseum, only derived real thrills from such uncanny performances as fights between women and dwarfs, or women with each other. Pliny says the gardeners were the best-paid of all workers.

But, not to dwell too much upon this less attractive aspect of the wondrous gardens of Imperial Rome, let me draw to a close by referring to one of their more important features, namely the nature and variety of the trees grown in them, the trees which after all formed the beautiful relieving background to those statues, those crystal fountains, and the coloured marble buildings! And, in passing, let me remark how inordinate an influence the ancients ascribed in garden operations to the moon! For just as Epicurus had attributed a finer flavour to oysters fished up under a waning moon, so the Roman gardener and his master considered that apples and other fruits acquired a far finer colour and relish when plucked at that season. They also considered that unless the cypress and pine tree they felled for building purposes or for other needs were cut beneath a cadent moon, the timber was liable to rot.

And, *vice versa*, all planting, all sowing of cereals and vegetables, had to be done while the moon increased. They also calculated very carefully as to north and south aspects, winter and summer suns, light or shade, for the bettering of their plants. Moreover, they took extraordinary pains with irrigation, pruning, and the dressing of beds; they carried on continual war with ants, snails, and earthworms, by means of sulphur fumigations, soot-scatterings, ashes, and oil-dregs. Around infected vines or other fruit-trees they burned pitch, galbanum, roots of lilies, and stag-horn; and planting a fresh plot of ground, they rooted up the too aggressive 'asphodels,' just as the farm folk still do on the Campagna, for two years running, placing the bulbs in great heaps and consuming them entirely.

The frescoes in the Villa of Livia at Prima Porta, at the house on the Palatine, and many of those found at Pompeii, have supplemented for us the not too abundant information contained in passages up and down the classical poets and *littérateurs*; writings, therefore, have been illustrated by recaptured paintings. More than three score ornamental trees, shrubs, and flowers represented in these wall-pictures have been already identified and catalogued; and many, let us hope, will still be added to the file. Suffice to mention that they used hedges as well as lattice work. The latter was made of reeds or canes, and the best kinds of the former were of cornel and pomegranate interwoven with roses or thorn. Above the hedges, juniper, cypress, cedar, stone-pines, bay-laurels, planes, chestnuts, lotus diospyros,²¹ walnuts, acacias, and figs lifted themselves; while beyond them ran even alleys of trimmed ilex and cork trees, along which the insinuating zephyrs travelled, mingling the breath of myrtle, narcissus, and rose.

And all these timber-trees were employed by the growers for many various and special purposes. But I must content myself with one or two of those purposes. For the ancients seem to have counted good pine and cypress wood the equal of cedar and ebony. For strength, for odour, for beauty, for durability, these were held to be beyond praise. One is reminded that Plato wished the laws and statutes of Athens to be inscribed on tables of sacred cypress-wood, which he considered was longer-lived than bronze. The doors of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus were of this wood, and were said to have lasted four hundred years. The other day an architectural fragment was found in the Forum by Commendatore Boni which may be called a document in stone, although it contains not a single

²¹ This much-prized shrub was one of the attractions of the Palatine house of Lucius Crassus, whom Cicero nicknamed the 'Palatine Venus.' The orator, however, purchased the house himself later on. In the peristylum flourished six lotus-trees which survived many masters. We hear of Cæcina Largus proudly showing them to his friends in A.D. 42. The plant is still known around Naples as 'Legno Santo' or 'Holy-wood.' A more famous specimen was for generations the sacred tree of the Vestal Convent.

letter of any inscription. It, however, spoke volumes. It is a portion of the marble jamb of the door of the Temple of Vesta, containing, besides the typical Corinthian mouldings, the semi-circular groove in which turned the hinge.

In examining it, I noticed that there is no metal staining of any kind on the marble. From this it is legitimate to deduce that the door itself was probably not made of bronze in this instance, but, like many ancient doors, of wood. This wood will have been cedar or cypress, as being woods both sacred and resisting insect depredation better than any other. More probably it was of the latter. We have several splendid specimens still remaining in Rome of Roman bronze doors. They occur at the west front of the Lateran, at the Lateran Baptistery, and at SS. Cosma and Damiano in the Forum; but, as far as I know, we have but one example of truly ancient wooden doors, and they, it is just possible, are the very oldest wooden doors in the world. I refer to those of Santa Sabina on the Aventine, which, though restored in later times, belong to the fifth century. They are made of cypress wood, probably from trees two or three hundred years old, at least, when felled at that period. Hence, in their oldest portions, these doors take us back at least to the date of Aurelian and the walls around Rome. Moreover, they may have been made from specially prized trees in the villa garden of some wealthy patron of the early Church.

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

LONDON IN THE LANE

It was drawing towards the end of summer, in one of our lanes—a winding, sandy, rutty track, with a tall hedgerow, a broad dry ditch, and a strip of grassy waste upon each hand—that I fell in with them.

You cannot see a long distance in one of our lanes. Here and there, when passing a gap, you may catch a glimpse of blue hills far away; but extent of vision and breadth of view are scarcely our strong points, and fifty yards may be considered a liberal allowance.

You walk enclosed in a sort of bower or grove of hazel sprinkled with clustering nuts, of maple that in autumn turns to gold, and whitethorn covered with its haws that will be coloured as red as blood by the time the hedge is bare. There are dog-roses, honeysuckles, and a hundred other delights, overshadowed by the cool branches of stately spreading elms. And underfoot, along the wayside, interwoven with the grass, is spread a carpet of silver-weed, studded with the little yellow flowers that remain femininely delicate even when full-blown, and from which, in noonday sunlight, the petals are so ready to fall if they are touched.

It comes from nowhere in particular, this lane of ours, turns one mile into two by its incomprehensible deviousness, and leads into another lane. But this seclusion is one of its greatest charms, and this irresponsible wandering its crowning merit. No dust from a hundred wheels shall ever deface the leaves that shelter it. No hurried footsteps pass this way. Here you may wander alone and unsuspected, meeting, in a lifetime, nothing more strenuous than a sheep that has broken fence or a donkey-cart.

This quiet makes it an admirable place for the observation of life, for living things take courage in the solitude to reveal themselves and their little ways. Beneath the elms the ear catches the earliest note of the returning singing birds in spring, and upon the bare twigs flocks of linnets congregate for that sweet chorus with which they sometimes cheer the silent grey monotony of a cold winter eve. All the year round incidents of hedgerow life follow one another. One day you may see the weasel slink out of the wayside grass, stop by the wheel rut to lift his head and show his white neck as he looks suspiciously

around, and then hasten warily back into the cover of the ditch. Always there are rabbits, more or less, scurrying away when the ground is hard, or sitting up to make sure of the distant step almost inaudible after the rain. Sometimes a hare comes lopping towards you, but turns aside and is lost sight of at the gate. The covey runs and rises with a whirring of wings, and then you find a feather or two where they have been dusting themselves in the dry sand. A stray pheasant from the cover will stalk down the hedgeside pecking at the brambles when blackberries are ripe. And so all the year through the everlasting pageant of nature goes by, always managing to invest its most familiar objects with the freshness of an infinite variety.

These things are all at home and a part of the landscape; but on that day towards the end of summer, from around the next bend came a strange and unfamiliar note, inviting immediate investigation. It was a small voice, of a shriller, thinner treble, quicker and more aggressive than we are accustomed to hear in this quiet countryside.

'Ere. I say. Look out, will yer—I've copped another. I've copped another.'

I hastened around the corner—and lo! two rare summer visitants, who could not under any system of classification be included in the fauna of these parts.

They were boys—little London boys, who, at a distance, looked to be about eight years of age, although closer scrutiny aroused a suspicion that they might be older.

They were in full summer plumage, dressed upon the same principle, but so that they did not exactly match. They wore caps—strange outlandish caps, as they seemed to me, that might have rested for half a century in somebody's stock, out of sight and forgotten, awaiting an extraordinary clearance sale. Each was in a short jacket that in places fitted extremely well. And they had little trouserlings cut off at the knee, above black stockings that, either on account of the agitation of the enclosed legs or the phenomenal smallness of the calves, would not keep up. One was in the ditch, up to his shoulders in flowering willow-herb, archangels both red and white, and all the glorious ragged growth in which it abounds. He had taken off that precious cap and was striking with it. Then he held it round a tall purple foxglove upon the bank, as if he were trying to staunch a wound, and shouted again:

'I've got 'im. I've copped another.'

'Garn, 'Arry. I tell yer, y'ain't got 'im. Ye've let 'im go. I seen 'im fly.'

The second boy, his hands in his pockets and legs wide apart, but quivering with excitement, was standing on the silver-weed and the grass. As I drew near he looked round. It was such a thin pale

face, puckered up with eagerness and anxiety, and so old and full of experience for his years.

'What are you after there? A butterfly?'

My manner was genial, after the Sandford and Merton style, and perhaps patronising. But since the suggestion was ill-founded, he received it with scorn.

'Now. 'Tain't a butterfly. It's a bee.'

'But don't you know bees sting? You had better be careful, or you'll get stung.'

'Now. He won't get stung. Ye won't get stung, will yer, 'Arry?' he cried with derision. 'Ere, 'Arry. 'Ere's a bloke says you'll get stung. Come out an' show 'im what you've got.'

I entirely failed to discover that deference which years of respectability, supported by an impressive personality, have taught me to regard as my due. His contempt, however, appeared to be tempered with pity, and it seemed possible that we might become chums.

'Come and show 'im, 'Arry,' repeated the pale boy impatiently. It was easy to see that his was the commanding intellect, although the other might be more effective in the ditch.

Then the ditch boy, who possessed a round chubby face and well-nourished look, clambered out at once. He was pressing together the orifice of his side pocket, and we all stood round in expectation, whilst cautiously, mysteriously, he removed his hand. Then the bees came swarming out—honey-bees, bumble-bees, dumbledors, and all the rest of them; how he had managed to get them there without punishment remains to me little short of a miracle.

'Now you bin an' let 'em all gow,' snarled the pale boy, and stamped his foot with vexation.

'But what did you want them for?' said I.

'What? Don't yer know? Bees make 'oney.'

I have never been made to feel my ignorance so deeply in my life.

In all my conversation with them the pale boy was the only one who talked. His better-fed friend appeared to participate, but said nothing.

'Where do you come from?' I asked them.

'From London.'

'From what part of London?'

'From Pimlicow.'

'Then how did you get here?'

'Why, on the Fresh Air Fund, to be sure. We come in the train to Yeovil. An' then they brought us 'ere in a kerridge wif a 'orse. I say, when Billy come down 'ere, they didn't bring 'im in a kerridge wif a 'orse.'

'Had you ever been in a train before?'

'Now.'

'Had you ever ridden in a carriage with a horse before?'

'Now. Only a moke.'

'Have you ever seen any fields before this visit?'

'Now.'

'Well, and what do you think of the country now you are here? How do you like it?'

'Ow. Oi like it very well. Oi don't see nuffink to find fault wif. Only we can't find the bloke wot gives away the apples.'

'Can't find who?'

'Why the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner. 'E lives down 'ereabouts somewhere. Billy seen 'im. But we ain't. You don't 'appen to know 'im, do yer, guv'ner?'

'Never heard of him in my life.'

'Y'ain't lived about 'ere long, 'ave yer?'

It was a sort of whine, as if he would beguile me into the admission.

'Longer than I can remember.'

He looked down upon the grass and was thoughtful. Then his face brightened and he made another attempt.

'E's a big fat man. As big as a barrel, guv'ner, when they lets it down the cellar grating. That's wot Billy ses.'

'Never seen such a man.'

'Wif a big red face.'

'No.'

'And a bald 'ead when 'e takes 'is stor 'at off.'

'No. I can't think of anybody.'

'E ain't a good-looking man, guv'ner, when 'e's angry. That's wot Billy ses. But 'e ain't a bad sort.'

It was quite impossible to suggest any identification, and I plainly told them so. They were despondent, and yet at the same time they clung to hope.

'Well, we ain't seen 'im,' the child went on. 'We bin round the church; an' we bin along the road to the mill. An' we bin down the railway line. An' we bin out to the little 'ouse to say s-sh to the skylarks. Billy seen 'im by the pond. We bin by the pond, but we ain't seen 'im by the pond. We look about, an' we arsk, an' there ain't nowheres else to grow. An' we grow 'ome to-morrow.'

He paused and drew a deep sigh. The time was so short and the visit so seriously incomplete. Suddenly he glanced up again, with one eye half closed, and an expression of cunning upon his crafty little countenance, that might have had behind it a quarter of a century of guile.

'Do yer think Billy was kiddin', guv'ner?' he asked, in a whisper so confidential, that it seemed to beg of me, for just this once, to speak the truth as between man and man.

'Well, you see, I've never seen Billy. I didn't make his acquaintance when he was down here last year.'

He solemnly weighed the matter, and then laid before me what seemed to be a preconcerted plan.

'Becos if Billy was kiddin', I shall just kid 'im, that we seen two blokes this year wot gives away the apples.'

He looked around at the chubby boy. Clearly they seemed to think it might answer with sufficient corroboration. Then he definitely made up his mind.

'N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin',' he drawled, and held on to the words as though I had suggested the idea and he was holding it up to ridicule. 'Why, 'e couldn't make it up out of 'is own nut. See— Billy was chuckin' stones at the ducks, an' the bloke 'e comes be'ine an' cops Billy. An' he gives him a shake, an' 'e ses, "You young willain," he ses; "come from London, don't yer? an' I'll twist yer neck"—an' 'e ain't a very good-looking man when 'e's angry. "'Ow many of yer are there?" ses the bloke. An' Billy, 'e ses "Twelve." An' the bloke ses, "Just bring 'em all down 'ere, then, an' when we've 'ad a word or two, I'll give 'em some apples." An' then, I'm blowed, he lets Billy gow. N-o-ow. Billy ain't kiddin', guv'ner.'

Wonderful as the story might be, he stood convinced that it lay beyond the range of Billy's capability of lying.

'Well, and what happened then?'

'Why, the bloke wot gives away the apples, guv'ner, 'e takes 'em up into a apple-orched, where the apples was growing, 'swelp me! Billy ses Spennish onions is a fool to it. An' he shakes the tree, an' 'e ses, "There now, yer can just fill yerselves till yer bust inside an' out." An' then they puts 'em in their pockets, guv'ner, an' they puts 'em inside their shirts. An' the bloke up an' ses, "Now look 'ere, yer young scamps, if I catch another young fool chuckin' stones at my ducks, I'll break all yer backs an' 'ave yer put in quod. But if yer gives me no cause o' complaint, I'll 'ave yer down, an' give yer another blow-out, the day before yer goes 'ome." He ain't a bad old bloke. 'E walks wif a thick stick. We ain't seen 'im. But then we ain't chucked at 'is ducks.'

I hastened to assure them that any such procedure with a view to attracting attention could be of no service, and must certainly end in disaster.

'The fact is,' I explained, 'there are no apples this year. The frost cut off the bud and the orchards are bare. You know yourselves that you haven't seen any——'

'Not seen any?'

'No. If you were to meet the gentleman, he couldn't give you any——'

* 'Not give us any?'

'Because he hasn't got any to give.'

He would not condescend to answer so unwarrantable a statement. He merely put his hand into his pocket and drew out—three walnuts in their green cases.

There were teethmarks on one of them, but the others were intact. It was no longer difficult to account for the brown stains around his lips.

'They ain't ripe, guv'ner. Or 'us they ain't a good sort. But if yer keeps 'em, they gets ripe of theirselves. Sometimes they goes bad first, guv'ner, an' then they chucks 'em out into our street. But la!'—his face beamed with a genial optimism—'nuffink ain't all bad.'

'Bless my heart!' cried I in alarm, 'you cannot eat those. They are walnuts!'

They laughed at this most excellent joke—laughed until they could stand it no longer, but must needs lie down upon the grass and silver-weed and roll with delight.

'What! ain't yer e'er seen a walnut? Well, I'm blowed! Look 'ere, guv'ner, if I'd known y'ain't never seen a walnut, I'd ha' brought yer down one, to 'ang upon yer watch an' chain, for a curiosity.'

Then, reflecting that knowledge outside of one's experience is not to be expected of any man, he concluded: 'But yer can't help it, yer know. I ain't never seen a pig till I come down 'ere.'

With a view to demonstration I took out a penknife.

'Tain't no good to pare it, guv'ner. Yer can't eat it if yer do.'

To make them quite secure he hastily put the walnuts back into his pocket. He had recovered from the joke and looked me in the face without a smile.

'Yer seen I was kiddin' about the apples,' he whined, with an air of childish simplicity. 'But they ain't walnuts. Don't yer know really what they are? They're coker-nuts.'

We left it at that. It is difficult to convey the simplest, most easily established truth to a mind that regards all statements with suspicion, and refuses to listen to explanation. This constant mistrust, both of friend and stranger, seems to me the most pathetic feature of the precocity begotten of the streets. He bore no resentment against me, however, for an attempt to deceive him, obviously destined to failure from the first. He had turned the enemy's flank, was triumphant and magnanimous. That is to say, when I moved on, prepared to continue my walk, leaving him to the superintendence of his bee-catching, he came running by my side.

They thought no more about the bees. They ran from hedge to hedge, picking whatever flowers shone brighter than the rest. They wrestled for a tall yellow spike of a great mullein, and although the chubby boy was easily victorious, my lean friend afterwards snatched

it from his hand and got it after all. We stood at a gate to look at a piece of standing wheat where there were poppies, and we watched the hauling of a last load of late hay. But they had no question to ask and nothing to say. Upon the waste was growing a plant or two of the wild chamomile. At once they threw away for this all the brighter flowers that they had picked, and although it stank and the feathery leaves quickly withered in their hands, they carried that bouquet home. These were 'd'isies.' Even into the London streets the sentiment that is inseparable from the name had found its way.

As I have said, they asked no questions and had nothing to say.

They looked upon the beauties of nature unmoved, as men of primitive races fresh from their primeval forests have been known to look without amazement upon the wonders of civilisation. What sub-conscious impressions of clear skies and sun-capped cloud, above broad fields of flowing corn, or of brook-divided meadows studded with placid herds, or tall grey hills with distant bleating sheep, their minds might be receiving, who can tell? Likely enough the gentle rustling of the sweet rain-washed leafage, that cast soft shade upon the lane whilst they chased the bees and plucked the flowers, may some day come again in some strange dream. To be sure, they had been here a fortnight, and the country was no longer new. It would be really interesting to get from them a definite opinion concerning something of all they had seen.

'Now look here. You've been running about the village just wherever you like, you've seen a lot, and you've done a great many new things. What do you like best of all you've seen and done?'

He became thoughtful.

'I dunno,' he said.

After more mature consideration he continued, 'I like to gow and s-s-sh to the skylarks.'

'You spoke of that before. Where do you do it? Where do you find the skylarks?'

'What! ain't yer seen the skylarks, guv'nor? Down at the little 'ouse?'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'Wot, didn't yer ever say s-s-sh to the skylarks? Not when yer was a kid?'

He tried to lure me into an admission. Truth, however, demanded that I should reply, 'Never.'

'Well, I'm blowed! I'll show yer.'

We travelled in haste after that until we came into the village. The first dwelling is an ancient cottage, low and thatched, with a narrow strip of garden in front, with yellow evening primroses, and tall hollyhocks, at that time just beginning to open their satin flowers, standing erect between the diamond-paned windows. Under the

eaves and close together was a row of the 'procreeant' cradles that testify to the delicacy and purity of our air.

He went 'S-s-sh!'

A young martin flew out from one of the nests.

'There y'are, guv'ner. Didn't yer see 'im? A skylark.'

'No, my lad. That was a house martin.'

'What! don't you think I ever seen a skylark, guv'ner? Billy's father, 'e 'as two skylarks. He puts 'm out by day in kedges in front of 'is 'ouse.'

'But look! These have white breasts and forked tails. Look at that one—there in the sky.'

'They're *wild* skylarks, guv'ner. But lor! wild skylarks they don't sing nuffink. I seen one come an' 'old on up there one day. There! 'E done 'is best. Bless yer! You should just 'ear Billy's father's old skylark sing, when 'e's got 'is 'ead up.'

We did not come to an agreement upon the matter, but nevertheless parted excellent friends, and I walked slowly homewards down the village street.

Truly it is an appalling thought that a human being may be born, and live—even to old age—and die, and never catch one glimpse of the glorious earth which is his heritage. To send these children into the country is a real philanthropy. Many letters have been written, and I know the objections that have been raised. That they damage property—that they teach the vices of the city to a simple village childhood—that they scatter around a vocabulary containing jewels of such brilliancy, that nothing so dazzling has ever before been known in remote parts.

But will these objections stand after quiet consideration?

As to the damage to property—the philanthropist is in my estimation, and sometimes in his own, a very superior person. But he ought to pay, and let it be known that he will pay, for the properly authenticated duck. The mere preserver of foxes does as much as this.

Then for the other and more serious accusations. The respectable cottager I know well, the patience of his life of healthy toil, the cleanliness of his mind and of his home, and the extreme sensitiveness of his whole family lest the merest whisper in the village should cast aspersion upon any member of the household. I do not believe that a wholesome village child, in good surroundings, can take permanent harm from an influence so transitory, however evil. Besides, so far as I could observe, the London children associated very little with the rural youth, but instinctively preferred to keep to themselves. And are we so immaculate down here, after all? Alas! there is another sort of person living under the thatch, and if any Londoner of experience can teach his children anything in lurid speech—let him try.

As the result of these visits will any child, I wonder, leave the great town to find his way back to the half-deserted land?

After all, it is a good thing that these summer visitants have to get back to school. The bold spirit that can attempt a corner in bees might surely try experiments with the fruit of the red-berried bryony that is so bright a feature of the autumn hedge. There are cherries on the barrows in the London streets. What if these children should happen upon the shining 'devil's cherry' of the deadly nightshade? There are twelve of them. Horrible nightmare! A fortnight of working days spent in dodging the village police-constable in order to keep off the coroner's ju——

'Hi! Guv'ner! Guv'ner!'

He came running after me as fast as his spindle legs could carry him. Even now I am not quite sure whether he was trying it on, or whether this was a last forlorn hope on the eve of his departure.

He thrust his head forward and it looked too big for his slender neck.

'I say, guv'ner, y'ain't the bloke yerself, now, are yer—wot gives away the apples?'

WALTER RAYMOND.

A MOVEMENT IN AID OF OUR NATIONAL ART COLLECTIONS

‘ENGLAND is the only country in the whole world in which a national movement of acknowledged usefulness and importance can always depend upon patriotism and public spirit to carry it through.’ This, the verdict of a foreigner, half in admiration, half in envy, may perhaps occasion a slight lifting of the eyebrows on our side. We are so often taken to task for not seeing ourselves as others see us that it comes with something of a shock to find how highly one of the least considered of our national virtues is prized. At least it may serve as an incentive to deserve the praise; we may doubt its justice, but we must avoid its being proved false.

The movement now on foot for benefiting our great national art collections, by the establishment of an organised fund, is surely an admirable test of how far the maxim be true. The proposal is to assist the art collections in Trafalgar Square and at Millbank, the South Kensington and British Museums, as also those of Edinburgh and Dublin, by gifts in money or in kind, and to encourage and direct private liberality in the shape of donations and legacies in the best interests of these collections. That there is ample scope for a society with aims such as these, if properly administered, can hardly be doubted. And there are two urgent reasons why it should be formed without delay. The first of these is of course the rapidly increasing appreciation of art values; the second the persistent refusal of Parliament to meet this by increased grants.

The recent rise in prices of all works of art has been so much noticed and insisted upon that it scarcely needs further proof. The most important point is, however, that the rise is likely to continue and to advance further. Private collectors are on the increase. We have enjoyed a new renaissance, at least in Old Masters. To amass them brings not only pleasure but fame. To found a collection is more permanent than to found a family. And the widely spread knowledge of art to-day, the result of cheaper travelling, multitudinous art literature, and improved photography, has inspired many with a desire for beautiful objects, not for the mere sake of

possession itself, but for the actual thing possessed. Collecting is not only a fashion, it is a hobby also. On the other hand, owners of works of art that have belonged to their house for generations are not only becoming alive to their intrinsic value in the market, but are being forced to realise, often owing to reduced circumstances coupled with the heavy burden of death duties. It is, then, not to be wondered at that private houses are being everywhere ransacked for their treasures, and that armies of eager agents are at hand to sweep up whatever comes to light.

Above all, the increase of public galleries and museums tends to send up prices by continually increasing the demand while simultaneously reducing the supply. Most galleries in Europe are buying, as well as all in America. Indeed, the presence of a new continent in the auction rooms of Europe is one of the most potent factors in the rise. Works of art once absorbed in a public gallery never again emerge. And while all are buying or anxious to buy, Italy, one of the chief sources of supply, is partially closed by the action of the Government in acquiring the great historical and Church collections and in trying to enforce the old Papal laws against the export of works of art.

As a result, prices have advanced, in certain cases, at the rate of some hundreds per cent. To some extent it is a question of fashion, but, making full allowance for its vagaries, the increase has been stupendous. On the other hand, absolutely no increase has been made in the yearly purchasing funds available. Taking, as an instance only, the case of the National Gallery, as representing one of the most important branches of art, the figures are conclusive as to the altered circumstances calling for increased funds, but calling in vain. The yearly purchasing fund still remains at 5000*l.*, with occasional special votes for special purposes as before. Our system of government is said to be founded on anomalies; and here is one which must surely appeal to a nation of business men.

From a purely financial point of view the National Gallery has never been rich as national museums go. Considering the wealth of the country it is poor; compared with our Continental neighbours it is starved. Taking the purchases since the Gallery was founded, they amount to 681, at an average cost of 980*l.* per picture. But in late years this average has risen considerably. Comparing the figures for the past thirteen years, the table on page 3 will show at a glance the amounts expended, and by whom the money has been supplied.

The result for these thirteen years is that 112 pictures have been purchased, or about nine pictures a year, at an average cost of 1240*l.* per picture. Of this the Treasury has provided an average of about 8000*l.* per annum; private donations and pecuniary bequests nearly 2800*l.* per annum, these last including the 30,000*l.* given by

Year	Number of Pictures Purchased	Total Sum Expended			Contributed by Government as Annual Grant in Aid or Special Vote			Contributed by Private Gifts		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1890	12	59,013	0	0	29,013	0	0	30,000	0	0
1891	20	6,114	10	0	5,307	0	0	807	10	0
1892	2	2,562	15	0	2,400	0	0	162	15	0
1893	7	5,857	10	0	5,020	0	0	837	10	0
1894	23	14,153	10	0	12,499	10	0	1,654	0	0
1895	16	10,129	10	0	9,749	3	0	380	7	0
1896	7	1,388	13	0	1,148	8	0	239	5	0
1897	4	4,912	0	0	4,912	0	0	nil		
1898	5	5,431	0	0	5,431	0	0	nil		
1899	5	15,020	0	0	14,020	0	0	1,000	0	0
1900	5	5,930	14	0	5,120	0	0	810	14	0
1901	4	3,910	0	0	3,910	0	0	nil		
1902	2	3,939	13	0	3,939	13	0	nil		
Total	112	138,961	15	0	103,069	14	0	35,892	1	0

Lord Rothschild, Lord Iveagh, and Mr. Cotes towards the 53,000*l.* required for the acquisition of the three great pictures from Longford Castle—Holbein's 'Ambassadors,' Moroni's 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman,' and Velásquez's 'Admiral'—as also instalments from the Walker, Lewis, and Wheeler bequests. Yet 10,000*l.*, nearly a whole year's income, is nowadays no very high price for a fine picture. The three canvases just mentioned cost nearly 20,000*l.* apiece, and instances of prices of 30,000*l.* and upwards paid for a single masterpiece will readily suggest themselves.

If, then, financially, the national collections, apart from private generosity, often stand in need of assistance, there is also the artistic side to be considered. Though undoubtedly rich in the works of most schools, the National Gallery has some extraordinary gaps. The most glaring of all, the almost entire absence of works of the French school of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, has been recently filled to a considerable extent by the great windfalls of the Wallace and Ionides bequests, supplementing the national collection as they do where it was weakest. In the same way the Tate and Vaughan bequests and the Watts gift have just taken away the reproach that modern English painting was only worthily represented outside of London in the various provincial galleries. But even in the combined collections in the National and Tate Galleries, Hertford House and South Kensington, there are still many serious gaps, both in the Old Masters and the painters of more modern times. Some are of importance for themselves, others because their presence would add strength to the Gallery from the point of view of historical completeness—the point of view of the student and connoisseur rather than that of the general public. Taking the Old Masters first, the German school is represented by nothing from the hand of Dürer or his followers, Kulmbach and Schaufelein; there is no Schongauer, no

Altdorfer, not to mention many lesser masters. In the Flemish school we have no real Roger van der Weyden or Hugo van der Goes, and nothing by any of the Brueghels; and from among the Dutchmen Lucas van Leyden, Mierevelt and Moreelse are missing. Magnificently, too, as are the Italian schools represented in the Gallery, there still remain some conspicuous gaps. Among the early Florentines we have no Giotto or Masaccio, while Ghirlandajo and Fra Bartolommeo figure far from adequately. In the Venetian room we seek in vain an example of the portraiture of Titian and Tintoretto.

To some extent private subscribers have already stepped in to acquire and present to the Gallery some works which would add to its completeness. Madox Brown's 'Christ Washing Peter's Feet' was purchased and presented by a body of subscribers in 1893, Giovanni Costa's 'Landscape' and Legros' 'Femmes en Prière' in 1897, McLachlan's 'Evening Quiet' and Goodall's 'Ploughman and Shepherdess' in 1896, and Burne Jones's 'Cophetua' in 1900, to mention only some recent instances.

But especially in the works of modern artists of foreign schools is this country still lamentably deficient, in spite of the Wallace and Ionides bequests. The nineteenth-century art of Germany, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and Italy, is practically unrepresented in our national collections. Beyond the Giovanni Costa landscape and a few canvases by Ary Scheffer, Dyckmans, and Clays (all hanging, by way of paradox, in the National Gallery of *British Art*), there is nothing to represent any of these schools; not a single work by Menzel, Lenbach, or Thoma, Israels, or the brothers Maris, Baron Leys, Fortuny, or Segantini. Even as to France, there are still no examples of Ingres, Courbet, and Manet, to come to later. In this respect we lag far behind our American cousins, who early hastened to acquire the works of foreign contemporaries, before they in their turn should become 'Old Masters' and their pictures run up to famine prices. Our appreciation of the real 'Old Masters' seems to have blinded us to the merits of their successors. Greater courage undoubtedly is needed in the purchase of modern works, as yet unsanctioned by time and prestige, than goes to the acquiring of productions by those artists who have already taken a sure position as classics.

It may be objected that these national wants are merely the result of the smallness of the annual grant in aid for the purchase of pictures, and that efforts should be directed to increasing this rather than to the formation of an independent society to assist the Trustees. But the mere increase of the grant, however desirable in itself, would not meet the whole difficulty. It is not only a question of the necessary funds, though this is sufficiently important: it is also largely one of seizing the opportunity of snapping up a work of art

which comes suddenly and without warning into the market. It is the first in the field who now secures the prize. The National Gallery is no longer treated with the same chivalrous respect as of old in the cosmopolitan life and death struggle for the few remaining masterpieces of the world as they come to the hammer. There is often no time to haggle, to take thought, to whip up subscribers. What the responsible authorities hesitate over is instantly whirled away to Berlin or to Boston, never to return. Much, therefore, depends on the power to strike quickly if at all, and the directors and trustees are strictly limited by their funds—as strictly, indeed, as these are limited by Parliament. Even elasticity in dealing with them is sadly to seek, owing to the restrictions imposed by the ever-watchful Treasury. Assuming that the trustees have an annual sum of 5000*l.* to spend, it might be desirable to anticipate the grant of the following year to purchase a masterpiece which has suddenly come into the market, or, at all events, to supplement the annual grant unless the picture is to be lost. To obtain a special vote in Parliament, as is sometimes done, takes time. The wheels of the Legislature and Treasury move slowly.

That this danger of missing opportunities which may never recur is no fanciful one may be seen from past experience. It is scarcely necessary to refer to the famous instance in the middle of the century, when the whole of the great Pitti Collection, with its wonderful treasures, could have been bought for a comparatively insignificant sum, though such an opportunity was unique in every sense of the word. In 1852 a pair of the finest Tintoretto's in Venice, the 'Marriage of Cana' and the 'S. Cassiano Crucifixion,' could have been procured for 12,000*l.* through the kind offices of Mr. Ruskin; yet the trustees declined the offer. But even in the last few years, to go back no further, the Gallery which boasts no single Dürer might have obtained one for 800*l.* The chance occurred, but could not be taken. The picture is now in the Berlin Gallery which already had no less than five examples of the great master. Berlin, again, has just snapped up from a London dealer a charming example of Dürer's precursor, the rare Schongauer, also unrepresented in the National Gallery; and the beautiful little 'S. John in a Landscape' by Gerard of Haarlem, lent by Mr. Macquoid to the Bruges Exhibition, which might so fitly have supplemented our collection of early Netherlandish masters, has followed the Dürer and Schongauer to Berlin. In the same way this well-endowed museum acquired at the Peel sale in 1900 the two superb Genoese portraits by Vandyke, which should never have been allowed to leave the country. Two or three years ago, a charming early work of Giotto, 'The Presentation,' came into the English market, and had to be permitted to cross the seas to America, though we have nothing from Giotto's hand. Quite recently, too, the fine

'Woman's Portrait' by Frans Hals, shown at the Old Masters in 1902, might have been acquired by the Gallery. Again, Mr. Bodley's 'Memlinc,' so much admired at Bruges, has passed into the Rothschild collection in Paris, and the newly discovered portrait by Titian of 'Isabella d'Este,' one of the 'finds' of the century, exhumed from an English collection, has also migrated to Paris to enrich Mr. Goldschmidt's gallery. Yet we have no single portrait by the great Venetian master in our national collections.

Instances in other branches of the fine arts of opportunities missed through lack of funds or lack of opportunity to strike rapidly need not be multiplied here. The report of every sale, whether it be of marbles or bronzes, etchings or engravings, medals or coins, porcelain or furniture, books or manuscripts, is full of these lost opportunities of retaining what the wealth and taste of our forefathers have given us; treasures over which we retain, as it were, a preferential right, though now on equal terms with our foreign rivals. London has become the world-market of art, as of so much else, and yet we have to stand looking on while New York and Boston, Berlin and Frankfort, Paris and Brussels carry off our spoils. It is to enable us to face the position so unpleasantly forced upon us that the present proposal has been made. The idea is no new one, on the Continent at all events, and we can learn much in this respect from our neighbours. Even here, indeed, quite recently a movement was set on foot by a private body of lovers of art to acquire a work by Rodin for the national collection at Kensington, resulting in the purchase of the bronze 'S. John the Baptist.' It was hoped, indeed, at the time that some such organisation might be perpetuated.

In France the idea has already taken shape in the Société des Amis du Louvre, formed in 1897. The object of this society is to enrich the collections of the Louvre by uniting all lovers of the great national collections housed there, and including all branches of art, in such a manner as to contribute both morally and pecuniarily to its support. It works in perfect harmony with the authorities and officials at the Louvre. The director of the Louvre picture-gallery is a member of its council. So are five departmental chiefs of the museum, and the presidents of the two Salons are honorary members. Its council and membership include all the best-known connoisseurs and collectors in France. Beginning with about four hundred members, it now comprises over fifteen hundred, and has over 1200*l.* a year to spend on its purchases. Membership involves an annual subscription of twenty francs or more, according to the generosity of the subscriber, which can be compounded for by a single payment of 500 francs, carrying the rank of *Membre fondateur*. Of these there are about eighty; the rest are subscribing members. The Government has officially recognised it as a *société reconnue d'utilité publique*, and conferred upon it the legal standing of such institu-

tions, including the right of receiving donations and legacies. Its members enjoy special privileges, amongst them the right of entry to the Louvre on Mondays, when it is closed to the rest of the world, admission to the private exhibitions at the Hôtel Drouot, and to various private collections in Paris not generally accessible to the public. They receive invitations to the public openings of new rooms at the Louvre, Luxembourg, and Versailles, and can also purchase at greatly reduced prices the reproductions on sale at the Louvre. The intention of the council is to organise special exhibitions from time to time to which members will be asked to lend works of art.

Its record since its formation is no small one. Before it was fully established the Louvre begged it to co-operate in the purchase of the beautiful 'Madonna' by Baldovinetti, then ascribed to Piero della Francesca, from the Duchatel collection, which was in the market. Neither the Louvre nor the society could alone have purchased it, and it would doubtless now be hanging in Berlin or Philadelphia but for the society's contribution of 800*l.* towards its purchase price of 5200*l.*, a sum which it had to borrow for the purpose from one of its own members. In 1902 it purchased and presented to the Louvre a magnificent fifteenth-century Flemish tapestry of the 'Last Judgment.' It also purchased in the Hayashi sale of Japanese *objets-d'art* a carved wooden mask, bronze vase, and a Kakemono, amongst other things. In addition, many of its members have presented and bequeathed pictures direct to the Louvre, including the recent princely bequest of M. Tomy Thiéry. Indeed, in the last year there have been seven separate donations or bequests, enriching the Louvre by some thirteen important pictures, and the Luxembourg by several more, apart from numerous gifts by members to other departments of the national museum. In purchasing it acts through its council, which fixes the price it will pay, and the purchase is then carried out through one of its members.

In Berlin a somewhat similar organisation exists under the name of the Kaiser Friedrich's Verein, founded in 1894. Its system is based on making loans to the national museum to facilitate the purchase of desirable works of art, and came into being to secure the great Rembrandt from the Ashburnham collection. It has already assisted in adding to the gallery a series of five Old Masters—Jean Fouquet, Memlinc, Rembrandt, Guardi, and a Luca della Robbia. The sums so advanced are repaid by the museum authorities by instalments spread over a number of years.

Amsterdam has a somewhat analogous institution in the Rembrandt Society, founded in 1883. Its system, an admirable one, like that of the Berlin society, is to obtain loans without interest from its members, and then to purchase such pictures as the State gallery cannot for the moment, at all events, secure owing to lack

of funds. These are then sold without profit to the State as soon as it is in the position to purchase them, either at once or by instalments.

The National Art Collections Fund proposes to adapt and combine the advantages of these foreign societies. It will receive loans, gifts, and legacies, whether in money or works of art, buy and present others to the Gallery, or subscribe towards their acquisition by the responsible authorities. It will focus in itself a vast amount of real interest and enthusiasm already existing for our great national collections, while the prestige of membership will further encourage and call out public spirit and national pride. Some privileges, too, might at a future date be accorded to its members in graceful recognition of services rendered: free entrance to the National Gallery, the Tate and Wallace Galleries, and South Kensington Museum on paying days; possibly, if suitable arrangements could be made, entrance on other days an hour before the general public; a great boon for many who are busy in the middle of the day. But the granting of any such privileges would no doubt only be entertained when the membership had become large and important enough to enable the Fund seriously to benefit the national collections.

In regard to the constitution of the Fund, it will probably have a large and influential council, and its affairs will be administered by a small executive committee of such council. The subscription for membership has been purposely fixed at the small figure of one guinea, though donations will no doubt also be forthcoming according to the means of the donors. An annual report and balance sheet will be issued, giving a list of the members, reporting on the results achieved for the year, and calling attention to members who in one way or another have specially benefited the Fund. The purchasing of works of art will be carried out through properly qualified buyers appointed from time to time by committees, and their services will of course be purely honorary. The cordial co-operation and sympathy of the heads of the great national collections which it is proposed to benefit have been assured.

Two points will no doubt occur to the minds of those who feel interest in the work of the Fund. It may perhaps be objected that what the Fund undertakes is really the duty of Government, and that, in so far as the Treasury is relieved of responsibilities, so will its pitiful doles be further reduced or at least not increased. But this is surely far from the truth. The Fund will for the first time focus an influential and organised body of public opinion upon this very question. The result should be in course of time that the serious attention of the Legislature would be brought to bear upon the altered position in the world's art-market, and once so much had been achieved, the stern logic of facts and figures could

not but prevail. On the other hand, it is important to dispel any suspicion that the efforts of the Fund would hamper or interfere with the work of the private collector in this country, or that it would in any way compete in well-doing with the generosity of individuals. The work it would undertake would be both direct and indirect: direct in finding money either by way of loan or gift for the purchase of works of art; indirect—and this is at least of equal importance—in inspiring interest in the great national collections and directing the attention of generous collectors to their most pressing wants, while at the same time encouraging a spirit of friendly and patriotic rivalry with our foreign neighbours. If it could only but ensure that every important work of art sold out of the marvellous private collections in this country should in the first instance be brought to the notice of the heads of our national collections or of the Fund, it would by this alone more than justify its existence.

R. C. WITT.

AUGUSTA: PRINCESS OF WALES

THE neglect which the House of Hanover has suffered from historians and biographers is strikingly illustrated by the case of Augusta Princess of Wales, the mother of George the Third. No books written on the early Hanoverian period contain any adequate sketch of her life, and by a strange omission she is not included in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Yet she was the mother of a king whose reign was one of the longest and most eventful in English history; the training she gave her son moulded his character, formed his views, and influenced his policy for good or evil on the destinies of the nation; she lived in England nearly forty years (only once quitting it for a few weeks) and always took a keen interest, and at one time an active part, in public affairs. From the day her son ascended the throne until her death, a period of ten years, her name figured prominently in the savage political controversies of the day; her fair fame was besmirched and her motives were assailed, she was hooted from the theatres, burnt in effigy in the streets, and denounced by name in the House of Commons. No Princess of Wales, except perhaps the unfortunate Caroline of Brunswick, has aroused such fierce passions in the breasts of the multitude. Yet despite all her personality remains vague and shadowy; in the pages of Whig writers and pamphleteers she appears as a presence rarely seen but always felt, a baleful influence behind the throne threatening in some mysterious way the liberties of the people.

Augusta of Saxe-Gotha was only seventeen years old when she came to England to wed Frederick Prince of Wales, the son of George the Second and of his consort the illustrious Caroline. She did not come a welcome bride. The pet project of the King and Queen was that their younger son, William Duke of Cumberland, who was born on British soil, should succeed to the throne of England and supplant his elder brother Frederick, born in Hanover, to whom they allotted only the Electorate. But Frederick had other views; he was clamorous to be wed and become the father of kings to be. As his cause was supported by the Government and strongly by the Opposition the King reluctantly gave way. On one of his

journeys to Hanover, George the Second met the young Princess of Saxe-Gotha and arranged matters with her father the reigning Duke. He therefore ungraciously sent Frederick word that he might have her for wife if he would. The Prince returned a dutiful reply to the effect that he had every confidence in his father's judgment, and was ready to wed Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, the sooner the better. The King then sent Lord De la Warr to bring the bride-elect over to England, and she landed at Greenwich on Sunday, the 25th of April, 1735. The young Princess came unaccompanied by any member of her family, she was ignorant of England and the language, and was a stranger to her future husband. Yet neither Queen Caroline nor the Princesses went down to greet her, and she was lodged alone in the great empty palace of Greenwich. The Prince of Wales, however, travelled to Greenwich to welcome his bride, and was much pleased with her, despite her shyness and inexperience. She was a tall slender girl, with regular features, an oval face, and abundant light brown hair; her figure was unformed, but she gave promise of beauty, and her bright eyes were full of intelligence. The Prince dined with her, and 'afterwards gave her Highness the diversion of passing on the water as far as the Tower and back in his barge, finely adorned, preceded by a concert of musick.'

The next morning (Monday, her marriage day) the Princess made her entry into London. She drove by royal coach from Greenwich to Lambeth Stairs, thence to Whitehall in a state barge. Here she landed and was conveyed to the garden entrance of St. James's Palace, where she was met by Frederick. The Prince conducted her to the throne-room, where the King and Queen, the Royal Family, and the whole Court were waiting to receive her. Augusta at once disarmed hostility by her graceful and appealing manner, and was welcomed by her husband's parents with something like cordiality. The same evening she was married to the Prince of Wales in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, by the Bishop of London.

The young Princess of Wales in the early days of her married life fully maintained the favourable impression she had created. Though a stranger in a strange land, taken from a home of almost pastoral simplicity, and plunged into a Court full of vice and intrigue, she yet conducted herself with such discretion as to win admiration even from her husband's enemies. Walpole, the Prime Minister, noted her conduct and said it 'spoke strongly in favour of brains that had had but seventeen years to ripen'; and old Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, who had rarely a good word to say of any one, declared that the Princess 'always appeared good natured and civil to everybody.' Very wisely Augusta threw in her lot with her husband, and abstained from taking any active part in the quarrel

which was raging between him and the other members of the Royal Family, but her sympathies were all with her husband.

When Frederick announced to his parents that his wife was likely to give birth to an heir, the King and Queen, seeing in this a deathblow to their hopes that their son William should eventually succeed to the throne, affected to believe that the Prince was capable of passing off a spurious child on them and the nation, and therefore commanded him and the Princess to come down to Hampton Court and abide under the same roof with them until the event was over. Both the Prince and the Princess resented these unjust suspicions, and though they went to Hampton Court, they secretly determined that the child should be born in London.

One Sunday evening in July the Princess showed signs of being taken in premature labour. The Prince ordered a coach to come quietly round to his wing of the Palace, and while the King and Queen, all unsuspecting, were playing cards in their apartments, he smuggled his wife into the coach, attended by only Lady Archibald Hamilton, and drove at full speed to St. James's Palace. Half an hour after their arrival the Princess was delivered of a girl child, who in later life became Duchess of Brunswick. That both she and her infant did not lose their lives through this imprudence was little short of a miracle. At St. James's Palace nothing was prepared: there were even no sheets for the bed, and tablecloths had to be improvised. When the news reached Hampton Court some hours later, the King was furious at the way he had been tricked, and the Queen set off in hot haste for London, where she saw the mother and child. Yet in response to the Queen's inquiries, the Princess, from between her tablecloths, persisted in saying that she wanted for nothing. Regarding her as a passive instrument in her husband's hands, all the Royal parents' rage was vented on Frederick.

The King, as soon as the Princess was sufficiently recovered to be moved, sent his son a curt message: 'It is my pleasure that you leave St. James's with all your family.' The Prince, being thus turned out of doors, removed with his household to Kew, where he had a country palace, and for a London residence took Norfolk House, St. James's Square. All communication between the two Courts was now broken off, and neither the Prince nor the Princess was received by the King and Queen. A few weeks after this rupture Queen Caroline died, to the great grief of her husband and the nation. Her death rather widened the breach in the Royal Family than narrowed it, for the King considered that her son's undutiful conduct had hastened his mother's death. Frederick now ranged himself in open opposition to his father and the Government, and gathered around him rising young politicians of the type of Pitt and Lyttelton, who saw in Walpole's fall, or Frederick's accession to the

throne, their only chances of obtaining office. The following year (the 4th of June, 1738) a son was born to the Prince and Princess of Wales at Norfolk House. The little Prince, afterwards George the Third, was what is known as a 'seven months' child,' and was so sickly that he was privately baptised the day of his birth by the Bishop of Oxford.

The birth of a son and heir in the direct line of succession to the throne strengthened the position of the Prince and Princess of Wales, especially as the King's health was reported to be failing. Frederick removed to the more spacious dwelling of Leicester House, and there inaugurated a Court which offered a curious parallel to that of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the previous reign, at the same place, when also the heir to the throne was at variance with the King. Again Leicester House became the rallying place of the Opposition, again there flocked to its assemblies the most beautiful among the Court ladies, the most fashionable beaux, the most brilliant wits, politicians, and men of letters. Frederick's intelligence has been much abused, but he was intelligent enough to gather around him at this time much that was best in the social and intellectual life of the day, and his efforts were ably supported by his clever and graceful Princess.

When Bolingbroke came back to England later he renewed his friendship with the Prince of Wales, and often paced with him and the Princess through the gardens and shrubberies of their favourite Kew, waxing eloquent over the tyranny of the Whig oligarchy which held the King in thrall, and holding up before them his ideal of a patriot king. Both the Prince and Princess listened eagerly to Bolingbroke's theories, and in after years the Princess instilled them into the mind of her eldest son. Chesterfield and Sir William Wyndham came to Kew also, and here Frederick and Augusta exhibited with pride their flower-beds to Pope. The Prince not only sought the society of men of letters, but made some attempts at authorship himself. His verse was not very remarkable; perhaps the best was the poem addressed to the Princess beginning:

'Tis not the liquid brightness of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them, to shade their light.

And so on through five stanzas of praise of Augusta's beauty until:

No, 'tis that gentleness of mind, that love
So kindly answering my desire,
That grace with which you look and speak and move
That thus has set my soul on fire.

Perhaps it was of these lines that the Prince once asked Lord

Poulett his opinion. 'Sir,' replied that astute courtier, 'they are worthy of your Royal Highness.' Yet notwithstanding his admiration of his wife Frederick was not faithful to her. It may be doubted, however, whether after his marriage he indulged in any serious intrigue; his *affaires* were probably only tributes offered to the shrine of gallantry after the fashion of the day. In every other respect he was a good husband; he was also a devoted father to his numerous family, a kind master to his servants, and a true friend. We get many pleasant glimpses in letters and memoirs of the time of the domestic felicity of the Royal household at Kew and Leicester House, of games of base-ball and 'push-pin' with the children, of gardening in the summer, of little plays composed by the Prince, staged by the Princess, and acted by their sons and daughters. 'The Prince's family,' Lady Hervey writes, 'is an example of innocent and cheerful amusement,' and her testimony is corroborated on all sides.

After the fall of Walpole in 1742, an outward, though by no means cordial, reconciliation was patched up between the King and his eldest son; and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended occasionally the levees and assemblies at St. James's. But three years later relations again became strained; the Prince and Princess disapproved of the harsh treatment of the Jacobites and especially of the severities of the 'Butcher of Culloden,' the Duke of Cumberland, and expressed their displeasure in no unequivocal manner. The Princess personally appealed to the King for Cromartie's life, and her prayer was granted.

Augusta prided herself on the decorum of her household, and the dull and vicious Court of George the Second, presided over nominally by the card-playing scandal-loving Princess Amelia, in reality by Madame de Walmoden (Countess of Yarmouth), the King's mistress, shocked and disgusted her. In revenge it was whispered about the King's Court that the Princess showed particular favour to John Lord Bute, a favourite of the Prince of Wales, then a young and handsome nobleman with courtly manners. Once at a fancy dress ball when the Princess was present the beautiful Miss Chudleigh appeared as Iphigenia, but so lightly clad as to be almost in a state of nudity. The Princess threw a shawl over her and said she wondered at her bad taste in venturing to appear in so improper a guise. '*Altesse*,' retorted the young lady unabashed, '*vous savez, chacun a son but.*' The impertinent witticism ran like wildfire round the Court, and the names of the Princess and Lord Bute were henceforth coupled in scandalous suggestion, which had no foundation beyond that the Princess treated Lord Bute as a friend, and he occasionally played the part of a Lothario in the amateur theatricals the Prince was fond of arranging for his children and friends.

Frederick Prince of Wales died at Leicester House in 1751. He had been unwell for a week previously, but his end was sudden and unexpected. The Princess was in the room when he died. For some hours she seemed stunned with the blow, and unable to realise it. Then she withdrew to her own apartments, locked herself in, and passed the night alone. The next morning she appeared calm and self-possessed, and went through the private papers of her dead husband and burned many—a very necessary precaution, for she was surrounded with spies and enemies. Frederick's death was a great loss to his wife; it revolutionised her life. Deprived of the splendid prospect of becoming Queen of England, Augusta found herself at the age of thirty-two a widow with eight children, and expecting shortly to give birth to another.

Contrary to expectation the King behaved with great kindness to his daughter-in-law, sent her a message of condolence, and paid her a visit. He refused the chair of state placed for him, and seated himself on a sofa with the widow, and at the sight of her sorrow was so moved as to shed tears. Yet Frederick's funeral was shorn of almost every circumstance of state, and he was buried in Westminster Abbey 'without either anthem or organ.' The following week the King held a levee as usual, and the period of Court mourning was the briefest. A few months after her husband's death the Princess of Wales gave birth to a princess, who was christened Caroline Matilda (the unfortunate Queen of Denmark). For eighteen months she remained in strict seclusion; at the expiration of that time she reappeared in public and attended Court, where, by the King's command, she received the same honours as had been paid to the late Queen Caroline. She was also made guardian of her eldest son Prince George, now created Prince of Wales, in case of the King's death during his minority, and an ample dowry was assured to her. It may be that George the Second was moved to this generosity to his daughter-in-law, whom he never liked, by popular sentiment, for the people showed the greatest sympathy and respect for the young widow in her grief. It is certain that the Princess did not trust him, for we find her telling Bubb Dodington that 'Notwithstanding the King's kindness to the children and civility to her, those things did not impose on *her*—that there were other things she could not get over—she wished the King was less civil, and that he put less of *their* money into his own pocket.' She then went on to explain that though the King had financially benefited by the Prince's death, yet he would not pay his debts. 'Such inconsiderable debts,' she called them, yet she admitted they amounted to some 160,000*l.*, 'besides something to my Lord Scarbrough,' which shows that the Princess's ideas in money matters had expanded since she came to England, for the sum named would probably have bought up her father's petty

principality. But though the Princess represented the matter to the King 'in the strongest and most disagreeable light' he kept a deaf ear, and she most honourably took upon herself the burden of paying off her husband's debts by instalments. She regarded it as a point of honour and duty, and though it crippled her financially for years, she paid the last penny.

The Princess-Dowager of Wales, as she was called, frequently sent for Dodington, who had been a friend of her husband's, and talked to him with the utmost frankness. She lived in comparative seclusion, and he was one of her links with the outer world. From his diary we get an idea of the domestic life of the Princess-Dowager and her children during the years of her widowhood, before George the Third came to the throne. For instance, Dodington writes (17th of November, 1753):

The Princess sent for me to attend her between eight and nine o'clock. I went to Leicester House expecting a small company or little musick, but found nobody but her Royal Highness. She made me draw a stool and sit by the fireside. Soon after came in the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward, and then the Lady Augusta, all in an undress, and took their stools and sat round the fire with us. We continued talking of familiar occurrences till between ten and eleven, with the ease and unreservedness and unconstraint as if one had just dropped into a sister's house, that had a family, to pass the evening. It is much to be wished that the Prince conversed familiarly with more people of a certain knowledge of the world.

This last point Dodington ventured to press upon the Princess more than once, for it was a general complaint that she kept her children in strict seclusion. They had no companions of their own age, the Princess declaring that 'the young people of quality were so ill-educated and so very vicious that they frightened her . . . such was the universal profligacy . . . that she was really afraid to have them come near her children.' Though a good mother, with the interests of her children wholly at heart, she was very severe and ruled them and her household with a rod of iron. Conversation between her and Dodington often turned on the heir to the throne. The Princess said that George agreed with her, 'had no other way of thinking.' 'He was very honest, but she wished that he was a little more forward and less childish at his age, that she hoped his preceptors would improve him . . . she really did not know what they taught him, but, to speak freely, she was afraid not much.'

Sometimes the Princess would give Dodington audience at Kew and walk with him in the gardens for three hours on end talking all the time on a great variety of subjects. She often bewailed 'the delicacy and ticklishness of her situation,' the enmity of the Duke of Cumberland (whom she regarded with 'inveterate dislike') and the Princess Amelia, and the way Ministers neglected

her. She spoke with contempt of the King, who she declared was a puppet in the hands of his Ministers, of no more account 'than one of the trees they walked by.' It was evident even thus early that she had determined to deliver her son from this bondage and make him a king indeed. 'George, be a king—be a king!' she used to say, and when the time came he remembered her teaching.

Lord Bute's influence over the Princess-Dowager had in nowise lessened since Frederick's death; on the contrary it had rather increased; he was her chosen mentor in political matters, and her most intimate and confidential friend. In all but name he was governor to the Prince of Wales. As Lord Bute was a Tory it was not long before a rumour was spread abroad that the heir to the throne was being educated in 'arbitrary and dangerous notions,' and one of his tutors was charged with having given him Jacobite books to read. Bishop Hayter of Norwich, the prince's chief tutor, an ardent Whig, resigned by way of protest, a great uproar arose, and an inquiry was instituted. The Princess feigned ignorance, and as the inquiry came to nothing and Bishop Hayter, who was personally objectionable to her, was not reinstated, the Princess may be said to have gained a victory. But the incident deepened the dissatisfaction of the Whig Government and the great Whig Peers, and made them anxious to get the future King away from the influence of the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute. George the Second also wished to rescue his grandson from his mother's dominion, not for any political reason, but because he was jealous of her. It was judged that an early marriage would be the best means to achieve this end, and the King thought that he had found a suitable bride for his grandson in a young princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, who was very beautiful and accomplished. Without consulting the Princess-Dowager he brought her over to England. The suddenness of the move somewhat disconcerted the Princess-Dowager, but after consultation with Lord Bute, whose influence over the young prince had increased since the resignation of Bishop Hayter, they together instilled in him such an aversion from the match that he flatly swore that he would not be 'be-Wolfenbüttelled.' The old King was very angry, and declared that if he were twenty years younger he would marry the beautiful princess himself. He knew whence the opposition came. Since her husband's death the one great object of the Princess-Dowager's life had been the government of her son. She could never be Queen of England, but she would reign through him. A beautiful and clever wife would be a most dangerous rival, and the Princess of Wolfenbüttel was said to be both clever and ambitious. The Princess-Dowager objected to the marriage, so she told Dodington, because she heard the princess took after her mother, 'a meddling, intriguing, -sarcastical person.' 'Such a character,' she declared,

'would not do for George.' But not to seem totally averse from her son's marriage, she suggested to the King, a year later, the name of a princess of her own house, Saxe-Gotha, as a possible bride. But George the Second rejected the suggestion with great asperity, saying he 'had had enough of that family already.'

The Prime Minister, the Duke of Newcastle, and other great Whig Peers now began to realise that the Princess-Dowager was a force to be reckoned with, and they made another attempt to get the Prince of Wales away from his mother. He had attained the age of his royal majority (eighteen), and the Ministry persuaded the King to offer him an allowance of 40,000*l.* a year for a separate establishment. To their dismay the Prince accepted the allowance, but declined to leave his mother, and his first appointment in his new household was to make Lord Bute Groom of the Stole. Everything was arranged as the Princess-Dowager wished, and the opposition of Leicester House to the Government became more and more marked. The Princess-Dowager now expressed herself freely on politics, and her views were known to be those of her son. She 'wished Hanover in the sea as the cause of all our misfortunes,' and strongly opposed the foreign policy of Ministers in the question of the peace with France. A 'patched-up peace,' she declared, would soon break out into war again and 'fall upon her son, young and inexperienced, at the beginning of his reign.'

It is probable that another trial of strength would have taken place between the Princess-Dowager and the Government for the possession of the Prince, but the situation was revolutionised by the sudden death of George the Second (the 25th of October, 1760) and the accession of his grandson as George the Third.

The young King, who had hitherto appeared shy and retiring, soon showed that he had taken to heart his mother's teaching: 'George, be a king.' He held his Accession Council at Carlton House, the occasional residence of the Princess-Dowager, and here he delivered his first speech. It was not the composition of his Ministers, who imagined they saw in it the hands of the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute. 'My Lord Bute,' said the King to the Prime Minister, 'is your very good friend; he will tell you all my thoughts.' Again, in the speech Ministers prepared for him at the opening of Parliament, the young monarch inserted in his own hand the memorable words: 'Born and educated in this country, I glory in the name of Briton.' Whether these admirable sentiments were the first-fruits of the teaching of the Princess-Dowager or not, surely no one should have cavilled at them, but Ministers affected to find in their insertion an unconstitutional exercise of the royal prerogative.

Hitherto the influence of the Princess-Dowager over her eldest

son, and the intimate friendship which existed between her and Lord Bute, had been known only to the few. But now the Whig grandees began to tremble lest their power should be shaken; they believed that their arch-enemy was the King's mother, and in casting about for weapons wherewith to assail her none were too base or too unclean for them to use. Through their agents in the Press and in Parliament, a fierce clamour was raised against the Princess-Dowager as a threatener of popular liberties, and her name, associated with Lord Bute's, was scandalously flung to the mob. Placards with the words 'No Petticoat Government!' 'No Scotch favourite!' were affixed to the walls of Westminster Hall and elsewhere, and thousands of vile pamphlets and indecent ballads were circulated among the populace. Even the King himself was insulted. 'Like a new Sultan,' wrote Lord Chesterfield, 'he is dragged out of the seraglio by the Princess and Lord Bute and placed upon the throne.' The mob translated this into the vulgar tongue, and one day when the King was going to Carlton House to pay his usual visit to his mother, a voice from the crowd asked him, amid shouts and jeers, whether 'he was going to suck?'

The Princess-Dowager was unmoved by scandalous gossip and popular clamour, and her influence over her son remained unshaken; indeed it was rather strengthened, for his sense of chivalry was roused by the coarse insults heaped upon his mother. Her friendship for Lord Bute was unabated, and he continued to pay her visits as before. The only difference was that, to avoid the insults of the mob, these visits were sometimes paid less openly. The chair of Miss Vansittart, one of the Princess's maids of honour, was often sent of an evening to Lord Bute's house in South Audley Street, and he was conveyed in it with the curtains close drawn to Carlton House, and admitted by a side entrance to the Princess's presence. These precautions, though natural enough under the circumstances, were, unwise, for sooner or later the stealthy visits leaked out, and the worst constructions were placed upon them. The Princess-Dowager was still a young and attractive woman, of little more than forty; she was one of those women who grow more beautiful as they grow older. The slight ungainliness of her youth had disappeared and given place to dignity and composure, and though her manner to strangers was somewhat forbidding, to her friends she was full of amiability. She had acquired a complete command of the English language; unfortunately her knowledge of English politics was not so complete, and the result was that she made many mistakes in her campaign against the Whigs, which greater knowledge would have taught her to avoid.

In the first year of George the Third's reign, the supremacy of the Princess-Dowager was threatened by the attachment the young monarch had formed for the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter

of Charles, second Duke of Richmond, a descendant of the Stuarts. The laws of England opposed no obstacle to the marriage of the Sovereign with a subject, which would have been a reversion to a not infrequent custom in the reigns of the Plantagenets and Tudors. But the house of Lennox was a great Whig house, its members were ambitious and aspiring, and Lady Sarah was known to have more than usual ability. Therefore the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute determined to prevent the marriage. That they succeeded is a matter of history, and Lady Sarah's hopes came to an end with the announcement of the King's betrothal to Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. The announcement was not popular, for the nation was weary of royal alliances with the petty Courts of Germany, and few knew, or cared to know, where Strelitz was. But the Princess-Dowager had made inquiries, and had learned that Charlotte, who was little more than a child in years, was dutiful and obedient; there seemed little doubt that she would become a cipher in the hands of her mother-in-law.

In this the Princess-Dowager proved to be sadly mistaken. Lady Sarah Lennox, or even the despised Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, would have been pliable by comparison. Charlotte of Mecklenburg, on her arrival, showed herself to be a remarkably shrewd, self-possessed young woman, with a tart tongue and a full sense of the importance of her position. After their marriage the King and Queen lived for a time in great seclusion at Kew. These 'Oriental habits,' as they were called, were attributed to the influence of the Princess-Dowager, and the Whigs, who missed no opportunity of poisoning the public mind against her, declared that she treated the young Queen with great harshness, often drove her to tears, and deprived her of the most innocent diversions. It was said that the Queen was fond of playing cards, but her mother-in-law forbade her; that she loved diamonds, but the Princess would not let her wear them; that she would fain have shown herself in public, but the Princess had her shut up like an Eastern houri. But it was not easy to make a popular martyr of shrewd little Charlotte with her quick wits and penurious habits, and these fabrications were not generally credited. Indeed, so far from the Princess-Dowager ruling her daughter-in-law, it is certain that her influence over her son waned as the Queen's increased. For the first year or two Charlotte bided her opportunity, but when she had learned English, and given birth to an heir to the throne, she gradually came more forward in the affections of her husband, and the Princess-Dowager receded.

But for a time the Princess-Dowager and Lord Bute were all-powerful with the King. Minister after Minister was dismissed and their nominees appointed instead. When Pitt, 'the Great Commoner,' resigned, and to the astonishment of all accepted a peerage

for his wife and a pension for himself, the Princess-Dowager was accused of instigating the King to offer these things to the fallen Minister with the sinister object of damaging his credit with the people. 'The King,' writes Walpole, 'was' advised to heap rewards on his late Minister—the Princess pressed it eagerly.' Augusta, her eldest daughter, took upon herself to meddle in politics, and openly inveighed against the policy of her mother. She was promptly married to the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and sent to Germany out of the way.

On the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, Bute was appointed Prime Minister. The office was, so to speak, thrust upon him, and he was never happy in it. He only remained, we find him writing to George Grenville a few weeks after his appointment, at the 'earnest solicitation' of 'a lady of the highest rank—one who was deservedly dear to the King.' The Princess-Dowager's hand was very visible throughout Bute's brief administration. Her enemy, the Duke of Devonshire, 'Prince of the Whigs,' as she styled him, was suddenly and ignominiously dismissed from office, and his name was struck off the list of Privy Councillors; other enemies, like the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, were deprived of the lord-lieutenancies of their several counties. Peace was made with France on lines the Princess-Dowager had indicated long ago, and—a still greater victory—the Peace was approved by a large majority in Parliament, despite the opposition of the Whig Lords. It was a trial of strength between them and the Princess-Dowager, and they were defeated. 'Now,' cried she exultantly, 'now my son is King of England!' It was her hour of triumph.

The Whigs were defeated in Parliament, but they took their revenge outside its walls. The mob was taught that the Peace was the first step towards despotism—the despotism of the Princess-Dowager and her led-captain, Lord Bute. The torrent of abuse swelled in volume. At the play one evening, when the Princess was present at a performance of Cibber's comedy, *The Careless Husband*, the whole house rose at the line put in the mouth of one of the actresses: 'Have a care, Madam! An undeserving favourite has been the ruin of many a prince's empire.' The hoots and insults from the gallery were so great that the Princess drew the curtains of her box, and soon after quitted the house. In Wilkes's periodical, the *North Briton*, appeared an essay in which, under the suggestive names of Queen Isabella and her paramour 'the gentle Mortimer,' the writer attacked the Princess-Dowager and the Prime Minister, Lord Bute. One night, when the popular fury was at its height, a noisy mob paraded under the windows of Carlton House carrying a gallows from which hung a jack-boot (a miserable pun on John Lord Bute) and a petticoat (to symbolise the Princess), which they subsequently burnt. The Princess-Dowager heard the uproar,

and learned the cause from her frightened household. She remained calm. 'Poor deluded people, how I pity them,' she said; 'they will know better some day.'

But if the Princess-Dowager was unmoved, the Prime Minister, Bute, was not. Suddenly, when in the fulness of his power, the world was amazed to hear that he had resigned office. Many reasons have been given for his sudden resignation, but the one which seems the most probable one was a chivalrous desire to check the cowardly slanders aimed through him at the second lady in the land. For her sake he took office, and for her sake he laid it down—strongly against her wish, for she declared that the sacrifice would be in vain.

In this the Princess's judgment proved to be right; the enemies of Bute regarded his resignation only as a confession of weakness, and continued to assert that he exercised through the Princess-Dowager a backstairs influence upon the King. It was in vain that George the Third protested that he rarely saw Bute after he left office (in fact a coolness had sprung up between them), the Government and the Prime Minister—Grenville—remained unconvinced: the King might not see Bute, but he visited his mother nearly every day, and the friendship between her and Bute continued unabated; the influence, they argued, was none the less baleful because indirect. 'Good God! Mr. Grenville,' exclaimed the outraged monarch, 'am I to be suspected after all I have done?' The Prime Minister muttered something about the trend of public opinion. At last Bute was driven out of London, and Ministers professed themselves satisfied for the time.

The brief illness of the King in 1765 (a foretaste of the dreadful malady that seized him many years later) led to the introduction of a Regency Bill. Immediately fierce debates arose in Parliament as to whether the Princess-Dowager should, or should not, be excluded from acting as Regent. The King wished to nominate his own Regent, Ministers did not wish him to do so, and the situation was complicated by the fact that the King would not say whom he wished to appoint. He was afraid to name the Queen for fear of offending the Princess-Dowager; or to name his mother for fear of offending his wife—the relations between the two ladies having become exceedingly strained. The result was a compromise: the King was permitted to nominate, but Ministers stipulated that he should be restricted to appointing 'the Queen or any other person of the Royal Family usually residing in Britain.' The Duke of Richmond, who owed the Princess-Dowager a grudge for the part she had played in defeating his daughter Lady Sarah Lennox, asked 'Was the Princess-Dowager of the Royal Family?' Ministers, who evidently wished to exclude her, returned an evasive answer, and there ensued an acrimonious debate which resulted in the Princess-Dowager being declared ineligible for the office of Regent. The

Whig Lords were triumphant, but it soon appeared that their bolt had overshot the mark. During the few days which ensued before the introduction of the Regency Bill to the Commons, a curious revulsion of feeling took place in favour of the Princess. The King was known to be greatly affected by the affront offered to his mother—he even shed tears—and the friends of the Princess-Dowager rallied to her aid. When the Bill came down to the Commons her name was reinstated by an enormous majority, and Ministers in the House of Lords were obliged to eat their words and ask the peers to stultify their former vote by declaring the eligibility of the Princess. No wonder that Halifax, the leader of the opposition against her, cut a ‘most abject and contemptible figure.’

After this signal victory the Princess-Dowager enjoyed comparative repose for a few years. It was whispered that she exercised influence over the King, but no open attack was made upon her. Bute, however, was still pursued with relentless hatred, and though it could no longer be proved that he held even indirect communication with the King, from whom he was now quite estranged, his enemies were not satisfied until they had driven him out of the country. Unable to withstand any longer the ceaseless persecution, he went into exile, and for some time wandered about Italy under the name of Sir John Stuart.

His exile could not gain for him a long respite, or a truce for the Princess-Dowager, who by his absence found herself deprived of her most trusted friend. In 1771, when the Wilkes agitation was at its height, the old belief of the Princess’s secret power over the King and Bute’s backstairs influence was revived, this time without the slightest foundation. The outcry proved to be as potent with the mob as of yore. The King was hissed on his way to Parliament; the effigies of his mother and Lord Bute were beheaded by chimney-sweepers on Tower Hill and afterwards burnt, and the Princess-Dowager was openly vilified in Parliament. Alderman Townshend, according to Walpole, ‘pale and ghastly from a sick bed, his hair lank and his face swathed in linen,’ rose in the House and delivered the coarsest insult that, since the days of Henrietta Maria, had ever been uttered in the Commons against the King’s mother. Having denounced ‘an aspiring woman who was allowed to dictate the policy of the Ministers of the Crown,’ he paused a moment for effect, and then proceeded, ‘Does any gentleman wish to hear what woman I allude to? If he does, I will tell him. It is the Princess-Dowager of Wales. *I aver we have been governed ten years by a woman.* It is not the sex I object to, but the government. Were we well ruled, the ruler would be an object of little signification. It is not the greatness of the criminal’s rank which should prevent you punishing the criminality.’

From a private and irresponsible member of the House of

Commons this language might have been dismissed as vulgar slander, but Townshend was following the example of a statesman of great weight and authority. Only a short time previously Lord Chatham had drawn a parallel in the House of Lords between the friendship of Bute and the Princess-Dowager and the *liaison* between Mazarin and Anne of Austria. 'That Favourite,' he exclaimed (for so he called Bute), 'is at the present moment abroad, yet his influence by his confidential agents is as powerful as if he were at home. Who does not know the Mazarinade of France?—that Mazarin absent was Mazarin still.'

The peculiar cruelty of these calumnies lay in the fact that the woman at whom they were aimed was prostrated at the time by domestic griefs (of this Chatham could not have been ignorant), and slowly dying of a painful and incurable disease. Within a year of these public insults she was dead.

The closing years of Augusta's stormy life were embittered by many sorrows. She was not happy in her children. She was keenly ambitious for them, but nearly all seemed to conspire to humiliate her. With the exception of George the Third, none of them showed her the respect and affection they ought to have done, and even he, though devoted to the last, had freed himself from his mother's influence some years before she died. Three of her numerous family had died young—Elizabeth, Louisa Anne, and Frederick. Edward Duke of York died before he was thirty, yet not before he had grieved his mother's heart by his extravagance and libertinism. Augusta Duchess of Brunswick quarrelled with her mother, and the breach was never quite healed. William Duke of Gloucester offended his mother past forgiveness by marrying Maria Dowager Countess Waldegrave, who, though a beautiful, virtuous, and charming woman, was the illegitimate daughter of Sir Edward Walpole by a milliner's apprentice. Even more offensive to her was the marriage of Henry Duke of Cumberland with another fascinating widow, but of very different character from Lady Waldegrave—Anne, daughter of Lord Ingham, afterwards Earl of Carhampton, and widow of Andrew Horton of Catton. Close on this *mésalliance* of her youngest son followed the disgrace and deposition of her youngest daughter Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, who was accused of adultery with Struensee, the Danish Prime Minister, and cast into the fortress of Cronberg.

This last blow, coming on the top of all the rest, proved too much even for the indomitable spirit of the Princess-Dowager, and without doubt hastened her death. In any case the end could not have been long delayed, for her sufferings the last year of her life were agonising, and her malady, a cancer in the breast, gave her no rest day or night. Yet to the last she would not admit that she was ill, though in her struggles to conceal her sufferings she frequently fainted.

Her private sorrows she bore in stern silence. The King was unremitting in his attentions to his mother, calling on her every evening at eight o'clock, but even he was afraid to hint to her that the end was near. The night before she died, accompanied by Queen Charlotte he anticipated his visit by an hour, pretending that he had mistaken the time. Yet even then, with the hand of death upon her, the Princess-Dowager rose and dressed to receive her son and daughter-in-law, kept them in conversation for four hours, and on parting with them said she should pass a quiet night. Towards morning it was evident to all that the end was imminent—even to herself. She asked her physician how long she had to live. He hesitated. 'No matter,' she said, 'for I have nothing to say, nothing to do, nothing to leave.' An hour later she was dead. She died the 8th of February, 1772, in the fifty-third year of her age. 'The calmness and composure of her death,' wrote Bishop Newton, her chaplain, 'were further proofs and attestations of the goodness of her life; and she died, as she had lived, beloved and lamented most by those who knew her best.'

The Princess's statement that she had nothing to leave was proved to be literally true. She had paid off the whole of her husband's debts, and she had given munificent sums in charity. More than 10,000*l.* a year were given away by her in pensions to individuals whom she judged deserving, very few of whom were aware, until her death, whence the bounty came. The whole of her income she spent in England, and very little on herself.

Few women have been more harshly judged than Augusta Princess of Wales. Insult and calumny followed her to the grave, and even in the grave they were not silenced. The pivot on which all these slanders turned (it were foolish to ignore it) was the precise nature of her friendship with Lord Bute—a matter which surely concerned no one except themselves. Her arch-maligner, Horace Walpole, has put the worst construction on this intimacy, and posterity, too idle to seek the truth for itself, has for the most part accepted his verdict. But Horace Walpole hated the Princess-Dowager because she refused to recognise the marriage of his favourite niece to her son the Duke of Gloucester, and his animus is evident. There is not a scrap of evidence to justify his evil conclusion, which, as Lord Chesterfield said, was founded on 'mere conjecture.' The whole life of the Princess, the decorum of her conduct, the ordered regularity of her household, her strict principles, the reticence of her character, and the coldness of her temperament give it the lie.

The eighteenth century with its gross pleasures and low ideals could not understand a disinterested friendship between a man and a woman, and, not understanding, condemned it. Yet everything goes to prove that the friendship which existed between Augusta

Princess of Wales and Lord Bute was of that high order of affection which eliminates all thought of self or sex. It lasted for years, it was marked by complete trust and confidence on her side, by loyalty and chivalry on his, it never wavered through good report or ill, opposition and insult only served to strengthen it, and it was broken only by death. There must have been something very noble in the woman who won such allegiance and in the man who rendered it.

W. H. WILKINS.

THE NONCONFORMIST UPRISING

THERE are no signs of any abatement in the passionate earnestness with which the controversy that has gathered round the education policy of the Government is being waged. When last I wrote in this Review there were rumours of compromise, but all these came to nothing, and the Bishops, adopting a policy which they may yet live to regret, succeeded in making the Bill even more offensive than it was when it left the House of Commons. Nonconformists were then assured that the Act would be worked in a more equitable, not to say conciliatory, spirit, but, up to this point, the hopes thus awakened have hardly been fulfilled. So the opposition not only continues, but is growing both in intensity and extent. Whether the form which it has taken is defensible either on its religious or political side is not a question that can be discussed with any advantage at the present time. It is a fact, and as a fact has to be dealt with. Abstract discussions on the principles which lie behind the burning questions of the hour may be interesting, but they are of no immediate use. The fire has to be put out, and discussions as to its causes may, nay, must be postponed until it is extinguished. The column headed 'Passive Resistance' in our daily papers cannot be pleasant reading either for the Christian or the patriot. The first duty of the moment is to devise some way of ending what is little less than a scandal.

In order to do this, it is essential that the case of the Free Churches and their sympathisers be understood, and it may even be impossible to avoid some examination of its merits, if for no other reason, because the best way to an impartial and enduring arrangement is through a dispassionate endeavour to understand the real issue. To go beyond this in the hope that men who are profoundly in earnest will be convinced by mere platitudes of bigotry is only to widen the breach and to embitter the feeling on both sides. I have carefully read the criticisms of 'Passive Resistance' which have appeared in the columns of the *Times*, and I can only say that if any influence could have made me a passive resister it would have been these strictures. Especially have I felt this when these missives of intolerance—to use no harsher term—came from

country parsonages, and revealed an utter inability to comprehend the position of those who do not accept the parish priest as an infallible authority.

I ask the indulgence of your readers for an attempt to put before them the case of these irreconcilable opponents of the Education Act. I may be better able to take an impartial view in that I am as irreconcilable as the most pronounced of the 'Passive resisters' and yet I have from the first suggestion of this particular policy distinctly opposed it. I hold precisely the same view to-day, only in a much stronger form. I sympathise with the sentiment to which it owes its birth. I can see very much in the action of the Government and of the Bishops which explains the attitude of these 'resisters.' I resent the unfairness with which they have been assailed, and sometimes bullied, by their judges. I can only smile at the failure of Mr. Balfour even to understand men of such settled convictions, much more to answer them; but, despite all this, I remain unconvinced that this particular form of resistance is sound in principle or will be found effective in its results. Even if it could be shown that it was a powerful weapon, I should still hesitate long before employing it in a democratic community like ours.

When, indeed, individuals say that their conscience will not allow them to pay the rate I have nothing more to say. Nothing is more easy than to sneer at the Nonconformist conscience, but nothing is less convincing. There is nothing so alluring in the prospect of a restraint upon a man's property, with the certainty that in the process there must be considerable pecuniary loss, that anyone should invent some imaginary authority of conscience to justify him in indulging in such a luxury. The man who submits to all the indignity and loss involved in an appearance in the dock, probably to meet with a rude rebuff from a magistrate, followed by a seizure of his goods, and gives as a reason for this 'voluntary humiliation' that necessity is laid upon him by his conscience, is entitled to my respect—he has more, for I give my hearty sympathy. But I am bound to add that it is not politics. Such action belongs to a sphere where party politics can only be regarded as a profane intruder.

A critic may pooh-pooh such a plea. It is very hard for anyone to understand the working of another's conscience. It is not to be supposed that the Sanhedrim appreciated the inner force which constrained Peter and John to set their authority at defiance because they must serve God rather than man. The priests believed themselves to be the servants of God and these witnesses for conscience to be nothing better than rebels. Posterity has reversed the judgment, like many other similar ones. The lesson for us is to respect the conscience of men and not to lay upon them burdens they are not able to bear. By no force has the power of the tyrant been so often and so successfully resisted. Not only the story of English

Nonconformity but the story of Christianity itself is full of illustrations of the truth. It was cradled in lawlessness if by lawlessness is meant a resolve to obey God rather than man, and its grandest heroes from the Apostles downwards have been men who have hazarded their lives for the sake of the Lord Jesus. The story has been repeated from age to age. 'The fathers slew the prophets, the children build their tombs.'

It does not follow that all who set up the authority of conscience on behalf of some fancy of their own are therefore to be at once elevated to the rank of heroes. But, warned by the mistakes of the past, it is surely wise, in dealing with men who assert the supremacy of conscience, and are prepared to suffer for it, honestly to endeavour to understand what they mean. There may be much in their style of controversy which provokes either indignation or ridicule, and especially may appeals in such matters to the memory of the martyred dead sound like mock-heroics, but it is the course of wisdom so to study them as to learn what has stirred them to this extraordinary display of passionate zeal.

The men who have entered on this policy are not given to adopt courses so extreme. They love to live peaceably with all men, and belong, in fact, to that steady, patient, law-abiding class which is so strong a stratum in English society. It is true they, for the most part, go to chapel, but I have yet to learn that Dissenters who worship in chapels are less loyal or less useful citizens than the adherents of the Established Church. They are, for the most part, politicians, and of the Liberal party; but here comes in a notable fact, that among the most resolute of them are some pronounced Unionists. I have heard of one, a man of some mark, who told the Free Church Council to which he belonged, and in which he had been contending stoutly for passive resistance, that it must clearly understand that at the next election his vote would be given to the Unionist all the same. Action of this kind is hardly intelligible, but at least it shows the intensity of the feeling which inspires this resistance, and cannot be sneered at as a piece of impenitent Radicalism. It may be extravagant, perhaps even absurd, to talk about it in grandiloquent terms as though it were a revival of the spirit of Hampden or of Bunyan, but it is a genuine protest against a real or supposed invasion of the rights of conscience, and as such worthy of being impartially studied.

It must be added that there are many Nonconformists who, like myself, do not adopt this policy, who yet are equally pronounced in their opposition to the Education Acts of the last two years. Remembering the peculiar circumstances under which the Parliament was elected, they regard such legislation as morally, if not legally, unconstitutional. Hence, while they refuse to take action which to them appears unconstitutional in resistance, they are at one with their

brethren in uncompromising hostility. 'We will never submit' was not the utterance of passive resisters only, but of the entire Free Church Council. Personally I sought to have that strong expression modified lest it should seem to sanction a policy I could not approve, but to-day I am glad that it was retained in its uncompromising resistance. It is well the country should know that to this act of tyranny the Nonconformists will never submit. There are two different plans of resistance, but there is perfect agreement in the feeling, to which Lord Rosebery has given such emphatic expression, that if Nonconformists were to fail now, they would cease to be a political force in the nation.

We are often told that the position of Nonconformists under the new Act is not worse than under the previous one, and indeed that their opposition is due to some strange casuistry which makes them object to the payment of rates whereas they willingly consent to the payment of taxes. Possibly there have been speeches which give some countenance to this view. Great agitations invariably call out some who speak unadvisedly with their lips. It has always seemed to me a mistake not to recognise that the very introduction of the lay element into the government of the non-provided schools must be a distinct gain. These schools will of course remain Church schools, but they will cease to be parsons' schools, and this is wholly to the good. Where, then, it may be asked, is the dissenting grievance which awakens to-day an opposition which, to say the least, has been slumbering during the last thirty years? The answer is so obvious that the wonder only is that the question is so persistently put. Hitherto a certain proportion of the cost of these schools has been borne by Churchmen themselves, and Nonconformists have been content to regard that as fairly providing for the sectarian teaching that was given. They did not regard the arrangement as wise or salutary. But they acquiesced considering that they had no responsibility whatever for the denominational teaching that was given. The new Act has altered all the conditions. The State now assumes all the responsibility for the support of these schools. The last vestige of voluntary support is swept away, and they become in every sense part of the National School system. The burden of their support is thrown upon the public funds. Only in the matter of control and of their religious teaching do they retain anything of their private character. We are told indeed that Churchmen provide their own school buildings, and that this may be regarded as an equivalent for the special privileges which they enjoy. But before the force of this plea can be estimated we must have something very different from the wild statements that have been prevalent on the point. For example, it is necessary at the very beginning to set forth distinctly how much of the cost of these buildings has been met by State grants, and how much by voluntary contributions. When this

has been fairly ascertained it will be time enough to consider how the reasonable claims of Churchmen are to be met. In the meantime Nonconformists are fully justified in objecting to the new form which these institutions have assumed. They are to be supported out of public funds. But they constitute a privileged class of schools under private managers, and their chief teachers have to belong to a particular Church and to give instruction in its principles and doctrines. It is this which has stirred the indignation of Nonconformists. They conscientiously object to pay for the support of schools staffed by Anglican teachers and employed in the dissemination of Anglican doctrines.

The trend of opinion and sentiment in the Established Church, or perhaps I should rather say in a section of its clergy, has intensified the feeling to an extent which outsiders find it difficult to understand. Here, indeed, is one of the distinctive features of the situation. Even liberal-minded men find it so hard to comprehend the strong feeling shown in regard to points which, in their view, belong to the infinitely little, that if they do not doubt its sincerity they regard it as a species of religious hysteria which politicians may properly disregard. Especially is this the case with educational experts, those extremely superior persons who pride themselves on their freedom from the vulgar prejudices which they assume to be at the root of the sectarian wrangles which are hindering the efficiency of our school system. The result of this misunderstanding is simply further delay with fresh complications. Possibly the Nonconformist objectors may adopt a rhetorical style of expression which to those who have not the faintest sympathy with their opposition may appear simply ludicrous. If so, they are not the first who have done so, and they will not be the last. As I write there lies before me a paper with the following paragraph: '—— ——— said he absolutely refused to pay on legal and religious grounds. It was an unconstitutional Act; and therefore the rate was illegal. In the memory of Oliver Cromwell and John Bunyan he refused to pay. (Laughter.)' Now no one can be surprised at the 'laughter,' and still less at the cry of the Chairman of the Bench, 'Here, here, stop,' with a renewed burst of laughter. Appeals to such memories sound very different when used in a quiet address to an unsympathetic magistrate and when introduced in a perfervid oration to an excited public meeting already prejudiced in the speaker's favour. But however hysterical this style of speech may appear to those who do not share its fundamental principles, nothing can well be more unwise than to ignore its serious aspect and to meet it with ridicule. These men are not only sincere, but numbers of them are among the most useful members of the community, exercising an influence whose value would be recognised even by their keenest critics, and doing an amount of spade-work in the broad field of philanthropy which it would not be easy to over-

estimate. To mete out to them and their objections such treatment as they have received in many of the courts to which they have been summoned is bad policy and worse religion. It would certainly have been more politic as well as more constitutional to consider whether it might not be possible to reconcile this important section of the most law-abiding citizens in the country to the law to which, at present, they feel compelled to offer passive resistance.

Be it remembered that this outburst of fiery opposition is not a mere gratuitous display of unreasoning hostility to the Established Church. For thirty years the Free Churches of England have quietly submitted to an arrangement which practically left thousands of the schools under the absolute sway of the clergy. There were thus vast districts of the country, and those the districts least open to the free play of public opinion, in which Nonconformist children were forced into the ranks of the pupils, while Nonconformist teachers were just as resolutely kept out of these favoured preserves of sectarianism. But even this did not satisfy the clergy and their friends. During almost the whole of the period in question there have been continual attempts to secure better terms for those already so highly privileged. At length came the period for decided action. Lord George Hamilton in a well-known speech cheered the hearts of his followers by the announcement that the Government would look to their friends. Where were friends who had shown themselves more devoted than the clergy? Hence, when the Unionist reaction came they, not unreasonably from their standpoint, expected to have their services recognised. The story of the proceedings is hardly one which redounds to the credit either of the Ministry or of their supporters. A large majority was secured on the khaki issue, and it has been unscrupulously used for the endowment of the Established Church. The air of saintly innocence with which some clerical defenders assure Nonconformists that they are really in a much better position under the new Act than under the old one is not creditable to their own candour and is insulting to the intelligence of those whom they address. The whole character of our educational apparatus has been changed, and changed in a manner as unfavourable to constitutional liberty as to religious equality. School boards were institutions in which Nonconformists had taken a deep interest and in which in many of the large towns they had achieved conspicuous success. They have been ruthlessly swept away, and henceforth the work of education in our large towns and cities is entrusted to committees chosen by County Councils; Mr. Balfour showing here the same dislike of popular control as characterises his administration in the House of Commons. Can it be thought wonderful that Nonconformists have been goaded into resistance by a policy so high-handed and so determined? We have heard enough of the intolerable strain put

upon the supporters of the voluntary schools. The strain of clerical intolerance and Tory partiality has become still more intolerable.

The widespread hostility which the Acts have evoked has surprised even those who are in sympathy with it, but it is perhaps after all only the natural expression of the pent-up feelings of years. It must not be forgotten that the Free Churches have been developing their strength in a very remarkable degree during the last few years. The generation which had grown up under the nagging persecutions which were ended by the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, but the effects of which were felt at least half a century later, has passed away, and has been succeeded by another generation trained in a freer atmosphere and with a fuller consciousness of its power and consequent responsibility. Its leaders feel that they have rights, and they are determined to assert them. For my own part, I can only wish that this point had been made more clear in the discussions of the last two years. We have, I venture to think, heard too much of resistance to Popery—so much indeed that we have at last a speaker in one of the pending election contests (a clergyman of the Church of England, be it noted) talking as though the contest were one between Rome and Protestantism. It is nothing of the kind. Tractarianism has made the teaching and still more the atmosphere of many Anglican schools much more distasteful to us, but if all this were changed our objection would remain. But to me it seems that the case of the opponent is made infinitely stronger when he insists that, in the present divided state of religious opinion, justice requires that the schools which are supported by the contributions of the whole nation should not be used in the interest of any one of the sections into which it is divided. Our objections are based not on any sectarian prejudices, but simply on the broad basis of the common rights of conscience.

This is surely the point on which the strength of the Free Church opposition should have been concentrated. Especially is this necessary if a case is to be made out for passive resistance. I must confess that I have never been able to find an answer to the contention of the High Anglican when he tells me that his conscience is as much aggrieved by our undenominational teaching as that of the Dissenter is by his denominationalism. At all events, it is but a question of degree. To me and a multitude of others who share my views, they are both objectionable. Of course, much depends on the interpretation of a word which adds to all its other offences that of ambiguity—undenominationalism. As I was worshipping at one of our churches lately, I was very much carried away by the singing of the *Te Deum*. It was very heartily sung, and as I joined in its strains the thought came across my mind: If we honestly desire an undenominational formula, have we not got it here? This glorious hymn has come down to us from the pre-Reformation times—it is

sung to-day by Catholic and Protestant alike—in form it is a hymn, but in essence it is a creed which contains the ‘faith once delivered to the saints’—it is the exclusive property of no Church—it is the broad and wealthy land which belongs to all alike. But then came the other thought: In this nation are numbers who do not believe in these truths, and they have a claim to consideration equal to that which we claim for ourselves. If we are to deal in perfect equity with all classes, we cannot teach even these truths at the national expense.

We have, then, to seek elsewhere for a solution. That seems to lie in the distinct separation of the secular from the religious element in the teaching of our primary schools. From the first I have seen no other way of coping with all the difficulties of the situation, and I hold that view more strongly to-day than ever. Curiously enough, I find in the *Westminster Gazette* a statement of the popular objection coming from its own correspondent at the recent Trades Union Congress:

It is curious how delegate after delegate said his vote was given for secular education ‘simply as the only way out of the present difficulty.’ It is the logical way out, no doubt; either every religion must be taught by the State or none should be; but, all the same, it is difficult to think of the English people as deliberately secularising their schools. To do so would be to say, in effect, that however it may be with individuals, the State has nothing to do with righteousness, and to inflict an intolerable injustice on those who believe, as a Romanist delegate remarked to me, that ‘to bring up a child without religion is to ignore one-half of its life’; and it is not very much to the purpose to talk about being logical.

There are several questions which one would like to put to a gentleman who thus lightly dismisses logic as having little to do with these matters. The plain fact is, for the last thirty years we have ignored logic. But at length it has asserted itself, and we are left with the *disjecta membra* of what at one time promised to be a stable system which might have become one of the permanent institutions of the country, and one of the most useful of them all, but for the element of weakness introduced by its contempt of logic. It would not be of any advantage to inquire where the responsibility for this lay—with Churchmen or Dissenters or with the Minister by whom the Act was shaped. There is no excessive stretch of charity in the belief that all were alike sincere, as certainly all were equally mistaken in the belief that they had laid the foundations of a permanent settlement. It is not safe to defy logic—that is to run counter to fact, which has a remarkable capacity for re-asserting itself often at the most inconvenient season and in the most awkward fashion. That is precisely what has occurred at the present time. The High Anglican party, represented by Lord Hugh Cecil (whose figure of a model school with a door leading direct into the church sufficiently indicates his ideal), thought that its time was come for action and put forth demands which a few years ago would have been scouted

as preposterous. If they are to be successfully resisted it can only be by an appeal to that very logic which is often so scornfully dismissed as though it may be good for Americans or Germans, or creatures of another sphere, but is unworthy the notice of practical Britons.

Let me submit to the test of logic the undenominational compromise. I start with the admission that it would be a scandal to our common Christianity if the different Churches which represent it cannot find a very wide basis of common truth on which they are agreed. Surely we have not strayed so far from the Apostolic teaching as to have forgotten that there is 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all.' But, if not, there ought to be no difficulty in finding a very large body of truth in which men of all Churches would desire that the children in our schools should be trained. But when we have reached this point, we have only begun to face the real difficulty of the situation. Beyond the question as to what shall be taught is the further one as to who is to teach it. It seems a very short and simple way of settling the matter to suggest that Biblical lessons should be given with explanations (not doctrinal) by the teachers. But surely it must be seen that here we are in the face of another and perhaps even more serious problem. *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* Who are these teachers on whom this absolute reliance is to be placed? What guarantee is there for their reverence for the authority of the Scripture or even for their faith in the God whom they reveal? Surely this religious teaching is not a mere fetish, and if it is to be a reality there must be some guarantee that the teachers are themselves believers. In other words, if this idea is to be embodied in practice we must introduce into our primary schools those tests which after long and arduous struggle we have abolished in our Universities.

From this conclusion I cannot myself see any escape. It is not sufficient to say that the Bible is the most wonderful piece of literature in the language—a little library in itself—and that the exclusion of such a classic would be an offence against education. True; but, in all honesty, can it be maintained that the literary use of the Bible would be accepted as satisfying the demand for religious teaching? It is prejudging the question entirely to assert that the reading of the Bible must necessarily be forbidden in schools which are restricted to secular instruction only. That point would demand very careful consideration, and it is hardly fair to prejudice the general question by insisting that it can only be determined in one particular way.

That there is a very strong feeling against secularising the schools cannot be denied, and in that fact all Christian men should rejoice. But a sentiment even as right as this must not be allowed

to override all other considerations. After all, the province of the head of a day-school is limited. It is absurd to talk as though the entire bringing-up of the child was committed to him. No such responsibility is imposed upon the teachers in other sections of society, and there is no reason why it should be different in the case of these primary schools. It is not easy indeed to see how an intelligent Free Churchman can reconcile the assumption of any such functions by the State with his own distinctive principles. The argument against a State Church may be stronger than that against a State Church school, but in essence it is the same. There are elements in the case of the former which do not exist in the latter, but they are both based on the fundamental distinction laid down by our Lord: Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. Possibly if those who are so shocked by the idea of secularism in the schools would carefully examine the position of some of us who advocate it, they might at last comprehend that if we err it is not from any failure to appreciate the transcendent importance of the religious instruction. But, apart from all other considerations, we have an unalterable conviction that a man's religious belief or want of it should not be a barrier to his admission into any branch of the civil service of the nation.

In one form or other, however, this objection crops up in every scheme for religious teaching. In truth it is not easy to see how any scheme can be free from it. It is one of the most serious blots on the new Education Act, and none of the apologies for it have met the case. It is said that the new Acts make the position of the Nonconformist teacher better than it was before. Hitherto the most promising Nonconformist pupil in a Church school has been denied admission even to the lowest grades of the teaching staff—now he may be graciously allowed to take the first step, but before he can ascend higher he must conform. Is it surprising that Dissenters are not captivated by this amazing offer? It would hardly be surprising if they were to regard it as an ingenious plan for alluring from their ranks some of their most promising children. At all events the grievance is there. In thousands of schools for which the nation provides, one half of the nation is excluded from all the valuable positions on the teaching staff. The marvel is to me how any fair-minded Christian men—such as many both of the bishops and clergy undoubtedly are—can regard this state of things with approval. Is it not possible for them to put themselves in the place of their Dissenting neighbours at least to such an extent as would lead them to abstain from the taunting inquiry, What have Dissenters to complain of?

But the righteous indignation with which we regard this wrong to our own co-religionists should make us equally sensitive as to the

possibility of inflicting any similar injustice on teachers whose attitude to the Gospel may be a distress to us. If it be allowed to have weight, however, how are we to satisfy the sentiment which protests against secularising the schools? In answering this question it is important that we recognise at the outset that no party can reasonably expect to have its own ideal realised. Of course in free communities the majority has a right to rule, but if that majority be wisely guided it will always recognise that there are limitations to its power. Especially is this the case where numbers are so evenly balanced that a very slight transfer would turn a minority into a majority. In the present case, too, it must be remembered that there is a very considerable section who regard all these sectarian differences with contempt, and who, nevertheless, have a kind of secret desire that there should be some regard shown to religion in the schools. The problem is how, under these conditions, to devise a system which shall be efficient and shall satisfy the reasonable expectations of a majority, without putting any strain on the individual conscience.

It is hard to believe that the resources of our statesmanship are so far exhausted that it is unable to suggest any satisfactory solution. But, unfortunately, our politicians are so hampered by the interests of party that they cannot give fair play to their own intelligence. It is not wonderful that sectarian disputes are a thing abhorred by them all, and perhaps especially by Liberal politicians. But for leaders to indulge such a feeling would be impolitic in the last degree. The experience of centuries should have been sufficient to show the impossibility of ignoring some of the strongest forces with which they have to deal. To ignore them really means submission to the old ideas of ecclesiastical privilege. This has been the case with our own education controversy. The habit of concession to the State Church which has been manifest from the first goes far to explain the uprising of Nonconformity at the present time. Our past forbearance has been abused until at length the limits of Nonconformist endurance seem to have been reached. It is simply idle to suppose that Nonconformist Liberals will ever again acquiesce in any settlement which violates the primary rights of conscience.

It may be a discredit to the Christianity of this twentieth century that we do not devise some common basis of religious instruction. Even that, as I have shown, would not end all the difficulties. But there has been no indication of any desire to find a common basis of this kind, and we are confronted to-day with the old problem as it met Mr. Forster more than thirty years ago. During the autumnal Session of last year there were many floating rumours of possible compromise. But instead of compromise we had on the contrary that extraordinary movement of the bishops in the House of Lords which was so well described by one of their own number as

a mere game of grab. This spirit of sectarian ascendancy is the root of the entire difficulty. This protracted sectarian strife is the more to be regretted because it is hard to see what great advantage any Church is to gain from the command of the schools. It is not to be denied that the Anglican Church has during the last half-century entered into the work of popular education with great zeal, energy, and liberality. But what sectarian advantage she has reaped from the generous and devoted efforts of her sons it is not easy to discover. As for Nonconformists, they have not sought to introduce any of their special Church teachings into the schools. Their contention has everywhere been for such teaching as is common to all Christian Churches, and the only return they have had is to be scornfully told that that is their religion, as though they had no Church principles of their own. The teaching of events has indeed brought numbers who shrank originally from the conclusion to the belief that the only eirenicon which has any chance of success must be one in which the secular shall be separated from the religious element in the teaching, the former being undertaken by the State, the latter being the exclusive work of the Churches.

There is at all events a distinct difference between this and what may be regarded as a purely secular system. It cannot be said that the schools are secularised when opportunities are provided for religious instruction. It is not proposed that this instruction should be a mere accidental arrangement, but that it should be a distinct part of the school curriculum. It would be very easy to raise difficulties as to the method. But I cannot see that any of these need be serious hindrances provided there is an honest attempt on both sides to arrive at an equitable settlement. This is never likely to be secured if there is an endeavour on either side to overbear the other by mere force of numbers. Happily there are both Churchmen and Dissenters who are more anxious to see the knotty problems of national education settled on broad Christian principles and in the general interests of the nation than to secure any party triumph. With this feeling prevalent on both sides, questions of detail which at first present great difficulties will cease to trouble. My friend Dr. Horton has already submitted a scheme which, to say the least, might form a basis of discussion. In truth, there would be no insuperable obstacles if it was remembered on all sides that a permanent settlement must harmonise the views of all, and not assert the will of any single section.

One thing at all events seems perfectly clear. The whole tone of the Nonconformist agitation is suggestive of a resolute purpose which will not easily be quelled. It has gone far beyond the sturdy determination which led to the Nonconformist revolt of 1872, which cost the Liberal party so much at the Election of 1874. There is a deep-rooted and intense dissatisfaction with the conduct of the

Liberal Front Bench with the exception of Mr. Bryce and in a lesser degree of Mr. Asquith, one sign of which is the determination to have a larger representation of Nonconformity in Parliament. It is safe to assume that a good deal of the excitement of the time will pass away. But it would be rash and dangerous to prophesy smooth things as to the relations between the Nonconformists and the Liberal party. There is no reason indeed to apprehend that Nonconformists will introduce a new element of division into Liberal ranks. The conditions are so entirely different from those of the Irish Nationalists or Labour leaders that Nonconformists may safely be trusted not to imitate the tactics of either. But they are determined that questions of religious equality shall not be regarded in the future as they have been too often in the past, to use a graphic Americanism, as 'back numbers.' Free Churchmen have been selected for a special display of vindictiveness on the part of the Tory Government, and in the hour of their trial their friends rendered but scant assistance. The story of the last two years abundantly justifies them in a wise determination to discipline their forces to the utmost. They have no private ends to serve, and they believe that the determined assertion of their own principles is the best service they can render to Liberalism itself. They cannot help being Liberals, for Liberalism is in their blood. They are interested in all the questions which affect the general well-being of the nation, and have again and again been content that their own particular questions should be postponed when this seemed necessary in the cause of progress. But there is a widespread conviction that they have reached a point at which this kind of generous tolerance shall cease. They believe that the new Education Act, while specially injurious to them, is also a serious blow to some great principles of national policy. They have a right to demand that an Act so offensive shall be repealed, and they will never abandon their position until they have secured the recognition of the two grand principles which it violates, popular control over all institutions which are supported out of national funds, and the equality of all creeds in the educational as in other branches of the civil service.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

LAST MONTH

THE CRISIS

THE crisis in the Ministry which has been in sight ever since Mr. Chamberlain launched his policy of food taxation and preferential tariffs has come rather sooner than was expected. Looking back, however, the surprising thing is that it did not come sooner still. Ever since last May the position of the Government has been both insecure and undignified. When the most prominent man in it saw fit—so far as appears without any previous consultation with his colleagues—to promulgate a new and startling policy to which many of those colleagues were strongly opposed, when Ministers were seen delivering speeches in acute antagonism from the same bench, and when rival organisations were formed under the leadership of members of the Cabinet for the purpose of advancing or opposing the new policy, it seemed clear to everybody but the parties chiefly concerned that the power for good of the Ministry had come to an end, and that if it was still to live it could only be in a crippled and helpless condition. If last May Mr. Balfour, instead of taking up once more the attitude of the 'mere child,' had spoken his own mind, boldly and firmly, as we expect Prime Ministers to speak when grave questions of policy are raised and a crisis is imminent, then, though the inevitable split in the Cabinet would have taken place sooner than it did, both his own position and that of his colleagues would have been distinctly better than it now is. He would have been clear from the reproach which is now so freely urged against him by many of his own friends of being a 'wobbler,' without backbone or settled convictions of any kind, and Mr. Chamberlain on the one hand, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Ritchie on the other, would have been left unfettered to advocate their respective policies in their own way. This course did not commend itself, however, to the Prime Minister. He sought at all costs and hazards to keep the Ministry together and to find some compromise which would enable bread-taxers and free-traders to sit in peace on the same bench. It must be said that in this policy of patching-up he seems to have had the support of his colleagues.

They agreed to the proposed inquiry into the results of the fiscal legislation of the last sixty years, and in the meantime they were on the whole successful in maintaining a truce which prevented any repetition of the somewhat flagrant scandal of last May.

It was understood that the inquiry would be completed by the end of September, and that the 'fateful Cabinet' which was to determine so many things would not be held till then. But for some unexplained reason the actual meeting, or rather meetings, of the Cabinet took place a fortnight earlier, and the crash in the ranks of the Ministry followed with startling suddenness. All intelligent spectators had known from the first that when Ministers had been brought face to face with the results of the inquiry they had instituted, and had to decide their own course, some resignations at least must take place. But what nobody had anticipated was that men holding directly opposite opinions on the fiscal question would retire simultaneously, and that Mr. Chamberlain, the proposer of a tax upon food, would resign at the same moment as Mr. Ritchie, the avowed and uncompromising free-trader. Not for many years has so dramatic a surprise startled the world as that which was caused by the announcement on September the 18th, that the Colonial Secretary had thrown up his office and gone out into the wilderness with Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton. Mr. Chamberlain has succeeded during his eight years of office as Minister for the Colonies in impressing the imagination not only of the British people but of the whole civilised world. For good or for evil he had made himself the most conspicuous figure in the Administration. At almost every turn when the attention of the world was drawn to this country it was Mr. Chamberlain who appeared to be playing the leading part. Foreigners might hate him—as many of them did—but at least they could not ignore him. For the most part they entertained towards him the kind of feeling which prevailed in the smaller German States with regard to Lord Palmerston some fifty years ago. At home, though opinion has always been sharply divided concerning both his character and his policy, there can be no question as to his having been for some years past the one outstanding politician of the day. Even his strange, and to many of us unaccountable, manner of bringing forward the new fiscal policy for which he has made himself responsible has not broken altogether the authority which he seemed to exercise over more than one half of the public. It is not strange in these circumstances that his sudden and unexpected resignation of office was nothing less than the explosion of a bombshell in the political world.

The sequence of events which led up to this startling incident may be very briefly recorded. After the prorogation of Parliament a lull was allowed to take place, so far as the speeches of politicians were concerned; but the fight was hotly maintained by leaflet and

pamphlet issued from the four great laboratories which had been brought into existence for the circulation of controversial literature on the subject. The arrangements that were made by various politicians for the autumn campaign all pointed to the conclusion that nothing would be done until after the close of September. Mr. Balfour was to be the first to open the ball, and was to be followed at short intervals by Lord Rosebery, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, and others, whilst Mr. Chamberlain was to carry on a miniature campaign of his own. All these arrangements, it appears, still hold good, though the conditions of the speech-making tournament have been completely changed. During the early portion of the month the promised returns produced by the Board of Trade as their contribution to the inquiry were duly published. It cannot be said that they afforded much comfort to the advocates of a new fiscal policy. They showed that our trade was maintained, and was, in some of its most important branches, more prosperous than ever; that our wealth was increasing, and that our skilled artisans were far better off than those of any other country in Europe. It was clear that official statistics at least were not favourable to Mr. Chamberlain's ideas. Nor did the opinion of the country, as revealed at the by-elections, prove more favourable. Argyllshire returned a Liberal candidate, Mr. Ainsworth, to replace a member of the Unionist Party, and returned him by an overwhelming majority. By general consent, the tariff question was the leading factor in this fight, the Education and Crofter questions coming next to it in importance. The significance of this emphatic condemnation of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals by such a constituency as Argyllshire is not to be disputed. The St. Andrews Burghs had also to elect a member during the month; and here also a Liberal who was a strong opponent of the new policy was returned in place of Mr. Anstruther, the late Unionist Whip. The majority, it is true, was narrow, and the turnover of votes small; but still a seat was won by the Opposition, and further proof afforded of the trend of public opinion in the country. All over England meetings were held, including one of the Trade Union Congress, at which resolutions were passed decisively condemning the Chamberlain programme; and, so far as I have been able to observe, not a single meeting of working men pronounced in its favour.

The 'fateful' Cabinets, as has already been told, were held on Monday and Tuesday, the 14th and 15th of September. They excited great public interest, and it was noticeable that Mr. Chamberlain, on entering the Foreign Office to attend the first meeting, was hooted by a portion of the crowd that had assembled. The incident was not creditable to those concerned in it, but it was significant as a proof of the changed state of feeling which confronted the Colonial Secretary. When the second Cabinet broke up, although rumour

was as busy as usual, there was no sign of what had actually happened, and those who looked merely at the surface of things came to the conclusion that the crisis had somehow or other been averted, and that the truce was to continue, at all events for a few weeks longer. On the following day, the 16th of September, a remarkable, if not unexampled, incident occurred. This was the publication of a pamphlet by Mr. Balfour on the subject of *Insular Free Trade*. The Prime Minister apparently desired to open up a discussion among his fellow-countrymen, not on the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain of preferential tariffs and a tax on food, but on the subject of retaliatory tariffs to be applied in case of necessity against those countries which refused to treat the Empire justly in fiscal treaties. Mr. Balfour's argument was ingenious and adroit, and set forth forcibly the disadvantages under which Great Britain labours at present through having nothing to give in exchange for concessions from other countries. It undoubtedly touched the sore point in the minds of many Englishmen on the subject of our commercial relations with foreigners. But Mr. Balfour made no attempt to draw any definite conclusions or to state his policy in detail. His plea was very much 'in the air,' and whilst it raised an important subject for debate, it left it in a state of vague uncertainty. This did not prevent the free traders from denouncing it as a covert argument in favour of protection. Its author, it is true, hardly touched upon Mr. Chamberlain's proposals, but it was pointed out that he said nothing that was in actual contradiction to them, and by the general public this curious academic effort was regarded as a last despairing attempt on the part of the Prime Minister to rally his party on a new line, which, without being objectionable to the Colonial Secretary, might conceivably unite in support of the Ministry all but the most determined adherents of a free trade policy. Perhaps it should be noted in passing, as the pamphlet itself was a notable departure from precedent, that its author showed a curious lack of worldly wisdom in the manner in which he issued it to the public. It was an address to the people of the United Kingdom, coming from the First Minister of the Crown, and one would have thought that he would desire to obtain for it the widest possible circulation. But it was published at the price of a shilling, and the newspapers were forbidden to extract more than a thousand words from it. The incident is a small one in itself, but it betokens a curious ignorance on the part of the Prime Minister as to the best means of enlightening and stimulating public opinion on the question of the moment.

For two days the pamphlet held the field, being widely sold and discussed; but on Friday, the 18th, the thunderbolt fell, and the nation was stirred to its depths by the announcement of the Ministerial resignations. I have spoken already of the case of Mr. Chamberlain, and of the profound impression which was made

all over the world by his retirement from office. Mr. Ritchie's resignation was, of course, a different matter. He had from the first declared his adhesion to free trade in such clear and unmistakable language that it was difficult to believe that he could remain in the Cabinet unless it continued to uphold the free trade standard. There was no surprise, therefore, felt at his retirement. Lord George Hamilton's resignation was also almost a foregone conclusion, and one that had been freely discounted by public rumour. It also was hardly in the nature of a surprise. Since then Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Secretary for Scotland, and Mr. Arthur D. Elliot, the Secretary to the Treasury, have followed Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton into retirement. They also had made their position on the tariff question clear, and they have had the courage and honesty to act up to their convictions. The remainder of the Cabinet must, with one exception, be regarded as men who have deliberately broken with the traditions of free trade, and who are prepared to join Mr. Balfour in his attempt to restore protection. The exception is the Duke of Devonshire, whose case has excited the greatest amount of popular curiosity. The Duke is known to be a thorough-going free trader, and he has not allowed his friends or the country to remain in ignorance of his dislike of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. For the present, however, he has made no sign, and at this moment he still holds office in a Cabinet with whose policy he can hardly be in agreement. Perhaps it was the bewilderment caused by the resignations that led the Press to spend more time in discussing the question of the appointment of successors to the retiring Ministers than in dealing with the consequences which such a break-up of the Cabinet was certain to have upon the future history of that body.

Mr. Chamberlain, in announcing to Mr. Balfour his determination to resign in a letter dated the 9th of September, stated his position clearly and fully. Blaming the Opposition for the manner in which it had opposed his proposal to tax food, he recognised the fact that 'serious prejudice had been created,' and that the result was that for the present, at any rate, any preferential agreement with our Colonies would be unacceptable to the majority of the constituencies. This being the case, Ministers were bound to accept the conclusion that the question of preference to the Colonies could not at present be pressed with any hope of success, although he felt that there was a very strong feeling in favour of the other branch of fiscal reform, which would give a fuller discretion to the Government in negotiating with foreign countries for freer exchange of commodities, and would enable our representatives to retaliate if no concessions were made to our just claims for greater reciprocity. Believing that Mr. Balfour shared these views, it seemed to him that he would be absolutely justified in adopting them as the policy of his Government; but,

Mr. Chamberlain added, he himself was in a different position to that of any of his colleagues, and he thought he would be justly blamed if he remained in office when so important a part of his political programme had not been accepted. Accordingly, 'with absolute loyalty to your Government and its general policy, and with no fear of embarrassing it in any way,' he thought he could best promote the cause he had at heart from outside in a perfectly independent position. Mr. Balfour's reply to this letter, the frankness and sincerity of which must be acknowledged, practically accepted Mr. Chamberlain's views, and concurred with him in thinking that the question of colonial preference should not be indissolubly bound up with the other branch of fiscal reform. Here, then, was the explanation both of Mr. Chamberlain's resignation and of the Prime Minister's pamphlet. For the present, preferential tariffs and the bread-tax are to be dropped by the Government, though Mr. Chamberlain, in his new position of independence, remains free to agitate for both. On the other hand, though Mr. Balfour has carefully refrained from committing himself, he uses language which may fairly be regarded as showing that behind the proposal for retaliatory tariffs still lurks Mr. Chamberlain's open attack upon free trade. Defeated for the moment, as he himself frankly admits, the ex-Colonial Secretary believes that the time is coming when he will win the people of England to his side, and he manifestly expects that one of his supporters in the great struggle on which he proposes to enter will be the present Prime Minister. Manifestly the battle in defence of free trade has still to be fought.

In the meantime, what of the Ministry? Robbed of its foremost member, and of some of his colleagues who were men of undoubted weight, how can it hope to continue its voyage with any prospect of success? Its loss of successive seats during the last few weeks has tended to increase the demoralisation among its followers caused by the Cabinet differences. Even if no other event of the first importance had occurred during last month to weaken it, it is impossible to see how it can profess to carry on a hopeless struggle against adverse circumstances. Yet there are some who show their hopeless inability to gauge the forces that govern the fate of Ministries and nations by suggesting that Mr. Balfour should continue to hold office for twelve months more at least, in order to enable Mr. Chamberlain to get a fair start in his fiscal agitation. It is difficult to imagine a more preposterous or unconstitutional proposition. Whatever else may be said of the present Government, it is at least certain that when it took office in 1895, and again when it appealed to the country in 1900, it was as a Government whose devotion to the principles of free trade was unimpeachable. No Minister can claim the right to cling indefinitely to office with the remnants of his Cabinet after endorsing a policy absolutely

opposed to that which he professed when he received his commission from the Sovereign. After all, the nation has its rights as well as the members of the Ministry, and, even if nothing had happened since Mr. Chamberlain's introduction of his fiscal proposals to discredit the present Government, the country would be entitled to demand that its opinion should be taken without any unreasonable delay on a question which has already broken up both the Cabinet and the Unionist Party.

But something has happened in the meantime, something so grave that it alone would justify such a demand on the part of the nation. This is the publication of the astounding report, and still more astounding evidence, of the Royal Commission on the war in South Africa. It is not easy for any intelligent Englishman to trust himself to speak calmly of these documents. We have to go back to the days of the Crimean War to find any parallel to them. But that is fifty years ago, and we all thought and hoped that the slough of despond in which England was then immersed had disappeared for ever. We know now that this was the most melancholy of delusions, and that, bad as things were in the Crimean War, they were no better in the war just ended. Nor can we labour under any doubt as to the quarter in which the brunt of responsibility for the shameful state of things brought to light by the Commission must be laid. Whatever may have been the special sins of individual Ministers, it is the Cabinet as a whole that must carry the burden of probably the most grievous record of scandalous inefficiency that has ever been produced against an English Ministry. This point does not need to be laboured. It is one of the fundamental axioms of the Constitution. No Minister or ex-Minister can hope to escape his share of the responsibility for the waste, the loss of life, the prolonged agony of the struggle in South Africa, and the damaged prestige of our country, by pointing out some scapegoat whose sacrifice is to insure the safety of his colleagues. One has only to set the Report of the Royal Commission side by side with the cool suggestion that Ministers are to be allowed to remain in office for one, two, or it may be three years to come while Mr. Chamberlain is carrying on his campaign against free trade, in order to see how incredibly preposterous this suggestion is. If there had been no fiscal question, no education question, this exposure of Ministerial incapacity—an exposure condemned as severely in the organs of the Government as in those of the Opposition—would be sufficient to justify the nation in demanding that its opinion should be heard upon the fitness of those now in power to retain their places.

It must be for military and administrative experts to deal in detail with the facts brought to light by the Royal Commission. Heaven knows they will find ample material in the recently published Blue-books to engage their attention for a long time to come. But

without going into any question of detail it is impossible to pass over these publications and the broad facts which they establish. The effect which they have produced upon public opinion, both in this country and abroad, has been very great. I do not think that I exaggerate when I say that the preponderant feeling of Englishmen on reading them is one of intense shame and mortification. Here, not in the columns of some sensational newspaper, but in an official document of unimpeachable authority, is summed up the story of the disasters which nearly shipwrecked the British Empire less than four years ago. The moral of that story is, in plain words, that the Cabinet of the day—the Cabinet still in office—was either too stupid or too careless to take even the most obvious precautions in order to insure the success of the policy which it thought fit to pursue in South Africa. The men who went to the country in 1900 declaring that every Liberal was a pro-Boer, and that no patriot was to be found outside the ranks of their own supporters, were the men who were directly—one might almost say criminally—responsible for those disasters which in the dark winter of 1899–1900 brought this country to the verge of an overwhelming catastrophe. If any one resents the strength of this statement, let him read for himself the sickening revelations of incapacity, indifference, and stupendous folly which are contained in the proceedings of the Royal Commission. It is enough to make those of us who are old enough to recall the inquiry into the Crimean War blush for shame to think that after half a century of ‘progress,’ so-called, Downing Street and Pall Mall are apparently not one whit better than they were in those days.

The salient facts brought to light in the Report are so astonishing that it is difficult to believe them. The first fact is that after the Raid, and the disgraceful ‘hushing up’ inquiry by the House of Commons when it became clear that matters were coming to a head in South Africa, Ministers, though warned again and again as to what was needed to put our possessions in a state of security, deliberately neglected to take any of the measures that were urged upon them. Later on, when war was imminent, the Cabinet refused to carry out the recommendations of the military authorities on the ground that if they did so the public would be alarmed. The second fact, even more striking in its significance, is that when war was on the point of breaking out, and our generals were actually being sent out to take command of the army to which we had to entrust the safety and honour of our Empire, no attempt was made to form a plan of campaign, and there was no sort of combination between the politicians in the Cabinet and the soldiers in Pall Mall. Is it wonderful that German critics have read this statement with amazement and derision? Apparently the French in 1870, under the leadership of the egregious Marshal Leboeuf, were in a state of complete and adequate preparation for their campaign against the

Germans compared with our condition when we went to war with the Boers. General after general was sent out to South Africa with no detailed instructions, no policy, no plan of operations. Each, seemingly, was left to go his own way, and to carry out his own ideas until the time came for him to be superseded by somebody else. It was a happy-go-lucky method with a vengeance, and the wonder is not that we suffered as we did in that dreadful winter, but that we did not suffer infinitely more.

But these facts are not the worst that are brought home to us by this Report. The Intelligence Department, which is almost the only one that emerged with credit from the earlier stages of the war, had warned Ministers long before of the strength of the enemy with which we had to deal, and of our own deficiencies, not only in the men on the field, but in the supply of stores which would certainly be required if war broke out. Incredible as it may seem, nothing was done to replenish our depleted arsenals, or to provide the most absolute necessities for an army in the field, until the moment when hostilities began. And, what is yet worse, the Report implies, if it does not state directly, that even now our position is no better than it was in the summer of 1899. The Ministry which first obtained office by the overthrow of Lord Rosebery's Administration on the cordite vote is content, even after the terrible experiences of the South African campaign, to leave the army without an adequate supply of warlike material. The situation abroad, as everybody knows, is to-day distinctly menacing. However ardently we may long for the preservation of peace, no one can tell what may happen; but, if we may believe the Report of the Commission, were we to be involved in another war to-morrow, we should once more have to witness that wild flurry in our arsenals and workshops, that reckless waste of public money, which marked our awakening to the realities of warfare in the spring of 1900. It need not be said that the evidence laid before the Commission shows that the Intelligence Department was regarded with little favour, either in Downing Street or Pall Mall. When the head of the Department asked for an adequate grant to enable it to be placed on an efficient footing, he was contemptuously given a sum of 100*l.*, with which he had to be content. One wonders what the Berlin General Staff think of that little fact. I must not pursue this subject further, though there is hardly a page of the volumes issued by the Royal Commission that will not supply additional proof of the blundering and bungling which marked the conduct of the war by the present Cabinet. What was done by the so-called Committee of National Defence before the war began, and during its earlier stages, does not appear. One is driven to the conclusion that it was never called together.

It is not surprising that these revelations have made a profound impression upon the country. They go far deeper than any question

of mere party loyalty. They strike at the very roots of the national existence. The Englishman feels a robust contempt for the Celtic hysteria which leads the men of some other nations to raise the cry of treason when their armies meet with disaster in the field. 'We are not as these others,' we exclaim; 'we know how to meet defeat with courage and composure, and do not cry for victims to be offered up upon the shrine of the country.' It is undoubtedly a valuable quality in our race. How valuable was shown when the people rose up in 1900, and came to the aid of their incompetent rulers. But if any one then had so far forgotten British traditions as to raise the cry, 'We are betrayed,' he would find in the revelations of the War Commission to-day ample justification for his action.

It is, of course, for the country to take the grave questions raised by the Report of the Royal Commission into its own hands. The indignation aroused by this terrible indictment has still further discredited an Administration which was visibly tottering to its fall before the publication of the Report, and which seems to have hardly a friend left. That its end will be hastened by the knowledge the country now possesses of the fatuous imbecility which characterised its proceedings in 1899 is certain. But the punishment of those who failed so utterly to comprehend the needs of the nation is by no means the chief end to be aimed at. That they deserve punishment, and will receive it, can hardly be doubted. It would be an insult to the intelligence of the country to think otherwise; but it is far more important to think of the future, and of the steps which must be taken to prevent any possibility of a repetition of the dismal story told by the War Commission. We know now how narrowly we escaped a disaster, the immensity of which is hardly to be estimated, in January 1900. What are we going to do to avoid similar perils for the future? That is the question which is impressed upon every citizen by this shameful story. It is one which will have to be answered, and answered in a practical fashion, if Great Britain is to hold her own in the States of the world.

Lord Rosebery is the only statesman of the first rank who has dealt seriously with this subject. He has his own record in connection with the question of our military efficiency, and it is one that is distinctly creditable to him. His attempts to call public attention to the deplorable state of army organisation were not, indeed, successful at the time when they were originally made, for the country was still under the influence of the war fever, and it did not then know the full truth as to the condition of things in Pall Mall. But, though unsuccessful in arousing popular attention, Lord Rosebery not only pointed out the extraordinary inefficiency of our military system, but showed what was the first step to be taken to remedy it. His suggestion that Lord Kitchener should be called home in order to devote his great abilities, and still greater strength

of character, to the reorganisation of our national defences, and of our system of army administration, met with little sympathy from the peddling pedants who constituted themselves his critics. The Little Englanders held him up to public scorn as a revolutionary innovator who proposed to lay violent hands upon the Ark of the Constitution. The bunglers in office were incensed at the suggestion that an outsider like Lord Kitchener, who had never been admitted to the social and political coteries who have so long made the affairs of the Army their own, could possibly make a better job of the business than Lord Lansdowne or Mr. Brodrick had done. Perhaps Lord Rosebery is too sanguine in his hope that the publication of the War Commission Report may have removed the scales from the eyes of the dull British public; but at least he has had the courage to return to the charge, and to insist once more that Lord Kitchener should be brought in to do the work for which he is so pre-eminently fitted. The ex-Liberal Premier, in his appeal to the nation, does not trouble himself about mere party recriminations. He does, indeed, make one point which it is essential that we should not forget; that is, that the burden of responsibility for the shameful state of things exposed by the War Commission rests, not upon any particular Minister, but upon the whole Cabinet. Men have been crying for the impeachment of Lord Lansdowne, but if he were to be impeached others would have to stand beside him in the dock. It is a good thing that Lord Rosebery should have made this point clear; nor can he be blamed for pointing out that the nation as a whole has made itself, in part at least, a participant in the criminal negligence of Ministers. In 1900, after the evidence which had been afforded by our disasters of the blundering incompetence of the men in office, the country gave them, as Lord Rosebery reminds us, an overwhelming vote of confidence. The nation must, therefore, take to itself some portion of the shame which overwhelms the Government. Can we hope that with this fact to prick its conscience it will try to redeem itself by insisting that the steps needed to safeguard our interests and our honour shall be forthwith taken? Students of history know how, from time to time, tornadoes of popular indignation suddenly arise and rage around a Ministry which has failed in its duty, but they know also how quickly these storms subside, and with what placid indifference a stupid people, having given one wild cry of anger, allow matters to fall back into the old rut, and the reins to remain in the hands of the old bunglers. Is this to be the case to-day? It is highly improbable, of course, that the present Government will be permitted to retain the powers which it has so grossly misused; but will the country insist that its new rulers shall be men who will devote themselves with all their energies to that work of administrative reform which is infinitely more necessary and more pressing than the ordinary programmes of

either Party? Upon one point Lord Rosebery's letter has made the position clear. If it should be his lot again to direct the affairs of the State, one of his first acts will be to recall Lord Kitchener from India, and to set him to that task of army reorganisation which it seems almost hopeless to attempt without the aid of his powerful personality. If, on the other hand, the enemies of Lord Rosebery in the Liberal ranks should succeed in their unceasing intrigues against him, have we any reason to believe that Lord Spencer or Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman will have the courage to take this course? It is a grave question—not less grave than that of our future fiscal policy—and upon the answer to it must depend to a large extent the future status of Great Britain in the commonwealth of nations.

I have discussed the situation as it affects the Cabinet and political parties in this country. There is, however, another factor that cannot be left out of consideration. That is the possible action of the King. His Majesty, as has been pointed out more than once in these pages, has shown that within the limits of our Constitution he is resolved to make full use of the powers which the Crown possesses with regard to public affairs. No part evidently could be more distasteful to him than that of a mere King Log. In the double crisis that we have now to face, caused by the secessions from the Cabinet and the exposure of Ministerial incompetence contained in the Report and evidence of the War Commission, the duty imposed upon the monarch is a grave one, and those who know him best believe that he will not hesitate to perform it. What steps he may see fit to take it would be unbecoming even to discuss. The one thing we know is that he will act for his country and not for any party. There is, however, one fact that it would be well to bear in mind—that is, that the present Parliament is not his Majesty's. It is nearly three years since his accession, but this House of Commons was elected in the reign of his revered predecessor. For the first time in modern history a king of England has not secured a Parliament of his own immediately after his accession. He has had, on the contrary, to deal with one elected in a time of wild excitement, when the nation was full of one subject and one only, and elected under the writs issued in the name of another monarch. It is possible that this fact, unique in our recent annals, may have a direct influence upon the confused situation of to-day. The prerogative of the monarch in the matter of a dissolution of Parliament is absolute. Those who imagine that the House will be allowed to linger on in its present crippled condition in order to secure a purely party end must surely have reckoned without their Sovereign.

The only other question of domestic policy that needs notice in the record of the month is the steady progress of the passive resistance movement among the opponents of the Education Act. To many politicians on both sides this movement seems to be provoca-

tive of laughter rather than of any more serious emotion. Many hundreds of men and women of undoubted respectability and worth have been haled before the magistrates, forced to enter the dock, and summarily sentenced to lose their goods by distraint in default of payment of the Education Rate. In some cases they have been treated with scant civility by the magistrates, or by their clerks, who seem to be even more magisterial than their masters; in others they have not only met with a wise and courteous reception, but have had practical experience of the fact that the magistrates sympathised with their attitude. But in every case, save where some doubtful point of law has been raised, an order for the seizure of their goods has been made. Then has followed the actual distraint and the public auction, where always popular feeling has been on the side of the sufferers. Invariably, so far as I have been able to learn, the goods have been bought in by friends of the resisters, and there has been an end to the proceeding. 'A sorry farce,' says the man of the world. 'Not so,' replies the student of history. Wherever these police-court proceedings have occurred, and the goods seized under process of law have been sold, there the cause of the opponents of the Education Act has gained recruits. In the coming struggle for power the party of passive resisters will not play the least formidable part among those who are attacking the army of reaction. The dragon's teeth sown by the authors of the Education Act are springing up even more quickly than was expected, and the Church of England will yet live to rue the day when it entered into its *concordat* with the present Government.

If we had not been so deeply engrossed in our own affairs there is little doubt that the whole country would have been ringing last month, as it did in a certain September seven and twenty years ago, with the story of the cruelties inflicted by the troops of the Sultan on his Christian subjects. The condition of Macedonia has been steadily growing from bad to worse until it has become a distinct menace to the peace of Europe. It is impossible to pretend that all the right is on one side and all the wrong on the other in the quarrel between the Sultan and his subjects. Some most regrettable and even dastardly acts have been committed by the insurgents and their sympathisers. Nobody can excuse the destruction of bridges and even of trains conveying neutral and innocent persons. But if anybody seeks to set up these isolated outrages as counterbalancing the deliberate, systematic, and atrocious cruelty which the Sultan's troops are practising wherever they plant their feet, he must be either supremely ignorant or intensely prejudiced. The story of Krushevo is merely the old, old story told anew, the story told of scores of towns and villages in Bulgaria, in Armenia, and in many other provinces ruled by Abdul Hamid. And it is a story to which we shall have to listen again and again until the hand of the

Mussulman oppressor has been wrenched from the throat of his Christian victim. Granted that the politics of Eastern Europe are not a little mixed, and that sordid speculation and cunning intrigue play their part in both camps, we yet cannot escape from the initial fact that the rule of the Turk is for those not of his own faith an intolerable one, and that in Europe at least that rule is maintained under the sanction of the Great Powers. To find fault with the Bulgarians because they sympathise with their fellow-Christians and are prepared to run all risks in order to succour them is to introduce Pecksniffianism into politics. If ever there was a case in which we ought to remember that blood is thicker than water, it is in that of those Eastern provinces and principalities. If the high game of politics is to be played honestly, and if Russia and Austria are really intent upon doing their best to save the Turkish Empire from a general conflagration and the Sultan's victims from unspeakable wrongs, without seeking to gain some advantage for themselves in the hurly-burly of war and insurrection, then, even now, the situation may be saved. Unfortunately they have still to vindicate the unselfishness of their policy. Germany, too, has to clear itself from the unpleasant suspicion that it is hounding on the Sultan to 'vigorous' action in Macedonia, well knowing what such vigour means. But in any case Europe cannot be allowed to forget that this is a matter which concerns the honour of all the Powers, and not merely that of Russia and Austria-Hungary. The sooner the two Western Powers make it clear that they have an Eastern policy of their own, and that they are not disposed to stand aside and allow the Balkan Peninsula to be devastated by hordes of Asiatic fanatics, the sooner we shall bring to a close a desperate situation which threatens more than the peace of Turkey. Here again we seem to be approaching a grave political crisis, and no questions of merely domestic interest can relieve us from the duty of dealing with it. The fears of Russia happily no longer paralyse our action as they did in 1878; but it is to the concert of Europe rather than to the action of any single Power that we must look for a way out of the present *impasse*.

The Address of Sir Norman Lockyer, the distinguished President of the British Association, delivered at the meeting at Southport, attracted more public attention than is usually given to such utterances. Sir Norman, abandoning the line generally followed by Presidents of the British Association, discussed with great fulness, knowledge, and power one of those practical questions of the day which deal with the race between the nations of the earth for commercial supremacy. His contention was that 'business follows brains,' and that, unless brains are properly utilised in advancing our commercial and material prosperity, we must submit to defeat in the strenuous competition. The grave deficiency in our Universities,

both in numbers and equipment as compared with other countries, above all Germany and the United States, was pointed out by Sir Norman, who supported his contention by statistics that must have startled the country. His demand for a large sum of public money—in round figures twenty-four millions—is one that must be left to the decision of Parliament and instructed public opinion ; but he has done good service in calling attention in this emphatic manner to one of the most serious of the many difficult problems which await the consideration of the statesmen of the future.

WEMYSS REID.

NINETEENTH CENTURY.]

[OCTOBER, 1903.

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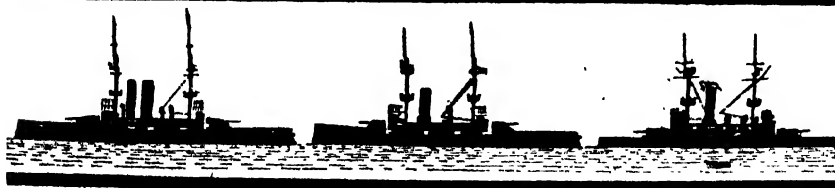
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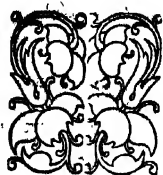
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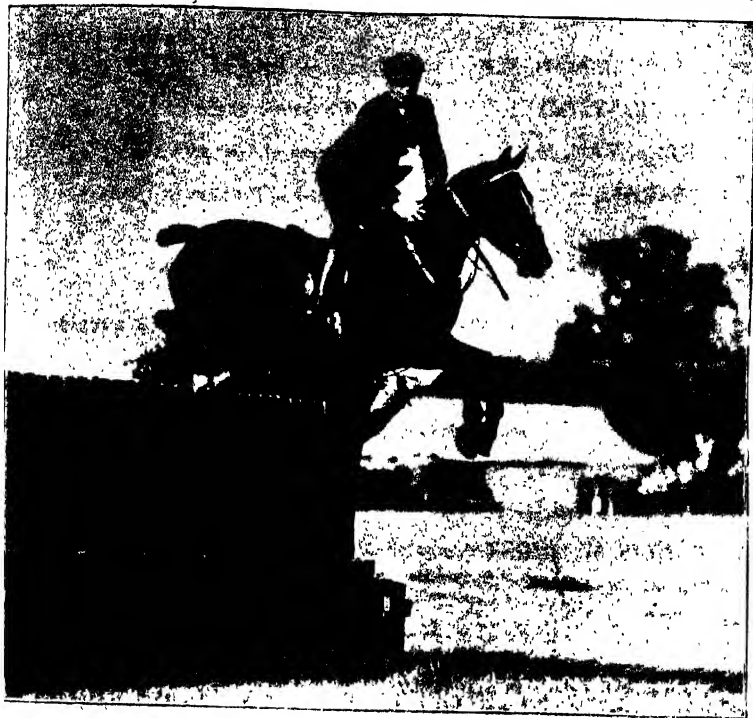
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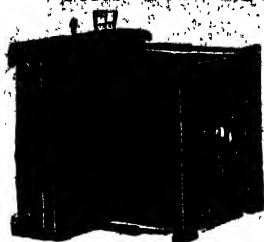
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Bonus declared 1831	90
Do. 1838	152	20
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Do. 1873	240	196	172	153	136	124	18
Do. 1880	262	215	188	166	148	135	121	17
Do. 1887	293	240	210	186	165	152	135	121	17
Do. 1894	328	268	235	208	185	169	152	135	121	17
Do. 1901	367	300	263	232	207	189	169	135	121	17
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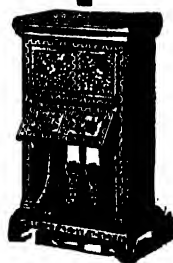
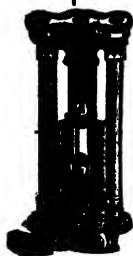
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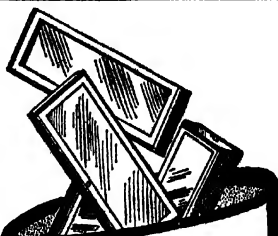
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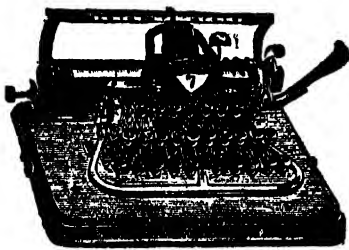
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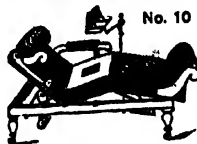
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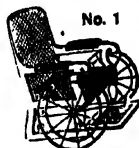
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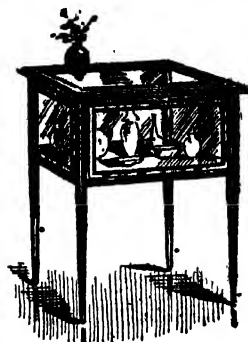
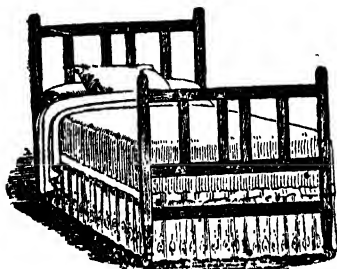
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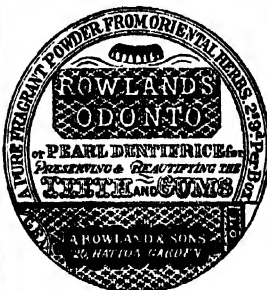


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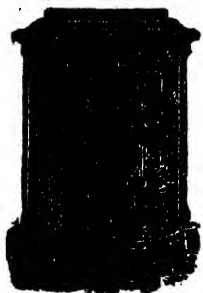
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REORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE

LORD ESHER'S NOTE

THERE is clearly danger that the cold fit which invariably succeeds to a hot fit will be upon us unless the attention of the British public is persistently directed to the reform of the War Office. Scare after scare there has been in the past on the same subject; commission has followed commission during half a century, but the War Office retains its reputation for mismanagement.

The War Office has had an unhappy experience. Half a century since; at the time of the Crimean War, the business of the army was transacted in half a dozen separate and independent departments, viz. those of:

The Secretary of State for War.

The Secretary at War.

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The Secretary of State for the Home Department, who had control of the Militia and Yeomanry.

The Treasury, which managed the Commissariat.

The Master of the Ordnance.

The Commander-in-Chief.

These six independent authorities with ill-defined powers communicated with each other by letters, and when disputes arose there was no central authority competent to decide them. The Royal Commissioners in 1887 reported that the system was 'exceedingly intricate'—and well they might!

Various changes in the direction of improvement had been effected from time to time, but it appears from the Report of the Royal Commission on the Administration of the Naval and Military Departments issued in 1890 that it was not until 1888 that the responsibility of the Secretary of State to Parliament for all the departments, including that of the Commander-in-Chief, was clearly recognised. The change thus brought about was distinctly for the better, but experience has shown that it was not adequate to provide for the good government and management of the army.

The nation has been reading with amazement and a good deal more the Report of the Royal Commission on the South African War. The warnings of the Intelligence Department, given as far back as 1896, as to Boer preparations and our own unpreparedness, followed by warnings from Mr. Chamberlain, fell upon deaf ears apparently. Urgent advice tendered by the Commander-in-Chief was disregarded, and for him it only remained to return to his desk. The indecision of the hapless civilian Secretary of State prior to the outbreak of the war, alone in his responsibility for the conduct of military affairs, is fully set forth. Orders were given, to be speedily recalled; hesitation reigned supreme when decision was all-important; while the nation, in ignorance, slumbered on in fancied security.

The Commissioners in their Report have made recommendations tending to promote efficiency at the War Office, but these are half-hearted measures such as are familiar to those who have read the reports of previous inquiries, and are altogether inadequate to meet the case. It is to the Note by Lord Esher appended to the Report that we must look for suggestions that go to the root of the trouble.

Lord Esher suggests the adoption in Pall Mall of the system which has worked so long, and on the whole so well, in the case of the sister Service in Whitehall. Let us consider briefly what is the system that Lord Esher thus recommends for application to army management. It will help us to understand it better if we look for a moment into the history of the Admiralty Board.

Previous to the reign of Charles the First the navy was ruled by the High Admiral, the Commander-in-Chief. In the year 1632 this office was placed in Commission, and so it has remained with brief

intervals to this day. These intervals do not amount together to more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years out of the two hundred and seventy that have elapsed, and during more than half of the period embraced by these temporary interruptions, the Duke of York, afterwards King James the Second, held office as High Admiral. At the time this was probably the best arrangement that could have been made in the interest of the navy, for the Duke was not only a capable naval officer, but was, Macaulay tells us, 'the only honest man in his dockyards.' Happily for the nation, the principle long recognised as the most efficient for the conduct of business was at an early period applied to naval affairs, and to this circumstance is largely attributable the unprecedented success which has, on the whole, attended naval administration in this country. It is the principle of management by an efficient Board with a strong chairman.

The members of the Board, it should be explained, are appointed by Letters Patent from the Crown under the Great Seal :

'To be our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral . . . granting unto you or any two or more of you, full power and authority to do everything which belongs to the office of our High Admiral . . . to make orders for building, repairing . . . ships, vessels and fleets and all things belonging to them as to you or any two or more of you according to your best discretion shall seem fit . . . and we do command all our officers of our Navy, and all others in any department of our naval service that they . . . do observe and execute all such orders as you or any two or more of you give touching our naval service. . . '

It will be noticed that no distinction is made here among the Commissioners, nor is any superior authority given to any one of them more than the rest. The equality of authority and of responsibility is absolute, and equal deference is required to be paid to all. It has been the custom, however, to give precedence to the Lords Commissioners according to the order in which their names stand in the Patent, and the first name is invariably that of the Cabinet Minister who is to represent the Cabinet at the Board and the Board in the Cabinet. The position which he thus occupies as the representative of the Government makes the First Lord *facile princeps* among his colleagues at the Board, and as of course their chairman. Under the Patent he cannot overrule his colleagues, but in the event of his differing from them he has the Cabinet to fall back upon, and the decision of the Cabinet is, as in all matters, conclusive.

The powers thus possessed by the First Lord are all that are needful or useful in his position.

The majority of the Board consists of picked officers of the navy, chosen for their knowledge of the Service and its requirements as well as for individual capacity, and the statesman who would wish to overrule a body so composed in matters in which they are experts, and he is none, is not likely to achieve success at the Admiralty. If the Cabinet should determine to refuse demands which are in the

opinion of the Naval Lords essential to the efficiency of the Service, the Lords have either to resign or to share the responsibility for the Government's refusal; they cannot, as in the case of mere advisers, return to their desks with the consciousness of having discharged their whole duty by giving advice. The mere threat of resignation has brought a Government to its knees before now, and doubtless would do so again. The Government would have either to yield or to face the issue of an appeal to the country.

Failure on the part of the Government to comply with the demands of the experts could not be kept from the knowledge of the country until it was too late to provide a remedy, or until revealed in the pages of a report fifteen months after the termination of the war.

But the naval administration has also had its troubles, and this well-adjusted machinery, the outcome of generations of experience, has been threatened with destruction ere now.

In 1868, on the advent to office of the Liberal Government of that day, a serious danger overshadowed the whole system. There arose a cry for economy in all branches of the public service, and to the navy it was decided to apply the pruning-knife with no sparing hand. Mr. Childers became First Lord, and his energies were at once directed to the suppression of the Board as a working machine. In the language of the period the Board was a screen, and responsibility must be brought home to an individual; it was not sufficient that it should be shared among six. It would not have been an easy matter, moreover, to effect the changes Mr. Childers had in view, revolutionary in character and, to the majority of naval men at least, not conducive to efficiency, if the assent of a Board composed for the most part of naval officers had first to be obtained. To effect the object in view completely the Letters Patent should have been cancelled, but this degradation of the naval element might have roused the indignation of the Service to a dangerous pitch. It was expedient, therefore, to use a homely phrase, to make two bites of the cherry. It was decided to proceed tentatively, by Order in Council¹ (the 14th of January, 1869), ignoring the existence of the Letters Patent, and constituting the First Lord as the supreme authority, the remaining members of the Board being his assistants responsible to him only. For practical purposes the Board ceased to exist: the form alone was suffered to continue. That the second bite would have been taken later on had all gone well there is little room to doubt. A Secretary of State for the Navy with advisers on the War Office model would have been installed at Whitehall in due season.

With the disappearance of Mr. Childers from the Admiralty in

¹ It has been urged that the Order in Council of 1869 should be repealed, and so it should, but in view of the terms of the Letters Patent it seems to be more than doubtful whether the Order ever had the force of law. The Letters Patent are now the more recent authority, moreover, having been frequently re-issued since 1869.

1871, owing to ill-health, and the advent to office of Mr. Goschen, wiser counsels prevailed; meetings of the Board began to be held again, and the Lords gradually resumed their old position.

But to return to Lord Esher's Note. In his description of the composition of the Board of Admiralty there are certain inaccuracies that it is desirable to correct. He mentions Naval Lords and a Sea Lord as being on the Board. No such distinction is known at the Admiralty. They are all Naval Lords together. Further, there is no such official as Under-Secretary of State. There is a Permanent Secretary, however.

Lord Esher in the second paragraph of his Note states that he would not propose to include the Commander-in-Chief in the new Army Board. Lord Esher would have done well to keep the Admiralty precedent in view. The Admiralty Board is the office of High Admiral, in Commission, and this procedure should be closely followed at the War Office. By keeping our heads clear on this point a host of difficulties will vanish. The Secretaryship of State should be placed in Commission, and the first of the new Lords Commissioners would be the Cabinet Minister representing the Cabinet at the Board and the Board in the Cabinet. He would have Military Lords for his colleagues—not advisers only—the picked men of the army, men chosen for their knowledge of the Service as well as individual capacity, and to the First Military Lord would be assigned the principal duties now performed by the Commander-in-Chief. There would be a Civil Lord and a Financial Secretary, both in Parliament, and a Permanent Secretary. The Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief would alike disappear.

It is to be remembered that nowhere is the army so well understood as in the army itself, and under the Board system the army would have the preponderating voice in its management and government. This is the keystone of the edifice. The army would govern itself through its best men as the navy does, and there is no other principle on which either Service can be governed so well.

Under the system that exists at the War Office, the sole responsible manager is a man who, on appointment, knows nothing of the business he has to control. It might be said that, being a capable man, he would acquire knowledge. But no sooner has he had time in which to do this than he is changed for another as ignorant as himself. The most adventurous of mankind, the speculative investor, would refuse to entrust his fortunes to management of this kind; nor would his confidence be appreciably increased were he to be told that the manager would have at hand experts whom he might call in and consult at his option in his private room.

Lord Esher refers to the spirit of criticism of orders that prevails in all ranks of the army, and draws a contrast with the loyalty of naval men. Orders issued to the army in the name and by the

authority of a civilian Secretary of State, acting nobody knows for certain on whose advice, naturally and inevitably invite the criticism of military men. In the navy orders go out in the name and by the authority of the Lords, the majority of whom are known throughout the Service as among its ablest representatives. It is not surprising that in the circumstances such orders should be obeyed with alacrity.

In this paper the administration of the army at headquarters is alone dealt with: no reference is made to the organisation of the army itself. To enter into the measures needed for that purpose is, the writer of the present paper holds, futile until machinery has been created that is competent to deal with the army. You must begin at the top in this case; you must clear out the dust-heaps in Pall Mall before you ply the sweeping brush at Aldershot. In the meantime let who will cry peace there must be no peace until the work of reform is completed. Mr. Arnold-Forster possesses energy and earnestness of purpose, and he will need both, but the nation must stand behind him in this national undertaking; the British public must continue to sound the reveille and to beat the tattoo until the work to which he has put his hand has been accomplished.

It has been suggested by Lord Rosebery that Lord Kitchener be recalled from India to undertake the task. But the work now to be done in Pall Mall is work for a statesman, not for a soldier. It will be time enough to call for Lord Kitchener when there is a vacancy at the War Office Board for a First Military Lord.

GEORGE T. LAMBERT.

THE SUCCESS OF THE SUBMARINE

If war ever occurs between Great Britain and France, submarines will play no unimportant part in it. Fortunately such an event has not been further from the range of probability for many years past, but this happy circumstance does not alter the fact that on both sides of the English Channel submarines are being marshalled, drilled, and manœuvred every day with a view to use in case of hostilities. This insidious craft has been adopted as an instrument of war, adopted deliberately after tests of its capabilities, and adopted in the belief that it is yet in its infancy, and that science and mechanical ingenuity will further develop its powers and increase the menace which it offers already to the larger and older types of ships on which in the past both nations have relied for defence on the seas. The submarine has arrived and taken its place in the British and French navies, not as a toy, but as a weapon of warfare the value of which has already been more or less definitely assessed.

It has not been realised in this country how quickly events have been moving in this matter. It is less than three years since the Admiralty astonished everyone by confessing that some months earlier they had ordered five submarines of the type invented by Mr. Holland, an American, and regarded with favour by the Navy Department of the United States. To-day eight boats are in the British service, and eleven others are under construction. Captain Reginald H. S. Bacon, D.S.O., holds the appointment of 'Inspecting Captain of Submarine Boats,' with a large flotilla under his command. The parent ship is the cruiser *Thames*, and as tenders she has the torpedo gunboat *Hazard* and torpedo-boat No. 50. Under the orders of Captain Bacon are no fewer than 31 officers and 300 men, forming a school for training a proportion of the *personnel* of the fleet in the manipulation of these small craft of deadly import, which threaten to revolutionise many of the accepted hypotheses of naval warfare. Week in and week out the completed submarines are exercised in order that officers and men may become familiar with them, and that light may be shed on developments calculated to improve their capacity as fighting machines. The passage of

these amphibious vessels in and out of Portsmouth Harbour is becoming a commonplace to residents at the port, so frequently are they seen. It speaks well for the nerve and mettle of the younger officers and men of the navy that the difficulty has not been in obtaining volunteers for duty with the submarines, but in making a wise selection from the large number who have been anxious to undertake this service. Appointments to Captain Bacon's staff suggest possibilities of adventure and risk which appeal to young men both of the quarter-deck and of the lower deck.

On the other side of the Channel, only seventy miles away, a distance that the more efficient submarines can travel entirely submerged, officers of the French navy are similarly engaged. At Cherbourg eight of these new craft are continually exercising, in the harbour and at sea, and practising, in order to gain experience, sham attacks on unsuspecting ships; at Rochefort four other vessels are under the command of a lieutenant and are utilised for similar drills and exercises; and, in the Mediterranean, Toulon has already three boats, and these will be joined by several more in course of a few months. Others will be stationed at Bizerta, and additions will also be made to the flotilla at Cherbourg and Rochefort as soon as the more advanced boats now building are completed.

In face of this activity who can doubt that the submarine has come and has come to stay, a permanent addition to the navies of these two Powers? There are sceptics in plenty of the utility of these boats. Every new weapon of warfare, especially if it be of a complicated mechanical type, inevitably comes in for a large share of ridicule. If it has a germ capable of development to a standard above the reach of hostile criticism, its mission will become apparent; and if it has no latent qualities worthy of attention, the conservative forces which oppose its use do good service. The automobile torpedo was laughed at twenty or thirty years ago, when it was a weapon of short range and uncertain aim; to-day it has been adopted in all the world's navies, and the larger and more perfect kind now carried in his Majesty's ships has a range of 2000 yards, a speed of thirty knots, and carries its charge of 200 lbs. of gun-cotton to the object of attack with a precision which is certainly hardly second to that of the best rifled artillery. The torpedo has brought in its train a bevy of new types of ships, specially designed for its effective use—first the torpedo-boat; then the 'catcher'; afterwards the 'destroyer,' of flimsy frame and excessive speeds up to thirty-six knots; latterly, 'destroyers' of stouter build and less speed for use on the high seas in the train of squadrons of battleships and cruisers; and, lastly, the submarine so-called. What the torpedo-boat of the original type was, that in a large measure, as to size, speed, and radius of action, the submersible torpedo-boat is now,

with the advantage that when necessity arises it can disappear beneath the waves out of range of gunfire, but still able to navigate at a reduced speed and launch its torpedo at an enemy's ship, out of sight of the vigilant crew and out of reach of any weapon under their control.

Travellers at sea are familiar with the merry gambols of porpoises, which tear beneath the water out of sight, coming to the surface now and again, and then disappearing once more; they immerse themselves in the water while still swimming without any apparent loss of speed. One moment one sees them awash on the surface, and the next they are out of view and manœuvring under the water, appearing next in some unexpected quarter, it may be having passed under the ship on which the spectator is travelling. It is essential that the gambols of the porpoise should be kept in view if it be desired to grasp the menace, the material menace and the moral menace, of the British types of submarines, for their functions are twofold.

The British boats have in a large degree the wonderful mobility of the porpoise. Either of the vessels of the later type can travel at a good speed on the surface, and then while you count one, two, three, four, five, six—six seconds—it has disappeared and not a vestige is to be seen of this threatening weapon of naval warfare. Though out of sight, by means of an ingenious little arrangement of small mirrors on the surface, a kind of camera obscura, it can still watch the object of attack. It manœuvres on the horizon out of the range of the enemy's guns, and at any moment the tiny speck on the water represented by the periscope may also disappear, and the spectator will stand wondering where the craft will appear next. He may never see it. It may make off still submerged, leaving him nervous and distraught. That is the moral menace of the submarine. On the other hand, from bearings taken before it went below the surface, it may decide to risk a torpedo at the ship. The officer in charge of the submarine will speculate as to the speed of the ship to be attacked and steer his little craft accordingly. He may take his chance as to his quarry altering course, relying, if the sea be fairly smooth, on the view of his surroundings obtained through the periscope, or he may come to the surface for a second or two to get more accurate bearings, and then dive once more, before the guns can be brought to bear on him, and make a dash beneath the surface, and when one or two thousand yards distant launch a torpedo at the length of the hull of the ship; if it happens to be a large cruiser it will offer a target 400 to 500 feet long. The automobile torpedo, guided true by the gyroscope, will cleave its way through the water at a speed of thirty knots an hour; in other words, it will cover a distance of 3032 feet in a minute. This represents the menace, moral and material, of the submarine.

If the torpedo does not strike the ship, if no attempt is made, even the presence of the submarine in the neighbourhood will produce a palpable effect on the crew of the large ship; they will realise that if their vessel is struck by the torpedo (it may be a hundred chances to one against an accurate aim), it may sink in a few minutes, or at least may be so crippled that it will be unable to fight, and they will stand in danger of capture by the enemy. The armour belt which is provided as protection against a foe's guns stops short where the torpedo's area of action begins; reliance must be placed on the double bottom for safety.

The first of the British submarines was launched on the 2nd of November, 1901, from the yard of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, at Barrow-in-Furness, where it had been building for several months before the nation knew anything about it. It was constructed on the plans of the Holland Submarine Company; its main features may be thus indicated without attempting a detailed description, since this type of boat is no longer a secret; accounts of its construction have been given frequently.

Dimensions.—Displacement when submerged, 120 tons; length, 63 feet 4 inches; width, 11 feet 9 inches.

Constructed of steel of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of water at a depth of 100 feet.

Propulsion.—On the surface propulsion is provided by a gasoline engine of a maximum power of 190 h.p. Submerged, the vessel is driven by an electric motor of great power but light.

Speed.—On the surface, eight knots; submerged, seven knots; fuel is carried for a run of 400 miles on the surface at eight knots.

The essential and differentiating feature of the Holland type is the method of submergence, which resembles that of the porpoise. It does not sink into the water on an even keel, but dives like all the fish of the dolphin family, poking its nose into the water and gradually disappearing from view as it travels forward, so that it is not a stationary target for an enemy's guns even during the process of submergence. It is fitted with a horizontal as well as a vertical rudder, and automatic apparatus is furnished for determining the angle of submergence or emergence, and to prevent its taking a dive to an excessive depth, a great danger with submarines of this class; it is provided with a system of automatic water ballast to rectify any want of horizontal stability occasioned by the dive or the freeing of a torpedo.

The first of the British boats was a genuine Holland, but before her four sister craft had been completed it was possible to introduce some minor improvements into them, the desirability of which had been revealed during the early trials of the first boat. In 1902 the Admiralty decided to order four more submarines. By this time

experiments had exhibited certain shortcomings in the early vessels, and, though the principle of the Holland boat was adopted in the design of the later ones, they differed from the American model. It was determined to construct considerably larger boats, since it was impossible otherwise to increase speed and radius of action, both of which were essential if this weapon was to be of maximum service to a Power whose naval policy is offensive in its character. By increasing the size of the boats, giving a length of as much as a hundred feet, the designers have been able to produce four vessels which have almost the speed of an ordinary torpedo-boat of fifteen years ago—sufficient, in fact, to keep up with a battle fleet, with the additional advantage of being able to dive beneath the surface and travel out of sight for several hours.

It is well that the exact details of these boats should be jealously guarded. Several new patents enter into their design, but these are protected by the Official Secrets Act, and the inquisitive foreigner may search diligently at the Patent Office, only to find that no specifications have been lodged there. Inventors along the same line are blocked, since their ideas would have to be submitted to the Admiralty, and if they infringed in any respect on the Government designs the probability is that they would be refused the ordinary letters of protection without any reasons being assigned for the action. These newer and larger boats, known as the 'A' class, have been built by Messrs. Vickers, Sons, & Maxim, in a carefully guarded shed. The first of the four to be launched attained a high speed on the surface, and a greater speed submerged than the original boats. Inferences as to the success of the new type can be drawn from the fact that the Admiralty have ordered nine more to be constructed forthwith, while at the same time an experimental boat of a different character is to be laid down. By next year (1904), Great Britain will have nine submarines in the naval service, while France will have thirty-six.

The point of importance which has been revealed in the past year or so of constant experiment on both sides of the Channel is that the submarine boat, or rather the submersible torpedo-boat, is a weapon of offence. Before the British Admiralty began to build, it was generally assumed in this country that the submarine was the instrument of the weaker Power, that it was useful only to a fleet which would act on the defensive in case of war. Exhaustive trials have shown this assumption to be ill-founded, and we see the result in the decision of the Admiralty this year to lay down ten more boats, and the anticipation generally entertained that next year's naval programme will make provision for at least as many more. The speed of even the latest British boats is not great, but it is almost equal to that of the early torpedo-boats, and no one who has watched the development of instruments of naval

warfare can doubt that the surface and submerged speeds will be gradually increased, and that the British authorities will evolve a type swifter than any yet constructed. The building of torpedo-boats available for surface work only will probably cease, and all the efforts of the Admiralty will be concentrated on the provision of an adequate number of vessels able to cruise on the surface at a reasonable speed and to travel at will below the water. Then the submersible torpedo-boat will gain a prominent place in the plans of the British navy as a weapon of offence—a material and moral menace by night and also by day. This development may entail a considerable growth in the size of the boats, and this may appear to be a disadvantage since the target offered will be larger; but the French hold that the increased size of the target represented by the larger boats is a small matter in comparison with the increased speed.

The tendency on both sides of the Channel to expand the size of the boats is an admission that at present greater power cannot be obtained without more room for the delicate mechanism.

The new French boats of the submersible torpedo type are of large dimensions; those of the *Aigrette* class displace 175 tons, the *Triton* as much as 200 tons; an automatus submarine, now building, 213 tons; while the *Gustave Zédé* has a displacement of 270 tons. Most of the British 'destroyers' are of between 250 and 300 tons only. In size the submarine is approximating to the 'destroyer.' Judging by present indications, the day may not be very far off when the submarine will be as large as a small cruiser. The main details of the various craft now building are shown on the following page.

The French have not abandoned the construction of the genuine submarine. It has small speed and a limited radius of action, it is true, but it is cheap, and has proved its usefulness for defensive action. At the same time, apparently encouraged by the success of the British submersible torpedo-boats of ascertained offensive use, they are building specimens of this type also, and claim that their boats are superior to the British. It may be here explained that the genuine submarine is a vessel built only for travelling beneath the water; electricity stored in accumulators is the motive power, and the distance which can be covered is limited. The submersible torpedo-boat is constructed with a petrol or other engine for use when on the surface, and only at the last practicable moment, probably not until it has reached the scene of action, does it go under water; submerged, it is propelled, like its sister ship the genuine submarine, by electricity. Consequently, the submersible has the far greater radius of action.

Whatever the relative merits of the different types, however, the accompanying synopsis indicates that this new engine of warfare

	No.	Displacement	Length	Width	Speed on the Surface	Motive Power	Time occupied in Submerging
		Tons	Ft.	Ft.	Knots		
British submarines (submersible type):							
Holland type, launched the 2nd of November 1901	1	120	63½	11½	8	{ Oil for surface Electricity submerged }	6 sec.
Improved Holland type, launched early in 1902	4	120	63½	11½	10	{ Oil Electricity }	6 sec.
Larger Holland type, launched 1902	4	—	100	—	14	{ Oil Electricity }	—
Improved Holland type, building	9	—	—	—	—	{ Oil Electricity }	—
Experimental boat, building	1	—	—	—	—	—	—
French submersibles:							
<i>Narval</i> , 1897	1	200 { (106 on surface) }	111½	12½	11	{ Steam for surface Electricity submerged }	15 min.
<i>Triton</i> type, 1900	4	200	111½	12½	11	" "	9 min.
<i>Asagrette</i> type, building	13	175	117½	12½	—	" "	6 min.
French automatic submarines (with thermo motors surface and electrical motors when submerged)	{ 'X,' 1 'Z,' 1	168 202	121½ 185	10½ 9½	10½ 11	{ 2 Benzol motors 2 Electrical motors Heavy oil motor Electrically Benzol motors Electric motor (Oil motor, with gas exhaust after compression when sub-merged)	—
<i>Naiade</i> type, built and building	20	68	77	7½	8	{ Benzol motors Electric motor }	—
French automatic submarine (thermo motor only), building, 'Y'	1	213	142½	9½	11	{ Oil motor, with gas exhaust after compression when sub-merged }	—
Genuine submarines (using electricity only with accumulators):							
<i>Gymnote</i> , 1888	1	30	59	5½	3 or 10	Electric motor of 55 h.p.	—
<i>Gustave Zédé</i> , 1893	1	270	159	12½	8	2 Electric motors of 720 h.p.	—
<i>Morse</i> , 1899	1	144	118½	9	12	1 Motor of 350 h.p.	—
Improved <i>Morse</i>	2	146	118	9½	12	" "	—
<i>Lutin</i> type, 1899	4	185	135½	9½	12½	" "	—

is being extensively built. The utility of the submersibles has been demonstrated to the conviction of the French authorities. Their capacity was shown during some operations between Cherbourg and Brest. They steamed unassisted from one port to the other, a distance of about 200 miles, with complete success, and then, without requiring repairs or revictualling, returned over the same route, thus exhibiting their great radius of action. Commenting on this trial of four boats, the *Sirène*, *Espadon*, *Triton*, and *Silure*, of the improved *Narval* type, M. P. Le Roll, in *Le Yacht*, remarked :

It is thus demonstrated that our submersibles can easily travel 200 miles in a single day with their own means of propulsion with fine weather, that they take the sea in a manner which enables them to resist the wind, that after this long voyage they can without recourse to fresh supplies attack an enemy while anchored or steaming, approaching without being seen, submerged, to a distance favourable for launching torpedoes. Moreover, these 200 miles represent only half the radius of action of these submersibles.

The conclusions to be drawn are these: Portsmouth, the great English arsenal, is only seventy miles from Cherbourg. Nothing is easier than for our submersibles to set out for this port during the night, travelling on the surface, to plunge beneath the surface shortly before reaching the port, and then to wait patiently for the proper moment of attack on the ships going in or coming out of the harbour. We quote Portsmouth as an example, but the same reasoning applies to all the important points fairly near our bases of operations in the Mediterranean as well as in the Channel.

This writer admits that the genuine submarines are defensive weapons, or only offensive within a small radius of action and in fine weather; but he claims that it is established that the French submersibles are real offensive instruments of warfare, and he quotes the opinions of experienced French officers to the effect that to evolve a completely satisfactory submarine it may be necessary to build boats of 300 tons displacement, giving them an auxiliary petrol motor. The importance is recognised of rendering them habitable, so as not to unfit the crew for their task when the time of action comes. He urges that the French authorities should not hesitate to multiply the number of submarines and submersibles, adopting the types which have given the best results, the latter to cruise and to search out the enemy even in his ports, or in the European seas, and the submarines to add to the protection of the French coasts and to operate at convenient times in the neighbouring waters. Until a submarine of great radius of action is evolved, the writer urges that the authorities should press on with the construction of both types, as in fact is being done.

A statement has been published in the French technical press of the points at which the submersibles should be stationed so as to steal out secretly and begin their work directly war is declared, the objective and the French station being given in parallel lines.

Objective	Corresponding French Station
The Thames	Dunkerque
Straits of Dover	Boulogne
Portsmouth	Cherbourg
Plymouth	Lezardrieux
Gibraltar	Oran (Algiers)
Malta	Bizerta
Spezia	Villefranche
Balearic Isles (Spain)	Port-Vendres

It is suggested that there should be four submersibles at each of these French ports, or thirty-two in all, and that there should be four submarines at each of the following places: Oran, Algiers, Bone, Bizerta, Ajaccio, Bastia, Villefranche, Toulon, Marseilles, Calais, Havre, Cherbourg, Lezardrieux, Brest, Lorient, and Rochefort la Pallice.

There is every reason to believe that the French naval authorities are in sympathy with this scheme of submarine disposition; in fact, they are already acting in accordance with it as far as the present supply of boats permits, and the utmost energy is being shown in the strengthening of this branch of the country's defence. The plans of the Ministry of Marine for the coming year, which have just been published, show that it is intended to keep in commission at the Channel and Mediterranean ports of France no fewer than 174 torpedo craft, while nearly 100 others will be held in reserve to take the places of any which may break down. In addition, the available submarine craft will be thus disposed:

At Cherbourg: the submersibles *Narval*, *Sirène*, *Silure*, *Espadon*, and *Triton*, and the submarines *Morse*, *Français*, *Algérien*, *Naiade*, *Protée*, *Lynx*, *Ludion*, and 'X,' one of the newest type.

At Rochefort: the submarines *Loutre*, *Castor*, *Otarie*, and 'Z,' one of the newest type.

At Toulon: the submersibles *Aigrette* and *Cigogne*, and the submarines *Zédé*, *Gymnote*, *Perle*, *Esturgeon*, *Bonite*, *Thon*, *Souffleur*, *Dorade*, *Grondin*, *Anguille*, *Alose*, *Truite*, and 'Y,' one of the newest type.

At Bizerta: the submarines *Farfadet*, *Korrigan*, *Gnôme*, and *Lutin*.

From this official programme it will be seen that next year the French Ministry of Marine hope to have thirty-six submarines and submersibles actually serving in the navy in place of fifteen, the present number; seventeen of the boats will be stationed in the Channel and the remainder in the Mediterranean, all ready for instant service. Even if, as is possible, all these craft are not finished in time to permit of this great reinforcement of the defensive forces of France—if only, say, fifteen more can be placed in commission for service next year—the situation thus created,

viewed through British spectacles, is sufficiently remarkable to justify the careful attention of the British Admiralty.

Sceptics may dismiss, if they will, the evidence of chance demonstrations which have been held from time to time on the coasts of France, and which have been the subject of reports of an unofficial character; but what reply can be made to the fast accumulating official evidence bearing on the usefulness of submarine and submersible boats, and the confirmation which is supplied by the orders for fresh craft placed by the British and French authorities? The results of all trials, as far as they are known, point in the same direction. A large measure of success has been achieved, and those who have studied most carefully the problems of submarine navigation believe most firmly that we shall see surprising developments in the near future.

The present position of the craft was very clearly indicated by the commanders of the boats which carried out a series of manœuvres off Cherbourg last autumn and drew up a long and exhaustive report on the lessons to be deduced from the operations. In summary they found:

(1) A squadron will never be in safety at moorings situated within the radius of action of submarines.

(2) Watches on board ship are of no avail, and artillery fire is ineffective against submarines. The supervision of an anchorage, either by means of torpedo-boats or torpedo-boat destroyers, is very difficult, and does not really render the vessel secure against submarines.

(3) A squadron will only be really safe in a closed harbour with the entrance protected by very powerful boom defence.

(4) Attacks in the open or in rough weather must be carried out by submersible boats or by automatic submarines of a large pattern.

(5) Torpedoes carried by destroyers will only be a feeble weapon against submarines, because they can carry only a small quantity of explosives—about twenty kilogrammes—and thus the action of the torpedo would be quite limited. A torpedo exploding at a few yards distant from the hull of a submarine will probably do it no damage.¹

As in France, so in this country, those best qualified to hold an opinion state that, while the genuine submarine is of service for defence, it is on the submersible torpedo-boat that reliance must be

¹ Since this report was prepared the damage which can be done to a submarine by a torpedo exploded in its vicinity has been the subject of experiment. Some sheep were placed in the *Naiade*, and torpedoes were exploded at from 98 to 150 feet distant: the sheep were uninjured and the vessel suffered no damage. Subsequently the crew and some officers entered the submarine, and the trial was repeated without occasioning any inconvenience. The only defence against the submarine so far tested is known as 'salting' its tail—that is, exploding a torpedo over it; and the French experiment appears to show that this mode of defence is useless, even if the torpedo bursts within a hundred feet or so of the submarine.

placed for offensive action. British naval policy is based on offensive action, so the Admiralty have ignored the weapon which, though cheap, is of limited use, and have concentrated their efforts on the construction of boats which can keep the seas in ordinary weather and will be more or less independent of bases for supplies. The large British boats of the 'A' class will be capable of accompanying a squadron, or, which is more likely, of cruising alone in the English Channel, the Mediterranean, or the North Sea. In the last-named waters this type would undoubtedly prove of the greatest service, since no attack on the German ports and arsenals in the initial stages of war will probably be possible to any but craft of small draught, and the British submersibles seem to meet the requirements admirably, provided they prove sufficiently good sea-boats to stand the strains and stresses of the North Sea. At present neither Germany nor Russia has made much progress in the solution of the problems which the submarine boats present, and therein is cause for satisfaction.²

On the other hand, the more immediate matter is the action which must be taken to meet the menace of the submarines which France is collecting along her Channel and Mediterranean shores, a real danger to British ships. Experiments have been carried out with a view to the discovery of an antidote to the submarine, but at present no satisfactory answer has been found. Apparently there is no defence in narrow waters against the submarine. It has rendered the close blockade of an enemy's ports in the old style too risky a proceeding to be attempted. In case of hostilities a fleet near an enemy's port will have to keep on the move, and even in the open sea the threat of the submersible will be present, unnerving the men.

The outlook for the next naval campaign is disturbing. If the submarine fulfils anticipations, if under real war conditions it can repeat successes obtained under simulated war conditions, the terrors and losses occasioned by the use of this weapon will paralyse the imagination and may drive the heavier ships from the narrow seas. It may be that its success will be only partial, and even in these circumstances it will shatter many preconceived ideas. We shall go into action when war occurs with weapons untried—battleships, cruisers, torpedo craft, all of them to a great extent experiments, and of these there is none of which so little is known and so much is expected as the submarine.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

² Russia has lately been experimenting with a submarine, which it is claimed realises every anticipation. It is 80 feet long, with a beam of 15 feet. Little has yet become known of its performances during a series of tests to which it has been subjected in the Gulf of Finland, but it is urged that it can remain submerged for several days, all the time maintaining a speed of about eight knots. It has been built in the Baltic Shipbuilding Yard.

NAVAL TACTICS IN THE PAST

WHEN the scientific strategist has placed his forces, naval or military, in the most convenient position to strike an effective blow, it devolves upon the eminent tactician to decide how, where, and in what manner the blow shall be delivered. The science of strategy, like the common law of England, has been handed down to us from the earliest times. Each deals broadly with general conditions and therefore neither has experienced any great development or vital change; but tactics, like the statute law, is based upon changing conditions and must necessarily vary with them. Obsolete Acts of Parliament lapse or are repealed, new laws are made to meet new needs; and every improvement in the weapons or material of war brings similar development to tactics; for that is simply the science of making the most effective use of them.

For this reason the consideration of modern naval tactics must be left to the modern naval officer, who alone can know the complicated weapons which he has to use. They are changing and developing new powers almost from day to day, and a life-long study of details which never remain long the same is not too much—if, indeed, it is enough—to enable any man to appreciate without actual experiment their relative value as factors in the great problem of warfare. But armed science is a jealous mistress and leaves her servants little leisure for other studies; least of all for the consideration of the ancient history of naval fighting under conditions which have long since passed away. Yet it possesses something more than an archæological interest. The past is the surest prophet of the future, and there may be something to be learnt from a consideration of the gradual process of evolution which has brought us to our present position; where we find ourselves in possession of ships and weapons of enormously increased power which are as yet almost untried in actual warfare.

Speaking roughly, there are four factors which govern and decide all battles afloat or ashore, from a ten-round 'scrap' to a Waterloo or Trafalgar: the power of movement; the power of offence; the power of defence; and the power of endurance. For tactical

purposes endurance must be considered as fighting endurance, for sea-endurance—the power of keeping the sea without recourse to a friendly port—belongs rather to the domain of naval strategy. The first of these—the power of movement—has throughout exercised the greatest influence upon tactics.

Mr. Julian Corbett, in *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, has adopted a convenient method of dividing the whole history of the Navy into three periods according to the means of propulsion: the periods of oars, sails, and steam. The development of offensive power, which has exercised less influence, is marked by the invention of gunpowder; the introduction of port-holes, which doubled the number of guns which a ship could carry; the invention of explosive shells; the increase in the power of the gun and the charge. The power of defence, the last to be considered or developed in the ship, the first to be abandoned by the soldier, has found its expression in side-armour, steel decks, and the protection of gun-positions.

Throughout the whole period of oar-propulsion, when the galley was the typical ship of war, there was little or no difference in the methods of fighting by land and sea. 'Shock tactics'—actual collision followed by a *mêlée*—was the rule in both cases. The ships of Alfred and Edgar, like those of their enemies the Danes, whether they were described as 'long-ships,' 'snekkar' or snakes, 'ceols,' or 'æscs,' were simply large open boats with one mast and sail, ten or a dozen oars on each side, a steering oar aft on the starboard (steerboard) side, and a crew of, at most, fifty or sixty men armed with sword and spear, axe and bow. The gunwales were widened by broad planks upon which the fighting men stood behind the 'shield-row' of overlapping bucklers fixed along the sides. In action they rammed and grappled one another, and the crew fought hand to hand just as they did ashore. The ships of William the Norman were much the same; but the vessels in which Richard the First, that royal knight-errant who was so much interested in Jerusalem that he had no time or attention to bestow upon London, made the Crusade, were somewhat more advanced. The 'busses' or transports were large enough to accommodate forty horses and forty soldiers, in addition to the crew; while the galleys—the fighting-ships—were fitted with platforms or 'castles' with high bulwarks, at the stem and stern, for the archers and men-at-arms. These castles were closed in below, and afforded some cabin accommodation. Engines for throwing heavy stones, javelins, and incendiary missiles, were fitted on the forecastle—'perriers, mangonels, catapults, and scorpions'; and they also carried tubes in the bows through which Greek fire could be spouted into an enemy's ship. Moreover, they carried a boat which seems to have been called the 'cokke' or 'cockett'—hence cockboat.

There is a lively description by Geoffrey Vinesauf, the official

chronicler of *King Richard's Expedition to Jerusalem*, of an action fought off the coast of Syria in 1191, between Richard's galleys and an enormous Turkish ship, the wonder of her time, which is sometimes spoken of as a 'dromon' and sometimes as a 'buss.' She is reported to have carried the impossible crew of fifteen hundred men, and she was well provided with 'balistæ' for hurling stones, beside a quantity of Greek fire in jars, and 'two hundred most deadly serpents for the destruction of Christians'; probably some kind of incendiary missile. She was very stoutly built, had three tall, tapering masts, and her sides were painted green and yellow.

The Turks commenced the action by throwing darts and Greek fire at one of the galleys which was detached to speak her. The whole squadron then attacked, but the dromon's sides were so lofty that the galley-men found it almost impossible to clamber up, while her people were able to sweep the galleys with every shot. The English could make no impression till the Lion Heart, finding himself unable to lead his men on board, proceeded to drive them by the customary threats of death and torture, whereupon some of them, says Vinesauf, *de necessitate facientes virtutem*, leaped overboard and made certain ropes fast to the rudder of the dromon, steering her as they pleased, while the boarders made another attempt and succeeded in clearing the after part of the deck; but a swarm of Turks came up the hatchways and tumbled them into their galleys again. Finding that he could not capture the Turkish ship, Cœur-de-Lion determined to sink her. He commanded the galleys to back away from her and form line abreast. Then all together they rammed the enemy, driving their iron beaks through her sides, and so sank her; but she went down still unsundered. Only fifty-five of the crew were saved, and they owed their lives to the supposition that they might be made useful in the construction of military engines.

Villehardouin, Marshal of Champagne, described the naval attack on Constantinople by the French and Venetians in 1202-3-4. The combined fleets consisted of ships, galleys, and vissiers. These last were apparently armed storeships, for while the galleys carried 'knights and sergeants,' the vissiers were laden with 'steeds and rich pavilions,' and were taken in tow by the galleys. The French elected to attack by land, openly admitting their inferiority to the Venetians in naval operations. The Venetians advanced to the attack with all the ships of the allied force in line abreast. The cavalry had been disembarked, and the ships and vissiers carried mangonels mounted on the forecastles, which hurled great stones and huge 'quarrels.' They approached so closely to the walls that specially rigged ladders were raised from their decks, and escalading parties engaged the defenders hand to hand. The assault failed; and the besieged Turks prepared seventeen great vessels filled with

combustibles and started them off, with a fair wind, sails set, and fire bursting through their decks, right down upon the allied fleet. This is the first recorded instance of the use of fireships, which were included in our *Navy Lists* as late as 1816. The Venetians rose to the occasion, grappled the burning hulls with long hooks, and towed them clear.

In April 1204 the besiegers again attacked in force. They had learned upon the previous occasion that the towers were too strongly defended to be successfully attacked by single galleys, so this time the ships that were fitted with ladders were lashed together in pairs. One tower was captured, the curtain wall was scaled and four more towers taken, and then the place was carried with a rush.

The first great English victory at sea was that gained by Hubert de Burgh in 1217. The barons had revolted against King John and offered the crown to Prince Louis of France; but after John's death many of them returned to their allegiance to the boy king, Henry the Third. The forces of Louis were defeated at Lincoln. Hubert de Burgh, King's Justiciary and Governor of Dover, learned that a 'noted pirate' or mercenary, Eustace the Monk, with a fleet of eighty ships, was coming to reinforce the French. The Justiciary appealed to the Cinque Ports, and sixteen well-manned vessels were placed under his orders. Twenty smaller vessels were gathered wherever they could be found, and De Burgh embarked with Sir Philip d'Albini, Sir Henry de Turberville, Sir Richard Suard, and other knights and gentlemen. The enemy's fleet was already at sea; they had left Calais going large before a fresh southerly breeze, and were heading so as to round the North Foreland and enter the Thames. De Burgh kept his ships as close to the wind as they would lie, and stood across the wake of the French fleet, in the direction of Calais. Eustace at once concluded that his object was merely a counter-raid upon Calais: Matthew Paris relates that he expressed satisfaction that he had left Calais so well defended that the attack could not succeed. But De Burgh was a born sea captain and had a greater object in view than a filibustering raid. No sooner had he worked into the weather position than he made his fleet bear up all together, and came down in line abreast (or nearly so) upon the unprotected, unarmed sterns of the slower French ships. The odds against him were heavy; Eustace had twice the number of ships and a still greater superiority in men, for his vessels were filled with troops; but De Burgh's attack was overwhelming. The advantage of the weather position was undeniable in the day of shock tactics, whatever it may have been at a later date, and De Burgh made splendid use of it. D'Albini began the action with a heavy discharge of arrows and crossbow bolts; and men had been stationed in the tops with bags of quicklime, which they emptied at

the moment of contact, so that the wind carried it into the eyes of the French. The English grappled each a foe and boarded; their orders were first to cut the halliards and let sail and yard down with a run, to catch the Frenchmen under it 'like birds in a net.' There was great slaughter and only fifteen ships are said to have escaped. Eustace the Monk was beheaded.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of this, our first victory at sea. De Burgh's ships were the unwieldy, unweatherly craft of the time, and they had not previously cruised as a fleet. Signals were almost, if not quite, unknown; yet De Burgh kept his heterogeneous command together, made them bear up together, and they were still a compact force when they came into action. By superior tactics, better seamanship, and splendid courage a greatly superior force was utterly defeated, and every officer and man in the little fleet must have obeyed his orders and done his duty.

Hubert de Burgh seems to have been the first of the long line of British sea officers whose victories won them the affections of their countrymen, and, like many of his successors, he met with rough discouragement and cold ingratitude from the King and the great officials. Matthew Paris relates that in 1229 De Burgh had lost the King's favour and fallen upon evil days. Upon a number of trumped-up charges he was arrested at Bury St. Edmunds, and a smith was bidden to fetter him for his journey to the Tower. Learning that the prisoner was Hubert de Burgh, the smith flung down his hammer and declared that he would suffer death rather than put irons on the man who had so often 'saved England from the devastation of aliens.'

The Battle of Sluys, fought in 1340, was the last instance of a King of England commanding his own fleet in action. Edward had recently assumed the title of King of France and proposed to support his claim by force of arms, and about 190 French vessels, 'ships, galleys, and great barges,' were lying in the Swyn, as the mouth of the Sluys river was then called, to bar his road into the dominions of Philippe de Valois. Edward sailed from the Orwell in June with 290 ships, many of which were very small. On the 23rd they arrived off Blankenberghe and came in sight of the French fleet. A cavalry reconnaissance across the sand dunes found them at anchor in the estuary in three divisions under the command of Sir Hugh Kyriet, with Sir Nicholas Bahuchet as second in command, while the third division, consisting of Genoese, was commanded by Egidio Boccanegra, better known as Barbenoire. Sir Robert Morley led the English east-coast squadron, 'the Northern fleet'; Sir William Trussell commanded the squadron from the western ports. The tide was ebbing and it was too late to go in that day; but at sunrise on the 24th Edward formed his line of battle, in two divisions line abreast, with the heaviest ships in the van, filled alternately with archers and

men-at-arms. The rear division was defended by archers only, while the transports remained out of action. The whole force stood off the land on the starboard tack till they had fetched well to windward of their port; then bearing up together they came down to the attack. The French ships were drawn up in four divisions in line abreast, each ship lashed to the broadside of the next by cables, and chains: the best possible formation to resist an attack by galleys end-on, if only the flanks, the weakest points, were protected from a turning movement. Small boats were hoisted up under the fighting-tops; they were filled with stones to be used as missiles by the topmen. On the flank of the foremost line lay the great *Cog Christopher*, full of Genoese crossbowmen, and near her were the *Edward*, *Katherine*, and *Rose*, all four being prizes recently taken from the English. Perhaps they were moored out of station, or the flood tide left room for an enterprising enemy to get round them; for instead of the bow-to-bow action for which the French had prepared, the first shock of Morley's attack fell upon the broadside of the *Christopher*. When once she was boarded and carried, the English rolled up the whole line, driving the enemy from one ship to another till the van division was crushed. After the pitiless sea fashion of the time, the crews were either knocked on the head or flung overboard. Barbenoire, with some sixty ships of the rear division, cut the lashings, slipped out on the ebb, and escaped to sea.

Mr. David Hannay has pointed out the resemblance between this action at Sluys and the Battle of the Nile. On each occasion the French were attacked while at anchor; one end of the line was crushed at the first onset, and only the rear division escaped. King Edward's despatch to the Black Prince—the only despatch by an English king announcing a naval victory won by himself—estimated the loss of the French at 30,000 men; 400 dead were found in one well-defended ship.

Ten years later Edward won his second naval victory: that action off Winchelsea which is known as 'Les Espagnols-sur-mer.' It is remembered chiefly because of Froissart's picturesque description; it has little or no tactical interest, and was only a reversion to the primitive methods of an earlier time. The Spanish trading fleet sailing as usual for the Flemish ports in the spring of 1350 had encountered ten English merchantmen, and certain Basque ships had attacked and plundered them. The owners appealed for redress to the King. Failing to obtain any satisfaction, Edward sent a chivalrous defiance to the Spaniards, and announced that they would have to encounter him on their way back. He summoned to Winchelsea nearly every knight and nobleman who was then in England—many were, as usual, engaged in the French wars—and embarked them in some fifty ships and pinnaces. The names and

commanders of eighteen of these vessels are recorded in Sir Harris Nicolas' *History of the Navy*, and the King's flag was hoisted in the *Cog Thomas*, William Passelewe, master. Having thus armed himself and despatched his cartel of defiance, the King remained at anchor off Winchelsea, waiting till his enemy came to seek him : very much in the manner of those knights-errant of romance, whose custom it was to take up their quarters at some ford or cross-road when seeking adventures or chivalrous advancement, and to bide there till some other gentleman engaged in similar business came to give them fair entertainment, and perchance a courteously broken head. Froissart relates that the King's fleet cruised for three days between Dover and Calais ; if so, they returned home without obtaining any information ; for when the enemy appeared, Sir John Chandos was singing a German song for the royal delectation, and King, peers, and gentlemen had to arm themselves in a hurry. Froissart says also that Edward had already explained ' the order of battle he would have them follow,' but they seem to have gone into action without any order at all. In a similar spirit the Spaniards came to meet them. Edward had no look-out ships or scouts, and the Spanish commander La Cerda might have sailed peacefully along the French coast without being observed or interfered with : but having enlisted many mercenaries he desired that they should earn their pay, and had no thought of avoiding an action. When the Spanish ships, larger and heavier than the English vessels, came rolling down before a fresh easterly breeze, Edward had no choice but to accept battle to leeward : so he stood right across the Spaniards' course. His only manœuvre was to get in their way, and he seems to have looked upon the affair as a kind of tournament. ' Lay me alongside that Spaniard who is coming down on us,' said he, ' for I wish to joust with him ' ; and so they crashed into one another. The Spaniard drove past, but her mast and fighting-top went over the side with the shock of the collision. Leaking like a sieve, with all her seams opening, the King's ship grappled another Spaniard, and the King's men boarded and carried her just before the poor *Cog Thomas* sank under them. The ship of Lord Robert de Namur got fast to a big Spaniard, but was not strong enough to hold her ; she made sail and towed Lord Robert alongside. His people cried out lustily for a ' rescue ' ; but nobody had leisure to attend to them, and they would have been carried off bodily if a certain squire named Hannekin had not leaped on board the Spaniard, and fought his way to the mast. There he hacked through the halliards, bringing yard and sail down on the deck. The English took heart of grace and followed him, and the Spanish crew were driven overboard or slain, for, as usual in mediæval sea-fights, no quarter was given. Fourteen Spanish ships were taken, but the English loss was heavy.

Before this, as early as 1338, the *Mary of the Tower* (the qualification denoting a King's ship) possessed 'one iron cannon with two chambers,' and there is mention in an inventory of 'un petit barell de gonpouder, le quart plein': but these were only 'bombards'—wrought iron or brass tubes mounted on solid beams of timber which could neither be trained nor elevated. The upper part of the tube at the breech was cut away to admit the movable chamber containing the powder charge, and the chamber was set up tight by means of a wedge. At first these primitive cannon exercised little influence upon tactics. The instructions were that they were only to be fired at the moment of collision; the rule was still to ram and board. The first development came from the motive power, not from the armament. In the Italian and Spanish ports of the Mediterranean, where the galley was the only fighting-ship, there was founded a school of naval tactics which was not abandoned till the sailing 'great ship' had established its superiority. To them the bombard was a valuable weapon. .

The galley was never a vessel of swift movement; it may be doubted if it could ever stem a strong tide or make headway against a fresh breeze, but in calms and on smooth water it could move freely in any direction. By the beginning of the sixteenth century the evolutions of galley fleets had become exceedingly elaborate and complicated. They marched and countermarched, in line, in file, and in column, exactly as the highly trained tertias of Spanish or Italian infantry manœuvred ashore. In earlier times, when their only weapons were the beak or ram and the crossbows and swords of the fighting crew, they were unrivalled as fighting-ships, and the Cinque Port towsmen could tell mournful tales of their destructive raids; but when some more or less effective form of heavy cannon was mounted in the bows they became irresistible in line of battle. They retained their superiority till about the year 1500, when Descharges, a shipbuilder of Brest, invented port-holes, thus enabling a heavier battery to be carried in broadside. From that day the galley, with its end-on fire, was doomed. It was too slightly built to carry a whole tier of guns even if the oars and benches had left room for them. The sailing ship could always outpace and outmanœuvre the galley in a breeze, and Descharges had given her greater gun-power. Only in the Mediterranean, where calms were frequent, were the galley fleets drilled and organised into a thoroughly effective fighting force; in England the tendency was all in favour of the sailing ship, though oars were still used as auxiliary motive power. The rival types of warships, the galley and the galleon, encountered one another many times during the sixteenth century. In 1513 Sir Edward Howard, Lord High Admiral under Henry the Eighth, sailed to Brest with a fleet of twenty-four 'great ships' averaging 350 tons each. The French fleet of sailing ships had

taken refuge in Bertheaume Bay to await a reinforcement of six large galleys and four smaller galleys or 'foysts' under Pierre Jean le Bidoulx, Knight of Malta, better known to us as Prégent. Howard, desiring to settle with the French before the galleys joined, attacked them at anchor, but the fortune of Sluys and Aboukir Bay was not to be found that time; the attack failed, and one of Howard's ships was lost on the rocks. Leaving his main fleet to blockade Brest for the first time in history, he took a detachment to attack Prégent's galleys in Conquet Bay, where they had brought up in shoal water so that the deep-draught ships could not reach them. Howard made a daring attempt to cut them out with the boats of the squadron. The galleys were all chained together; the admiral led the flotilla in, but he was ill supported; the attempt failed, and Howard died gallantly on the deck of Prégent's galley. It was only natural that this failure should have given Henry cause to doubt if his sailing fleet would ever be powerful enough to overcome the galleys which had the entire confidence of his enemies. Sailing tactics had still to be evolved out of chaos; the unhandy great ships had not learned to work together. They were as yet only an armed mob, while the galleys moved slowly but majestically with 'vanward, main-battle, wings, and rearward,' mathematically correct in alignment and distance as a well-drilled army ashore. Text-books were written upon their formations and movements. Alonzo de Chaves reduced the art to an exact science in the early part of the sixteenth century; he still attached importance to the weather position, but only because the smoke of the guns would be blown in the face of the enemy and cover hostile movements, and because it increased the impact of the ram. At that day the learning and theories of Italy and Spain exercised great influence upon English opinion, while even those Englishmen who instinctively favoured the great ship had not, as yet, any clear conception of the weight and power of broadside fire, and still regarded artillery as a supplement to the ram. Therefore the fleet with which Lord Lisle fought the French under D'Annebault in 1545 was a composite force comprising ships, galleasses, pinnaces, and row-barges. The first and last represented sail and oar power respectively; the second and third combined the two. While the wind was light and variable D'Annebault's galleys did much mischief to the English ships off Southsea, while he kept his own sailing fleet out of action at St. Helen's. When the breeze freshened and Lisle got under way, the galleys were soon out of reach and only the little row-barges were able to attack them in their retreat. When the French fleet anchored off Selsea, Lord Lisle's plan of attack was purely mediæval; he designed to steer straight at them, the wind being strong from the west, and run them down by sheer weight, or force them on to the Owers sand, just under their lee. The French retired before Lisle could put his design in execution.

The battle of Lepanto in 1571 was the crowning triumph of the galley. There were no ships in the action; the galleys were splendidly handled on both sides. As a final elaboration Don John sent his larger galleasses, which mounted a few guns in broadside, ahead of his fleet, linked together in pairs by the stern. When within range of the enemy each one of the pair pulled the oars on one side only, so that they revolved slowly round a common centre, like the sails of a windmill, keeping up a continuous fire. Before the action Don John had all the beaks of his galleys cut away; in his opinion the gun had already made them obsolete. These innovations were justified by the crushing defeat he inflicted upon the Turks.

When the Armada came in 1588 there were no galleys in the great fleet of Howard and Drake: for Drake's experience at Cadiz in the previous year had shown that with all conditions in their favour galleys were helpless against broadside ships. Philip's forces included four great galleasses under Hugo de Monçada.

Not very many years ago the general impression with regard to the Armada campaign was simple in the extreme. A huge well-organised fleet of Spanish ships-of-war, sailing 'in the form of a half-moon,' was beaten and chased from one end of the Channel to the other by a swarm of privately-owned English ships. A few Royal ships, commanded by Queen's officers, fought side by side with them, without order, without any fighting formation, and without discipline. Professor Laughton and Mr. Julian Corbett have demolished, once for all, this singular conception. Philip had no navy, save the ten royal galleons which had been Portugal's, ten galleons of the Indian guard which were maintained by the merchants interested in the trade, four ships of the Flota of New Spain, which were armed traders, and the four galleasses, which were hired from Naples. The rest were armed merchantmen and small oared craft. This heterogeneous collection had no fleet-experience; it was undergunned, and its members had neither fought nor cruised together. Howard and Drake had under them at the first contact twenty-three ships of the Royal Navy, seven private men-of-war, and about seventy armed merchantmen. Many of them had cruised as a fleet, and had only just returned from the coast of Spain. They had far more fighting experience among them than the half-unwilling crews of the Armada, and far heavier armament. The final blow to the picturesque notion of a volunteer fleet is given by Sir William Wynter's letter to Walsingham after the victory.

I dare assure your honour, if you had seen that which I have seen of the simple service that hath been done by the merchant and coast ships, you would have said that we had been little holpen by them otherwise than that they did make a show.

It has often been asserted that the 'line of battle'—the line ahead—

was first formed by Penn and the Dutch in 1653; but it seems impossible that men so practical as the Elizabethan seamen should not have discovered and practised the only formation that could develop the full power of a fleet of broadside ships. It has been suggested by Mr. Julian Corbett that the English formation was not the close-hauled line of battle which was held so sacrosanct in the eighteenth century, but one of groups of ships in line ahead: and in support of his theory he quotes Raleigh's general orders issued to the fleet at Plymouth in 1617.

The whole fleet shall follow the Admiral . . . or other leading ship within musket-shot of the enemy, giving so much liberty to the leading ship after her broadside is discovered as she may stay and trim her sails . . . then is the second ship to give her side and the third and fourth; which done they shall all tack as the first ship and giving the other side shall keep him under a perpetual volley.

This was neither more nor less than that 'concentration by defiling' which was so much in evidence in the actions between Hood and De Grasse. Loading was a slow operation and in Raleigh's day it was not yet thought advisable to lie yard-arm and yard-arm with an enemy and crush him by weight and rapidity of fire. Yet the English ships with their heavier armament could deliver a heavier and more sustained cannonade than the Spaniards. As early as 1574, Requesens, the Governor of the Netherlands, was warned by a Spanish agent in England that 'it would be well to give orders when they approach them (the English) that the ordnance flush with the water be at once discharged broadside on, and so damage their hulls and confuse them with the smoke. This is their own way of fighting and I have many times seen them do it to the French thirty years ago.' Mr. Corbett adds: 'To crush resistance by broadsides aimed low—to hull, and not waste powder on the rigging—to board when the enemy's fire was silenced, and not before,' was the English practice at that day as it was in the time of Hawke and Nelson. The more clearly we consider the ships, armament, and tactics of the Elizabethan Navy, the closer grows the resemblance to the Navy of the Nile and Trafalgar. The differences in hull and rigging were only differences of detail; there is no distinction to be drawn between the ships of 1590 and those of 1790 that can be called vital. The guns were almost identical. The heaviest gun carried in Elizabeth's fleets was the demi-cannon, a 30-32-pounder, 10 feet long, of 6½ inches calibre, weighing from 4,500 lb. to 5,000 lb. The heaviest gun of Nelson's *Victory* was the 32-pounder, 9 feet 6 inches in length, of 6½ inches calibre, weighing about 55 cwt. The Elizabethan culverin, a 5-inch 18-pounder, 10 feet in length, was about 4,000 lb. in weight; the 18-pounders of Nelson's time of 5-inch calibre were 9 feet long and weighed about 43 cwt. With such similarity of ships and weapons it was only natural that the tactics should be almost identical. From the time of Elizabeth

onward, the only great development, while ships sailed, was in the use and abuse of the line of battle.

A fleet of broadside ships going into action would be almost compelled to adopt the line ahead in order to keep out of one another's way, and to use their full gun-power upon the enemy without endangering their friends. But the sailing ship was then almost a new invention, and seamanship was very far from the scientific accuracy of later days. The rough line that they were capable of keeping could not be compared with the apple-pie order of the close-hauled line of battle which, according to Marryat, meant 'having your flying-jibboom in at the stern-windows of the ship ahead of you.' Still it is impossible to doubt that the root idea was there. Mr. Julian Corbett is of opinion that the traditional 'half-moon' of the Armada was really a slightly modified form of the 'eagle formation' perfected by the galley admirals: an arrangement of groups in line abreast, in which the vanguard represented the head, the main-battle was the body, the supports were the tail, and the two flanking divisions were the wings. A fleet in such a formation might be regarded as a slowly moving fortress; very rigid and unyielding, strong for defence and mutual support; but only useful for attack if the enemy consented to adopt the same cumbrous order of battle. The Elizabethan line ahead, even though it were rough and irregular, with half the ships out of their station, would seem pliant and easily handled in comparison with such a ponderous array. The Spaniards had to learn the lesson they had taught. The lightly armed Spanish infantry had put an end to the steel-clad man-at-arms mounted on an armoured cart-horse; the sailing 'line ahead' swept from the sea the ponderous parade-ground formation of the Mediterranean galley fleets.

We learn from the same authority that Philip thoroughly understood that his Armada would have to encounter an enemy who fought on a system of his own; and he instructed his admiral, Medina-Sidonia, to grapple and board wherever possible, so that his superiority in soldiers might neutralise the English superiority in gunnery. He did not realise that it is impossible to board in face of heavier gun-fire.

There is no need to tell the story or analyse the tactics of the Armada battles. Mr. Corbett has said all that there is to be said upon the subject, and he at least has no doubt that the rough line ahead described by Raleigh was used wherever possible. The first mention that is made with any precision of the true line ahead is in connection with the action off the Kentish coast on the 27th of September, 1652. Penn, who served under Blake in that battle, writes thus: 'We ran a fair berth against the head of our General to give room for my squadron to be between him and us.' The sentence is curiously involved: but Mr. David Hannay points out

that when the ships of the squadron had occupied the space left for them they must have been in such a position as made it possible for them to use their broadsides without firing into one another; therefore they could only have been in line ahead. He also quotes Captain Cubitt, of the *Tulip*, who was present under Monk in the action with Van Tromp on the 31st of July, 1653.

The weather being fair and both standing to sea, we tacked upon them and went through their whole fleet, leaving part on one side and part on the other of us; and in passing through we lamed several and sunk more. As soon as we had passed we tacked upon them again and they on us, and as we passed each other very near we did very good execution on them, and some of their ships that had lost all their masts struck their colours, and put out a white handkerchief on a staff. . . . As soon as we had passed each other, both tacked, the Hollander having still the wind and we keeping close by, we passed very near and did very great execution upon each other. In this bout we cut off some of his fleet which could not weather us, and therefore forsook him, and some of them we sunk.

This description could only apply to the manœuvres of fleets in line ahead; but if the order had been closer, it would have been more difficult to break through. Nevertheless, we see both attack and defence in line thoroughly established, although it was not invariably used. Penn told Pepys in 1666, after the Four Days battle, that 'three things must be remedied, or else we shall be undone by this fleet. (1) That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously to our utter and demonstrable ruine, the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we whenever we beat them. (2) That we must not desert ships of our own in distress. (3) That ships when they are a little shattered must not take the liberty to come in of themselves.' Discipline was very lax, and there were many instances of captains hauling out of action and going home without waiting for orders, and of rear-admirals who, in defiance of orders for 'mutual support,' engaged in private battles of their own and left the Commander-in-chief to look after himself. After the action off the Texel on the 12th of August, 1673, Prince Rupert wrote to the King, complaining 'that the orders of seconding one another had not been observed; I was left with my division in presence of sixty-six sail of the enemy; the French (our allies) to windward of them in an entire body, and Spragge as far as I could discern his ships to leeward, engaged with a few ships'—Spragge having allowed his admiral to stand on in hot action with the Dutch under De Ruyter and Bankert, while he hove to to await the squadron of Cornelius Van Tromp, with whom he had a private quarrel.

Throughout the whole of this period fireships were much used, and were often effective. Explosion vessels, first used by the Dutch at Antwerp in 1585, were never common, though Benbow used them at St. Malo in 1693, and Lord Cochrane at Basque Roads in 1809.

As the discipline of the Navy improved under such admirals

as Russell, Rooke, and George Byng, the line of battle was drawn more and more closely together. The art of handling ships had grown to such perfection that sailing manœuvres were executed with all the accuracy of the old galley evolutions. Fleets were in no hurry to engage, and it was not unusual for admirals to spend a day or two manœuvring for the windward position; and when they had got that, to devote another hour or two to forming their line; making individual ships exchange places, to the end that when the action began and each captain steered for his opposite in the enemy's line, all might be suitably matched. Then came a succession of mediocre commanders who were seamen and little else; and under their unintelligent rule the line ahead, instead of being a supple and powerful weapon of offence, became a fetish, a superstition to which the fighting efficiency of the fleet was sacrificed. Once formed, woe betide the captain who broke it, or allowed it to be broken! Any officer who presumed to haul out of his station in order to checkmate a new and imminent combination of the enemy, as Nelson did at St. Vincent, would have been cashiered at the very least. Matthews bore up out of his line in 1744 because he could make no effective attack while he remained in it; and Matthews was cashiered. Byng in 1756 remained ineffective in his line because he could not get into action without breaking it; and Byng was shot. Admirals who regarded the preservation of their line of battle as the principal object in action, and the destruction or damage of the enemy as a secondary consideration, were not likely to achieve any striking success. More than a hundred years earlier Monson had warned his contemporaries against this very danger in words that were curiously applicable to the tactics of the early Georgians:

The weather at sea is never certain; the winds variable; ships unequal in sailing; and when they strictly seek to keep their order, commonly they fall foul of one another, and in such cases they are more careful to observe their directions than to offend the enemy, whereby they will be brought into disorder among themselves.

For some reason yet undiscovered, the Augustan age was singularly poor in great admirals. It produced soldiers in plenty; many excellent, and one or two of the very first rank; but its sea-officers seem to have devoted so much time to the handling of ships and the important duty of keeping station, that they neglected the principal object of naval war, which is to inflict damage upon the enemy.

It was a strange thing that the first writer who pointed out the fault and suggested a remedy should be a civilian who had never been to sea. It is true that Hawke and Boscawen in some measure reduced his theory to practice before he propounded it; but it was more by accident than design. They were too busy to write critical essays or found a school for admirals. Born sea-captains, they used

the opportunities that came in their way, and left others to do the same. The works of John Clerk of Eldin were read, approved, and annotated by such men as Rodney, Howe, Duncan, and Jervis; and there is no question but that a great and effective development in the theory of tactics followed after the publication—perhaps it would be more accurate to say the private circulation—of his first pamphlet. Yet many naval officers and naval historians were scornfully incredulous that his ideas, ingenious as they were, could have exercised any practical influence upon professional minds. There had been other writers upon the same subject. Translations of the works of two Frenchmen, Paul L'Hoste and the Vicomte de Grenier, had already appeared in England, and both were known to Clerk; but neither carried the theories of attack and defence to such practical perfection. His pamphlet was privately circulated in the beginning of the year 1782. Both Rodney and Duncan read it as soon as it appeared, and both acknowledged its value; Rodney after his victory over De Grasse in April of that year, and Duncan after Camperdown in 1797.

Clerk observed that though British ships were almost invariably successful in single duels or in engagements between small squadrons, yet in the recent great fleet actions they had invariably been baffled, if not worsted, without ever having lost a ship. The victories of George Byng in 1716, Hawke in 1747 and 1759, Anson in 1747 and Boscawen in 1759, were each the result of a 'general chase' after an enemy sailing off the wind and endeavouring to avoid action. The pursuing British ships seized him by the tail and bit off joint after joint, while his van and centre, being dead to leeward, could give no support to the rear. Whenever the enemy remained in line, close-hauled to the wind, so that either van or rear could come to each other's assistance if necessary, our fleets failed to make any impression. Matthews' action against De Court in 1744, Byng's against De la Gallissonnière in 1756, Pocock and D'Aché in the East Indies in 1759, Keppel and D'Orvilliers in 1778, Rodney and De Guichen in 1780, may be cited as instances.

The recognised plan of battle for the British fleet was to obtain, if possible, the weather position; then to move down to attack in a long 'lasking' line (heading diagonally towards the enemy's course), and to attempt to engage their whole line from end to end, van against van, centre against centre, rear against rear. If they attacked from the leeward the fleets generally engaged on opposite tacks and swept past each other in slow procession, exchanging broadsides; a chivalrous proceeding which combined the maximum of damage with the minimum of result.

The French, on the other hand, deliberately chose the leeward position and defensive tactics. They concentrated their fire upon the spars and rigging of the van ships of the advancing English, who

could only bring a few bow guns to bear in reply. By the time that the English van had reached its position abreast of the French van the first three or four ships were more than half crippled, while the centre and rear were still out of effective range. Then the whole French line usually made sail ahead, pounding the English van as they passed. If their van suffered they withdrew either a part or the whole, and formed a new line to leeward. The rear was rarely engaged at all, and the whole process might be repeated. The object of the French was to preserve their ships from capture or serious damage; the object of the English was to match each of their ships against the corresponding ship in the French line, always beginning with the van. The result was, naturally, a succession of indecisive battles, neither victories nor defeats.

It was John Clerk who pointed out that the only way to force a close action was by cutting the enemy's line, as Monk did. The objects he aimed at were, first, to dispose his fleet so that no part could be attacked without the possibility of support from all or part of the rest; secondly, to attack with great superiority of force upon a part of the enemy, while that part was so placed that it could not easily be supported. Both these desiderata were to be attained by breaking the enemy's line and concentrating the attack on that part which could least easily be supported by the other.

The possible variations of the system were almost infinite; but the idea, so old in land-warfare, then so often neglected at sea, is to be found in every successful naval action.

Rodney's first attempt to force action was unsuccessful. Being to windward of De Guichen's fleet in 1780, he hoisted the signal to bear up in line abreast: a movement which would have brought his whole fleet upon the French rear; but his captains were so wedded to the bad old fashion that the whole van division stood on to get abreast of the French van, and the attack failed. In the following year Sir Hyde Parker attacked De Ruyter and the Dutch fleet from the windward in the usual oblique line. The Dutch refrained from raking him as he came down, and not a shot was fired till the fleets were duly matched, ship against ship. After three hours and forty minutes' action both were beaten to a standstill.

After Rodney successfully broke the line of De Grasse on April 14, 1782, the old fashion was finally abandoned, and concentration upon a part of the enemy's line became the rule.

The French were rarely successful in attack. It is interesting to compare the action between Hood and De Grasse at St. Christopher in January 1782, with that of Nelson at the Nile in 1798. General Fraser was besieged at Brimstone Hill, and De Grasse with twenty-six ships of the line and two fifties lay in Basseterre Road to cover the besieging force. Hood, with twenty-two sail of the line, sailed from Barbados to throw in reinforcements for General Fraser. His

first design, supposing the enemy were at anchor, was to stand on till he was abreast of them. 'After having delivered each ship her whole fire upon the two headmost ships of the enemy, to haul off in succession, then, by tacking to return in the same succession, and again and again to repeat each ship her whole fire,' which might be described as a concentration by countermarch upon the head of the French line. An unlucky collision between two of his ships arrested this attack on the morning of the 24th of January. In the evening De Grasse put to sea in order to have room to bring his whole force into action. Next morning Hood came down in line as if to attack, drawing the French still further from the shore. Then, says he, 'I thought I had a fair prospect of gaining the anchorage he had left, knowing that to be the only chance of saving the island.' Accordingly, he 'made a push for it' and succeeded in getting a good start. As he came down parallel with the anchorage, but outside it, his rear under Commodore Affleck was hotly engaged. Reaching the western end of the roadstead, the van tacked inshore, stood back to the eastern end and anchored, each ship in its station, covered by the centre and rear divisions, which were still passing down outside them to tack in their turn; and the leading ships were already anchored and ready to open fire when the last ship of the rear division passed by them and gave them a clear sight of the French. De Grasse made a furious attack on the whole line, but was beaten off. The anchorage being upon a narrow ledge which dropped suddenly into deep water, Hood had anchored too near the edge to allow De Grasse to find holding-ground outside him, so the French were compelled to fight under sail. Before they could attack again, Hood shifted three of his rear ships to the head of the line. The leading ship was only just clear of the shore, and being further protected by a spit or shoal outside of her, there was no possibility of any French ship passing inside the van. Six of the rear ships were anchored in a line north and south, making a slightly obtuse angle with the rest of the fleet, which was nearly west-north-west to east-south-east, thus protecting the rear from any enfilading fire. On the following morning, De Grasse attacked again, concentrating on the van and centre; and in the afternoon he made a third attempt on the centre and rear, and each time he was driven off by the tremendous broadsides of Hood's fleet. After that he left Hood alone until the island capitulated on the 13th of February and it became necessary for the safety of the English fleet that they should leave their impregnable position and rejoin the main fleet under Rodney, then expected from England, with as little damage as possible. De Grasse's superior force was lying within five miles of them, waiting to attack them as soon as they came out, but Hood could no more be caught than he could be beaten. On the 14th of February, De Grasse, with some of his

ships, went to Nevis for stores and provisions. Hood called his captains on board the *Barfleur*, and made them set their watches by his chronometer, and at 11 o'clock that night every cable was cut and Hood made his way out without being discovered, though the lights of some of the French ships were plainly visible. Those operations at Basseterre were the masterpiece of the first great admiral of our great period.

Hood had demonstrated the tremendous power of the British fleet in defence; it was left for Nelson to prove that it was irresistible in attack. At the battle of the Nile the French and English positions were reversed. There were thirteen ships on each side, but Brueys at anchor had one 120-gun ship and three 80's, while Nelson attacked him with twelve ships of 74 guns and one of 50. Brueys had left room for a ship to pass round the head of his line, and took no precautions to protect his rear. Nelson was able to double his ships on the French van and centre and destroy ship after ship while the rear looked helplessly on, out of action. If Nelson could have changed places with De Grasse, or Hood with Brueys, who can say what the result might have been?

After Rodney broke De Grasse's line on the 12th of April, 1782, and gained the most decisive naval victory of the war, there followed ten years of peace; but the seed had been sown. Clerk's theories and the practical demonstrations of Hood and Rodney had brought sailing tactics to the highest perfection of which they were capable. When war broke out again in 1793 we had no longer to contend with the scientific officers of the Royal Navy of France, but with the improvised, undisciplined levies of the Revolution. When Howe met Villaret Joyeuse in the first fleet action of the great war, he hoisted the signal for each ship to pass through the enemy's line and engage to leeward; but the captains seemed to have found more difficulty than the admirals in getting rid of the old superstition of the sacred line of battle; most of them hauled to the wind and engaged their opposites in the French line from the windward, in the old fashion, and half the fruits of victory were snatched from Howe's grasp. Jervis at St. Vincent severed the two parts of the more numerous Spanish fleet, and the *Victory's* broadside stopped a Spanish three-decker in her attempt to cut through the British line in her turn. Had Jervis tacked his fleet 'all together' the Spaniards might have been crushed; but he signalled to 'tack in succession,' whereby so much time was lost that the Spanish van found a clear road round the rear of the British fleet to rejoin the six ships of their lee division then standing to meet them. Nelson with magnificent disregard of signals wore out of the line and threw the *Captain* across their path. Four Spanish ships were taken.

If Hood at Basseterre foreshadowed Nelson at the Nile, Duncan at Camperdown rehearsed in 1797 the manœuvres of Trafalgar. On

each occasion the British being to windward bore up in two divisions, line ahead, and broke through the enemy's line in two places. At Camperdown, as at Trafalgar, one half of the enemy's fleet was taken or destroyed.

Trafalgar was the last great fleet action fought under sail, and that tremendous victory, the culmination of two centuries of naval experience, was at once the glory and the completion of the work that had been begun under the influence of the Tudors, developed under the direction of Francis Drake, and was perfected by Nelson. With that, the old order ended; the day of oak and canvas was over, the day of steel and steam was yet to come. Algiers and Navarino added nothing to tactical science, for the last word had been spoken, the great days were done, the great sailors had passed away. Since the introduction of steam-driven ships, heavy guns, and defensive armour revolutionised the sea service, we are in a new world, where all is strange to us. The only experience that we shall have to guide us when the morning of the next great fleet battle dawns must be gathered piecemeal from the naval history of the American Civil War and the two battles of Lissa and the Yalu. Admiral Dewey at Manila proved once more that an enemy's moral weakness is a factor of no less importance than his material strength; for an admiral can afford to disregard contact mines that will not explode and heavy guns that will not be fired, if he can only distinguish them from the effective variety.

The admirals who command fleets to-day are in much the same position as Drake and Hawkins; the weapon is put into their hands but they must learn the use of it for themselves, and that is not to be done in a day. Our forefathers were busily engaged for two hundred years before they perfected their system of sailing tactics; and there was less difference between the galley and the galleon than between the old three-decker and the first-class battleship of to-day.

W. J. FLETCHER.

MACEDONIA AND ENGLAND'S POLICY

WHO would not wish to see the horrors, which in Macedonia have accumulated upon horror's head, made impossible for the future and a reign of humanity introduced in their stead? To express such an ardent desire in fiery language at a public meeting, where the principles of true humanity are unfortunately often replaced by a bigoted crusading spirit, may be easy enough. To egg public opinion on, in a flamboyant leading article, to the letting loose of the dogs of war against the 'infidel Turk'—a war which, however, not this country, but other Powers, are expected to bear the brunt of: of all this we have had more than enough. But who that knows even the rudiments only of Eastern affairs; who that takes into consideration the racial conflicts and the dangerous rival ambitions which are at work there, could bring himself to long for a clash of arms on a wider field, that might inundate Europe with blood?

It is the fashion to talk about 'Macedonia.' That is a fine classic word, but unknown to the inhabitants of the region so spoken of. There has been, for more than a thousand years, no population in the old Macedonian sense there, but only a confused medley of races, each hostile to, or averse from, the others; most of them with a domineering tendency of their own. There are six or seven of these nationalities; and they are hopelessly at sixes and sevens. There are, not only Bulgars, but Greeks, Serbs, Rumans, Albanese, a good many Turks as well as Mohammedanised sections of tribes; and even, in some districts, a compact population of Jews, who in the East are reckoned as a separate nationality.

In many parts these races are so interlaced that it is quite impossible to unmix them. Yet nationality bitterly divides them. Language sunders them. Religion makes them enemies of each other, not only as between Christians and adherents of Islam or of the Mosaic creed, but among the confessors of the Orthodox Greek Church themselves. Some of the latter look to the Bulgarian Exarch, others to the Patriarch at Constantinople, as their hierarchic head. How strangely 'those Christians love each other' has been seen in several cases during the present rising, when Bulgar

insurgents of the Exarch's flock fell upon adherents of the Patriarch, trying to convert them by force of arms.

What unity, what harmony, what national self-government can be evolved from such a witches' cauldron?

The Bulgars, originally a Tatar race from the Volga—whence their name of Volgars, or Bolgars—but Slavonised in speech, claim 'Macedonia' as their own, and appeal to the traditions of their old Empire. The Serbs, real Slavs, rather look upon them as a kind of disguised Turks. Making war upon scarcely emancipated Bulgaria, the people of Belgrade, in 1885, toasted their own ruler as 'King of Servia and Macedonia,' crying up the glorious traditions of their own ancient Empire as it was in the days of Stephen Dushan. In his time, Macedonia, Albania, Thessaly, and Northern Greece, as well as Bulgaria, belonged to Servia.

The Greeks, taking their stand upon a higher antiquity than Serbs or Bulgars can claim, have to say a word to both, and are not inclined to consent to the present attempt at a 'Bulgarisation' of Macedonia. I remember, during the last war of Russia against Turkey, when Constantinople was so near falling into the hands of Muscovite Autocracy, having had a long conversation with a distinguished Greek Ambassador. Spreading out large maps, he indicated where the Hellenic element exists in Macedonia. With an indignation natural in one of his race, he strongly objected both to Bulgaria obtaining that province, and to her proposed extension to the Ægean Sea.

Such an extension would indeed have barred out Greece from all future possibilities in the direction of Constantinople. It would have provided the Czar's Empire with an outlet into the Mediterranean; for be it well remembered that the despotic Government of St. Petersburg thought itself sure, in the 'seventies, of getting the practical overlordship in Bulgaria. What State-stroke intrigues, what sanguinary horrors were enacted, even later on, at Sofia by Muscovite agents to obtain that overlordship! And how insecure is the state of affairs at Sofia even now!

I need scarcely say that the Greek Ambassador I have mentioned was right glad when the provisional Convention of San Stefano was revised and altered at the Congress of Berlin. The crafty diplomacy of the Northern Autocrat was thus foiled. The future of the Hellenic cause was so far saved.

To-day the Greek nation and Government are again opposed to Bulgarian claims of supremacy in Macedonia. They stigmatise also what the present Greek Ambassador in London has called, in a public letter, 'Bulgarian atrocities' committed by the insurgents. The Rumanian nation and Government are similarly minded. Have we not here facts which might induce even the rashest to pause before calling for an armed European intervention in favour of the Bulgars?

Are Greece and Rumania to be held of no account, whilst the 'Sick Man,' who shows a most lively vitality, is declared to be doomed to death? Are the new crusaders not aware of these terrible difficulties of the problem in the Near East?

It is idle and utterly wrong to denounce the Greeks as 'pro-Turkish.' That they certainly are not. They have proved it again in their last venture only a few years back, when, urged on by the false hope raised among them of English support, they rushed into war against Turkey. As a member of the old Greek Committee, I may mention that I gave warning at the time, by a letter addressed to its secretary, my late friend Lewis Sergeant, against that expedition as a hopeless one. At present I hold it to be a duty to give another warning, and to state the case of the Greeks in regard to the Bulgarian claims over 'Macedonia.'

It was the Hellenic Premier, M. Ralli, who recently said to a deputation at Athens that there was no alliance between Greece and Turkey; that only a friendly exchange of opinion had taken place between Athens and Constantinople; but that 'to forward the violent attempts of the Bulgars would be a suicidal policy on the part of Greece.' Are English Liberals to ignore such portentous signs—they who have always prided themselves on their strong phil-Hellene sentiments?

Of course, men who are mainly moved by theological hatred against 'the one anti-human specimen of humanity'—that is, against a race which, since the days of the greatest phil-Hellene, Lord Byron, has been described by him, and by all travellers, as an honest, industrious, and worthy people of sterling qualities, barring its corrupt pashas and its despotic Government; or men who, moved by even worse, hidden motives, favour under various *aliases* the designs of Muscovite autocracy in the direction of Constantinople, of the Persian Gulf, or even of India, will care less for the future of Greece than for the immediate overthrow of the Ottoman Empire, which acts still as a barrier against Russian aggression. Such men will not mind whatever evil results might come from a catastrophe in the East for Europe at large. But sensible politicians, not misled by their own more generous impulses, will scarcely wonder that the Greeks are looking a little ahead.

'People in England ask,' the Greeks say, 'why we, who have fought the Turks, are not on the side of the Bulgars. Now, frankly speaking, can a man, or a nation, be expected to be on the side of his, or its, enemy? Do our would-be critics know that there is a considerable Hellenic, or Hellenised, population in those Turkish departments to which the name of Macedonia is given? Do they know that horrid cruelties have been committed by Bulgar bands against our own kith and kin? Do they know the real aim and object of the much-quoted Treaty of San Stefano? Are they not aware

that its intention was to build up a Bulgar wall at the eastern frontier of Greece down to the sea, whilst Russia was to have the practical suzerainty, political and military, over the newly established Bulgarian State, with an ultimate aim of annexing later on that country altogether to the dominions of the Czar? And we should be foolish to play into the hands of those who, wittingly or unwittingly, promote this dangerous policy.'

II

So much for the Greeks. Now, as to the Rumans who watch these developments from the northern frontier of Bulgaria.

In the war of 1877-78 the Rumans saved the Russian army from annihilation. The thanks given them by the Czar consisted of robbing them of a part of their territory at the conclusion of peace. Had the Rumans not stepped in with their timely help, the Emperor Alexander the Second would in all likelihood have been compelled to retreat. And then, seeing him disgraced by defeat, even the citizens of Holy Moscow would have presented to the Autocrat a petition for the grant of a parliamentary Constitution at the point of the bayonets of the Civic Guard of that old Russian capital.

Be it not forgotten—though the agents and the collusive tools of the Court of St. Petersburg have always done their best to obliterate the fact: the Ottoman Empire itself possessed at that time a Parliament, sitting at Constantinople. More than that: so impressive were the debates of that Turkish representation of the people, so Liberal were its resolutions for the better government of the country, that Russian Progressists naturally felt a deal of envy. Loudly enough, they already began to mutter when things looked bad at Plevna: 'Are we to have less freedom than even the subjects of the Sultan?'

Here we come to the present attitude of the Young Turkish party, whose leaders are in exile, but which still has many adherents at home, even in the army and in the administration. These Young Turkish Reformers, who agitate for the reconvoation of the Ottoman Parliament, are also, like the Greeks and the Rumans, dead against the Bulgar insurgents, attacking them in public manifestoes in unmeasured terms of hostility. Fanatical Moslems the Young Turks certainly are not—as little as the Hellenes are pro-Turks. On the contrary, they are highly cultured men, nourished with Western European civilisation, not a few of them able politicians and writers with a philosophical turn of mind. By race, they are Turks, Arabs, Syrians, Druses. With a number of them I have for years been in correspondence, and can testify to the loftiness of their aims.

Now, are Englishmen to set their faces not only against Greeks and Rumans, but also against the Young Turkish Reformers?

A few words on that party may here be of use. I remember its rise and origin in the sixties, when, between 1867 and 1868, a small group of Turkish exiles—namely, Zia Bey, Ali Suavi, and Aghaia Effendi—lived in London. They published here and in Paris an ably conducted journal, called the *Mukhbir* (the 'Advertiser'), copies of which are still in my library. That paper came out under the auspices of Mustafa Fazil Pasha, the well-known statesman who contributed so much to the spread of public instruction and of Liberal ideas by sending young students and others—among them, a distinguished poet, Kemal—to Paris and London. In the *Mukhbir*, parliamentary institutions and all the other desirable reforms were advocated.

In 1876, the *Softa* rising at Constantinople at last brought about the introduction of a Charter under the young Sultan, who had just come to the throne—the present Abdul Hamid the Second. It was a popular movement, officered by the better educated class of Mohammedans. In a famous rescript, the Sultan said that 'if his sire had lived longer, a constitutional era would have been inaugurated under him. Providence, however, had reserved for him (the son) the task of accomplishing this happy transformation, which is the highest guarantee of the welfare of his subjects.' He went on to denounce 'the abuses which are the result of the arbitrary rule of one or of some individuals.' He then enumerated the various reforms to be accomplished by the National Assembly: responsibility of ministers; parliamentary right of control; independence of the courts of justice; equilibrium of the budget.

All races and all creeds were represented in that Parliament, which sat during 1877-78: Turks and Armenians, Bulgars, Greeks, Albanese, Syrians, and Arabs; Mohammedans, Greco-Catholics, Armenian Christians, Protestants, and Jews. Its debates, through the whole of which I went carefully at the time in the French text of the Constantinople press, exhibited a remarkable degree of ability. I learnt afterwards, from men conversant with Turkish, and who had repeatedly been present at the sittings, that these official reports had even considerably toned down the liveliness of the discussions.

I need not refer to the activity of Midhat Pasha, nor go into the many useful reforms then debated, including freedom of the press; equality before the law; liberty in matters of public instruction; admission of all citizens, irrespective of race and creed, to the various public employments; an equal imposition of taxes; free exercise of every religious cult, and so forth. Two English ambassadors, Sir Henry Elliot, who represented England at the Porte in those critical days, and Sir Henry Layard in the same diplomatic quality, have expressed their full appreciation of, and sympathy with, the efforts of that Ottoman Parliament.

Sir Henry Elliot, more than twenty years afterwards, still declared, in a letter to the *Times*, that, instead of being satisfied with denunciations, at public meetings, of the horrors that are occasionally perpetrated in Turkey, the system under which they occur should be put an end to; and that the British people should speak out in this sense, as it 'would afford immense encouragement to the reforming party, from which alone any good result is to be hoped for.' In other words, he pleaded for the reconvoation of the Ottoman Parliament, which is the aim of the Young Turkish Reformers.

How did that Assembly come to grief? When the Russian army arrived before the gates of Constantinople, the Sultan, pressed close by the Czar, and being at issue with the representatives of the people on account of the exile of Midhat and about Budget questions, suddenly *prorogued* Parliament. Alexander the Second, the 'Divine Figure from the North,' was thus freed from the danger of hearing Liberal subjects of his own uttering the cry: 'Let us, by way of reward for our sacrifices in blood and money in this war, have parliamentary government as in Turkey!'

Prorogued the Turkish National Assembly was, let it well be remembered—not abolished; not dissolved even. Ever since, the Young Turkish party has called for its restoration. I regret to say that, in this country, the natural allies of these Reformers—that is, the Liberals—have had little more for them than sneers. Yet the fulfilment of the aspirations of the Young Turks would be the only means—as Sir Henry Elliot avowed—of working out a cure at the very source of despotic mischief.

III

I have gone into this retrospective explanation for the purpose of shedding proper light upon the recent anti-Bulgarian manifestoes of the Young Turks. These manifestoes are contained in the *Mechveret* ('The Consultation'), edited by their most prominent leader, Ahmed Riza. The son of an ex-Minister, he has, as a youth, made extensive and brilliant studies at Paris, travelled in Europe, and occupied a position at the University in Constantinople and in the department of Public Instruction. Characterised by scholarly habits, a zealous student of philosophy, a freethinker, in fact, he has been for years at the head of the Ottoman Committee of Union and Progress. I had much pleasure in making his personal acquaintance, some years ago, at Paris, when his accomplished sister had just arrived there as a refugee from Constantinople.

The last extensive manifesto of the Young Turks fills several columns. Prefixed to it is a strong demand for the deposition of Abdul Hamid. Nine times, in a series of short paragraphs, the

déposition of the Sultan, who has become forsworn to his constitutional pledges, is urged for the sake of the peace of Europe, which is said to be on a volcano. After this, the Bulgarian risings in 'Macedonia' are dealt with.

They are denounced as the forerunners of a future conquest planned by Muscovite despotism. The statements made by the Bulgar insurgents are declared to be in a great measure mere malicious inventions, published in prints which are subventioned by Russians. 'The insurgents themselves,' the manifesto goes on, 'openly avow that their object is to strike public opinion by terroristic deeds, and that they purposely provoke the Turks to reprisals so as to compel Europe (read Russia) to an intervention. With this object the attempt has been made to destroy Salonica by dynamite explosions. Villages have been burnt by the insurgents, Mussulman populations have been killed and plundered, all for the purpose of inciting Turkey to cruel reprisals and calling in foreign Powers.'

'Must not,' the manifesto continues, 'the famous word about the abolition of the penalty of death in criminal cases be applied to the Bulgars?' "Que Messieurs les assassins commencent les premiers!" (Let the murderers begin first!)?' 'Wild beasts,' 'bandits,' and so forth, the insurgents are called in this appeal. Stress is laid on the anti-Bulgarian attitude of the Greeks. Russia, with her double-dealing policy, is stated to be behind the scenes; 'her aim being always to weaken and to dismember the Ottoman Empire.' Sofia is described as the central seat of the insurrectionary movement. 'From there also, fabricated news is sent out to agents in connection with the Bulgar Committees.'

I give this simply as another proof of the fierce contentions existing among the races in the Near East. It is not necessary to decide either for or against one or the other of them; nor need the statistics of races given by each be absolutely relied on in order to see the enormous difficulties of a problem, or of a series of problems, too intricate for outsiders to solve by a mere appeal to antiquated clerical passions against the 'Infidel Turk.' Here are Young Turks, more enlightened in matters of creed than many Christian bishops and canons; Young Turks aiming at the reintroduction of parliamentary government in the best English sense. Yet they too, like the Greeks and the Rumanians, turn against the Bulgars in Macedonia; pointing out, in so doing, the dangers threatening from Muscovite despotism and aggression.

How is it—the question is often asked—that with the tyranny in Russian Poland; the perjury committed by Nicholas the Second in Finland; the oppression, political and religious, that is, against Protestants in the Baltic provinces of the Czar's Empire; the persecution of various communities of Dissenters from the State

Church ; the sanguinary horrors, unmatched even in the Middle Ages, which have been enacted against the Jews in Kishineff and Gomel ; and with numberless other atrocities of a similar kind before their eyes—how is it that the preachers of a crusade for the liberation of race-divided, polyglot, impossible ‘Macedonia’ express no desire to have the sword of Europe fleshed by an attack upon tyranny in Russia ?

IV

There is, before us, another significant utterance in *Free Russia*. It is the periodical organ of exiles, excellently edited by Felix Volkhovsky, who for many years was a sufferer from banishment in Siberia. There we find an article on ‘Macedonia and Russian Diplomacy,’ by a correspondent in Bulgaria ; written, it need scarcely be said, as far away as possible from a pro-Turkish point of view.

The number of *Free Russia* in which that article appears contains, on its first pages, most extraordinary revelations about police intrigues of the Government of St. Petersburg in the Labour Movement of Russia. They uncover a perfect abyss of infamies perpetrated by the secret tools and *agents provocateurs* of M. Plehve. The article on Macedonia shows how Bulgarian feeling was craftily instigated by the famous Shipka festivities, when the Grandduke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, surrounded by a score of Russian generals, and accompanied by Count Ignatieff, the ‘Father of Lies’ and author of the Treaty of San Stefano, actually worked up the present insurrection, whilst the Czar apparently put a mild damper upon the efforts of his own men.

It is brought to mind, in *Free Russia*, how, a few months afterward, Count Lamsdorff, the Russian Foreign Minister, himself appeared on the scene at Sofia, handing over sums of money to Macedonians who are so numerous and so influential in the capital of Bulgaria. I may add, on my part, the well-known fact of a large gift of arms being made to the Government at Sofia by Nicholas the Second, the eminent friend of Peace and Arbitration. Officially—*Free Russia* says—Count Lamsdorff was very cool and close-tongued. Unofficially, he went rather far in his contact with the Macedonians at Sofia.

Imperial Russia [to quote once more from that article], feels uneasy when peace and quietude reign around her—when, therefore, there is no pretext for intriguing and meddling with other people’s affairs. She was interested in having the Balkan peninsula in trouble that she might herself profit by the occasion to strengthen her position in Turkey and Bulgaria. . . . Imperial Russia would fain solve the Macedonian Question on the condition that her will should dominate

others, and her share in the results be the lion's share. But to take part in its solution on an equal footing with other Powers—that does not suit her. She would rather wait for a 'more favourable moment.'

This exposition of Imperial intrigues is all the more noteworthy because it winds up with strong anti-Turkish sentences, after having branded the 'typical Russian Imperial politics.'

No doubt, the Bulgar rising in Macedonia has to some extent—as *Free Russia* says—gone beyond 'the limits which were originally planned for it by its initiators.' Here I would point out that at the end of the 'seventies, when the Bulgarian army was mainly under the direction of Russian officers, it suited the Court of St. Petersburg, or the military and bureaucratic ring which so often guides the hands of the so-called Autocracy, to have as large a Bulgaria as possible. At present, seeing that the repeated attempts at State-strokes made at Sofia in the Russian interest (the overthrow of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, the gruesome assassination of Stambuloff, and other plots) have not succeeded yet in bringing Bulgaria quite under Russian Imperial grasp, a kind of waiting game is preferred. The Macedonian sore is, however, kept open for possible contingencies. Should an opportune moment arrive, the Government of St. Petersburg would quickly enough come forward with more resolute steps.

Is it not a noteworthy circumstance that a man like Prince Uchtomski, the confidant of Nicholas the Second, who has published the work on his Sovereign's journey in the Far East, should have been bold enough to write an article like the one that appeared recently in the *Petersburg Gazette*? Prince Uchtomski said there that recent events in Macedonia are of only secondary importance in comparison with what Russia had just now to do in regard to Japan. 'Macedonian affairs,' he declared, 'might *certainly hasten the solution of our task of the occupation of Constantinople, which must sooner or later become a Russian city*,' but that 'it was of even greater importance to crush, if necessary, with a giant's foot, the proud young State of Japan.'

The idea of taking Constantinople, as it were in passing, but to make an end, first, of progressive Japan, is in the best vein of Muscovite ironical haughtiness. It was the same Prince Uchtomski who, in the work written by the order of the Czar, asserted that 'we (the Russians) are exceedingly popular all over India; and its inhabitants, therefore, gathered with natural anxiety along the path of his Imperial Highness (Nicholas the Second).' In the sentences following that assertion, the author speaks of the probability of 'the Russians being expected beyond the Himalayas' by the natives of India. The Indians, he asserts, whilst outwardly professing loyalty to England, 'consider with heartfelt hatred as a burden the law they are forced to accept, the strict and systematic rule, and the destruc-

tion of some of the fundamental pieces of their ancient civilisation.' A hint gross and palpable!

It is the custom even of the official diplomacy of Russia thus to allude to apparently distant problems in a light and ironical manner; to play in the meanwhile a waiting and dilatory game; to recede even for a time seemingly from the object in view; but on a given great opportunity to make a sudden forward spring. After a success thus achieved, the apparent game of tacking to and fro is resumed, until a fresh opportunity arises for long-prophesied, long-delayed, by thoughtless observers often as mere bluff ridiculed, but finally, on a sudden, accomplished action.

To the voices of Greeks, Rumans, Young Turkish Reformers, and Russian Democrats who understand full well the tactics of their own oppressor, the utterance of an Italian leader may be added. It is Amilcare Cipriani, a Republican and a Socialist, whose views about foreign affairs may on several points be properly contested, but who has the advantage of being acquainted with Macedonia. 'I know a little about the mountains of Macedonia,' he writes, 'because I fought there in 1897.' He was then on the side of Greece against Turkey, which he hates with mortal hatred.

Now, he also dwells on the fact of 'Macedonia being split up into many races: Greeks, Servians, Bulgars, Rumans, Wallachs, Albanese and Turks—all enemies of each other.' Whilst upholding the right of the oppressed to use every means of defence against a tyrant, he at the same time writes: 'It is said that Mohammedans are ferocious. Yes, and what about Christians? Have people forgotten the Crusades, when it was a holy duty to extirpate the "Infidels" even in the womb of their mothers? Think of the religious wars, merciless, barbarous, ferocious wars, in which no quarter was given; the extermination of the Albigenses, of the Waldenses, of the Hussites, of the infamous Inquisition and its fires.' He then gives a list of Christian atrocities in our own days, from the repression of the Paris Commune down to the butcheries of Jews at Kishineff.

Those who make at present such fiery appeals in the name of the 'Religion of the Cross,' of the 'Established Church,' or of 'Nonconformist Communion,' for a sanguinary Christian crusade against the confessors of the Mohammedan creed, might well be asked to think about those facts. Without intending to pronounce for any theological system whatever, I may say, at least, that in Islam a clearer monotheistic principle is contained than in any other so-called revealed religion. Young Turkish Reformers, on their part, being mostly of a philosophical bent, are certainly superior in real

culture to those would-be crusaders who appeal, in the name of the 'Sacramental Presence and the Cross of Christ,' to the worst and most antiquated passions of *odium theologicum*.

This only by the way. What M. Cipriani says of the policy of Czardom is of significance as coming from one who would fain see the Ottoman Empire dissolved, but not for the benefit of an aggressive neighbouring tyranny. Speaking of the Treaty of San Stefano, he says :

At that time Russia, having seen that it was not so easy to conquer Turkey, began—helped afterwards by France—her campaign of insinuation, of infiltration, and of intervention in European affairs, of intelligent and constant interference in the Balkan provinces, in order to have a pretext for intervention and for *seizing Constantinople*, the great prize wished for by the Romanoffs since Peter the First, whom obliging history calls the Great, but whom impartial history will call the Executioner. . . . This insurrection (in Macedonia) is hers. It is she who arms it, incites it, and upholds it from Bulgaria. It is she who gives it its best leaders, and who urges them to commit the atrocities which we know. . . . Meanwhile the Latin races are threatened by the Slavs ; for, after the Russification of Finland, of Manchuria, of Armenia, of the Caucasus, and the Balkan provinces, if Russia gets hold of Constantinople, it will be our turn soon. . . .

The Italian party leader winds up with this notice : 'In reply to those young men who have written to me, saying that they were ready to follow me if I went to Macedonia, I answer that there is no place in this revolt for volunteers who should fight for the independence and liberty of nations, and not for their enslavement.' He looks upon the Bulgar insurrection in Macedonia as 'a revolt without any definite idea,' and he is apprehensive of evil results even from the present co-operation between Austria-Hungary and ambitiously aggressive Russia.

Here a word may be said about the ideas of those who plead for armed Austrian and Russian interference against Turkey. At Vienna and at Buda-Pesth, thinking politicians are averse from that suggestion. Hungary especially has to fear much from a precipitated break-up of the Ottoman Empire ; for, racially speaking, Hungary, like Turkey, contains also a medley of races between whom little love is lost.

The Magyar kingdom—or the dominions of the Crown of St. Stephen, as it is also called—is composed of four chief races : Magyar, Slavonic, German, and Ruman. They are as distinct from each other in blood and speech as are the Turks from the Russians, or, say, the Swedes from the Italians. The ruling Magyar race is even, numerically, in a minority against the combined other nationalities, among whom the Slavonic one is split up into tribal sections, each with a dialect or language of its own, not to mention many minor fragments of races distributed over Hungary.

With a despotically governed, centralised, aggressive Russia at her flank, Hungary would be seriously threatened if Muscovite

autocracy got a strong foothold in the Balkan countries. Some Magyar party-leaders seem to forget, or to make light just now, of this prospective peril. But all those who wish well to an old parliamentary country, as Hungary is, cannot ignore that situation; and this is another argument for a wary treatment of Eastern affairs by thinking English politicians.

There are some who urge the armed establishment of a *condominium*, of a joint partnership in Macedonia, by Russia and Austria-Hungary. What such arrangements easily lead to has been shown in recent times in Schleswig-Holstein. The Courts of Prussia and Austria (which latter, down to 1866, still formed with its Federal provinces an integral part of Germany) being driven, in 1863, by the national sentiment of the Schleswig-Holsteiners, and by the German nation at large, into war against Danish foreign dominion, formed in 1864 such a *condominium* there. The result was, the ejection of Austria from the German Duchies; the 'fratricidal war' (as Bismarck himself called it in later years) of Prussia against the German Confederacy; the expulsion of Austria from it; the disruption of Germany into three parts, which encouraged France to the attack in 1870; and then that gigantic war of 1870-71, in which the aggressor was worsted.

If the wish were to light up, in the East, a war of even more terrible character—'dragging Europe into its bloody whirlwind,' as M. Cipriani says—the suggestion of an armed *condominium* of Russia and Austria may be carried out. Some very ardent theologians would possibly not object to that.

VI

A few years before the last war of Russia against Turkey, I had an hour's conversation on Eastern affairs with Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) at the House of Commons, where he had heard that I was the guest of a Liberal member, a common friend of his and mine. The Tory leader had expressed a wish for such personal acquaintance; and I may say that, in spite of the greatest divergence of political opinions, the interview passed off most pleasantly; he showing an amiability generally little associated with his character.

What startled me, however, was the apparent lack of knowledge he exhibited about the more intricate affairs of the Near East, and as to the ultimate designs of Russia there, as well as in Central Asia, and towards India. This strange want of information, or of proper appreciation, came out clearly in the questions he addressed to me. He was not aware of the curious ramifications of Panslavism in Hungary and Turkey; nor did he know anything of its literary and political advocates and leaders. He did not believe that Russia would soon make another attack upon the Ottoman Empire. He

saw no danger in the forward Muscovite movement 'through what then still was Independent Tatar. He thought Russia has 'enough on her hands in Central Asia.' He did not imagine that India was her final aim.

On all these points I expressed a contrary view, going fully into details. I will not repeat what I have, years ago, stated in an explicit account. Be it sufficient to say that I distinctly foretold a fresh and early attack of Russia upon Turkey, and a continuous forward aggression of hers in Central Asia, so as to 'come nearer and nearer to India.' Mr. Disraeli listened attentively, and at the end of our prolonged conversation conducted my friend—the descendant of a well-known old family, who was then on the pro-Russian side—and me to the door with kind words. This was the only time I met the famous Tory leader, who had so strangely begun his career as a Radical and even as a singer in praise of tyrannicide, in his *Revolutionary Epick*, dedicated to Lord Stanley.

Lord Beaconsfield lived to see, and to have to ward off, a Russian spring upon Constantinople. He would, no doubt, have gone even further 'then, had he not been counteracted by his own Foreign Minister, Lord Derby, the son of the man to whom he owed so much gratitude in the beginning of his difficult career. I have sometimes wondered whether Lord Beaconsfield remembered, in 1877-78, the forecast I had made as to the coming Russo-Turkish war.

He even lived to see Russia coming up to the very border of Afghanistan, and to hear of the secret treaty between her and Shir Ali for the purpose of securing a passage 'to Russian troops proceeding to India,' and getting supplies for that army 'if it became desirable that the Russian Government should send an expedition to wage war in India.' So it is stated in an English Blue-book ('Central Asia,' Enclosure 2, in No. 161) referring to that secret arrangement of 1878. Shir Ali thereupon fell; and Lord Beaconsfield, the creator of the Imperial Indian title, may have felt relieved for a time. But—fortunately for his own renown as to foresight—he did not live to see a Cossack troop driving, in 1884, an English general to flight in Afghanistan, who had come as a diplomatic representative of England for frontier regulation. Nor did Lord Beaconsfield live to see Russia actually tearing a piece of Afghan territory from England's ally.

In fact, the Tory leader had formerly been of Lord Salisbury's opinion, that those who were alarmed at Russia's march towards India ought to 'buy large maps,' in order to perceive the vast distance she had still to traverse. That distance has been wonderfully diminished within the days of the late Premier. Again, Lord Salisbury uttered the smart saying that England, in the Crimean war, had 'put her money upon the wrong horse.' Would the right horse have been Czar Nicholas the First, whose aim was the

conquest of Constantinople? Or would Nicholas the Second be now the right horse?

I remember another curious conversation with the late Liberal Cabinet Minister, W. E. Forster. He did not seem to deny the danger accruing from Russia to Europe; but he, too, was then a disbeliever in Russian designs upon Afghanistan and India. Had not England, indeed, received a formal assurance from the Czar Alexander the Second—one of the many similar, most explicit assurances concerning Khiva, Merv, Sarakhs, and so forth—that ‘His Imperial Majesty looks upon Afghanistan as completely outside the sphere within which Russia may be called upon to exercise her influence. No intervention or interference whatever, opposed to the independence of that State, enters into his calculations.’

As to Constantinople, the possession of which by a strong aggressive Power ‘would confer’—in the words of Napoleon the First, who perhaps understood these things—‘the dominion of the world,’ Mr. Forster did not think that England, the great Mediterranean Power—now the actual possessor of Egypt, through which the shortest way to India lies—need trouble herself about it in an active way. With characteristic bluntness, he gruffly said that that was the duty of Germany and Austria-Hungary.

He took no heed of the fact of Germany having, on such an emergency, to fight a tremendous war on two fronts, east and west, with two of the greatest military Powers, who also possess large fleets. Nor did he take into account the complicated race difficulties in Austria-Hungary. But he, who made light of prospective perils to England’s great Asiatic Empire, lived—unlike Lord Beaconsfield—to see the sudden spring of the Cossacks into Afghanistan, the bulwark of India. And possibly he, too, may have recollected afterwards what I had said to him years before.

Enough has been stated to prove that England will do well not to work for a premature collapse of Turkey, as long as the storm-cloud of Russian aggression still hovers over the gate of the Near East, spreading even over the confines of India; not to mention China. Noble and generous, though it is, to denounce atrocities—if it is done, not from clerical bias and bigotry, but from purer motives of humanity—it is often, unfortunately, impossible, in such cases, to proceed to action without giving rise to even worse horrors. The Czar’s Empire is brimful of unspeakable atrocities; but nothing is suggested by anybody as to action there. Nay, his Government is to be entrusted with a lecture for Humanity to the ‘unspeakable Turk.’ This is what in German popular parlance is called ‘appointing the he-goat as a gardener.’

All over the world, atrocities are going on; and more than one nation turns against another with bitter reproaches on that account. But when it comes to the question of righting, or avenging, wrong

done by the very country in which the preachers of humanity are so loud, how seldom is then a strong public opinion to be found either for the denunciation of atrocious deeds done, or for real, active atonement! Yet the self-same men, in their haste, would fain light up—at least by proxy, that is, by urging on other Powers—a conflagration that might desolate the European Continent; and this, by speaking ‘in the name of Jesus Christ’! Little do they reflect, or care, how such violent proceedings might come home upon the greatest Mohammedan Power; that is, England herself.

Certainly, a lecture could be usefully given to the Government at Constantinople. It is true, the ruler at St. Petersburg, among whose official titles is literally that of ‘Autocrat,’ would scarcely be the fitting agent for it. England, however, might undertake the task, by repeating that which former ambassadors of hers once said in their despatches to London and in public letters. The Sultan could be strongly reminded that the *prorogued* Ottoman Parliament should be *reconstituted*, so that the voice of his own subjects should be heard. Perhaps that would lead to a similar demand in Russia, and the peace between nations gain more thereby than by any Power thrusting its hand into the Macedonian hornets’ nest.

KARL BLIND.

SUN-SPOTS

To judge from the notices that have appeared in the daily press, a considerable amount of public interest in the subject of sun-spots has been evoked on occasion of the passage across the sun's disc of the fine sun-spot group which appeared on his eastern limb on the 5th of October and left the western limb on the 18th of October. The appearance of this great group, which at its maximum period of growth attained an area of about 2,300 units, reckoning in terms of the $\frac{1}{10000}$ of the sun's visible disc, roughly 1,300 times the superficial area of the earth, and stretched over a length of some 90,000 miles, was not wholly unexpected, for since the middle of the month of September of last year the sun's surface has shown decided signs of a return of activity, manifested not only in the greater number of sun-spots that have appeared, and in their greater size, but also in the occurrence of larger and brighter groups of faculæ, the brilliant white floccular phenomena, which are both premonitory signs of the outburst of sun-spots, and the glowing embers of past disturbances. According to the Greenwich observers the increase in the area of the faculæ has been very striking, more particularly in the last four solar rotations of the year 1902 and in those for the present year. Taking the number of groups of spots seen on the sun's surface as an index of his general activity, the records of the British Astronomical Association show a gradual decline from 285 groups observed and described in 1893 to 73 in 1899, 45 in 1900, 21 in 1901, 21 again, though much larger groups, in 1902, and as many as 42 to the end of June 1903. The number of days too on which the disc of the sun was without spots rose from 0 for the period 1892-95, and 3 in 1896, to 166 in 1900, and 264 in 1901, but fell to 255 in 1902. From the Stonyhurst drawings the deduced mean spotted disc area for 1900 was 0.55 unit; for 1901, 0.29 unit; and for 1902, 0.33 unit. So that we may regard the year 1901 as the minimum year of solar spot activity in the past cycle, and the latter half of September as witnessing that recuperation of spot-producing energy which will probably culminate in 1904. From the numbers given it will have been observed that whereas the decline in spottedness was gradual, and occupied some nine years,

the return to activity has been very rapid, a trait which is not peculiar to this particular sun-spot cycle, but is a characteristic of all the cycles so far observed. Were the results plotted as a curve, while the descending limb would show a gradual slope the ascending limb would be abrupt and steep. It is worthy of note that this too is the form of the light curve which gives the fluctuations in visible or telescopic brilliancy of a great number of variable stars, an analogy which suggests that were the sun so far removed from us as to bear a resemblance to a fixed star, it would not impossibly be a variable.

The discovery of the existence of sun-spots was one of the very first fruits of the use of the telescope in the early years of the seventeenth century, being made by Galileo in October 1610, though earlier instances of spots visible to the unaided eye were recorded, such appearances having been invariably attributed to the passage of small bodies across the sun's visible hemisphere. The discovery was independently made by Fabricius, who was the first observer to publish accounts of sun-spots, and by Father Scheiner of Ingolstadt. It is related that when the reverend father reported his discovery to his ecclesiastical superior the latter, with commendable caution, advised him that the appearances were probably due to some inherent defect in his glasses or in his own eyes, as the authority of Aristotle was against him, who had declared the sun to be the type of spotless purity. Scheiner, however, pursued his studies, and though at first inclined to believe that the sun-spots were bodies distinct from the sun and revolving round him like planets, yet he very soon convinced himself that they were attached to the solar surface, and from his observations deduced approximately correct results both for the period of rotation of the sun on his axis, roughly twenty-five and a half days, and for the position of the sun's axis in space. These early observations of Father Scheiner were made by means of a primitive telescope mounted on an axis which pointed to the Pole Star, and on a second which was parallel to the plane of the earth's equator, equatorially, as it is called, so that the telescope having been directed to the sun it could follow his apparent diurnal motion through the sky by simple rotation around the polar axis. In modern instruments this turning is effected by clockwork.

In order to observe the spots Scheiner projected their images on to a screen attached to his equatorial, a method which is still followed at observatories where drawings and eye observations of solar phenomena are made.

For viewing the solar surface and its ever-changing network of dark meshes enclosing bright spaces the method of projection is undoubtedly the best, especially if the eye-end of the telescope be either placed in a darkened chamber or protected from the glare of scattered light by suitable dark screens. This mottled appearance

of the solar surface is very striking, especially on days when the atmospheric conditions are most suitable for good seeing, being most conspicuously evident in the central regions of the solar hemisphere, when the line of sight impinges more directly at the disc, for at the sun's limbs there is a darkening due to the greater depths of the solar vapours and gases that constitute what may be termed his atmosphere, which has to be traversed by the oblique rays that come to the eye from those regions. But it is precisely in these shaded regions at the solar limbs that by contrast the bright patches or sinuous branches of the brilliantly white faculæ are most easily observed. Monsieur Janssen of Meudon has produced some magnificent photographs of the sun's mottled surface by means of an especially designed telescope, and after long experiments as to the proper time of exposure, and as to the most fitting chemical coating of the plates used. The network of dark lines and knots which appears to be laid over the solar surface alters its shape and size of mesh, according to this observer's discussions of his photographs, with a periodicity consonant with that of the sun-spot cycle. It has been my own good fortune on days of excellent seeing to clearly perceive the mottled surface of the sun by means of the spectroscope, and the appearances presented by a succession of horizontal alternate bright and dark lines running athwart the lines of the spectrum are just such as would be given by a meshwork of small spots and faculæ. If this is so it follows that the photosphere, or surface of the sun which we see with the unaided eye, or telescopically, is built up of minute spots and faculæ, and that the large spots and faculæ to be observed at times of greater activity of the solar surface are only extraordinary local developments of the ordinary constituents of the solar surface. The recent wonderful photographs of the vapours covering the solar surface taken by Professor Hale of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, by means of his ingeniously devised instrument called the spectroheliograph, which show a meshwork of calcium, hydrogen, iron, and other vapours extending all over the sun, and which too are particularly brilliant and large and disturbed in the neighbourhood of sun-spots, and conform in their main outlines to those of the surrounding faculæ, would seem to lend countenance to this view. Moreover Janssen's photographs show the granulated structure not only on the solar photosphere but even in the faculæ and spots.

The birth and first appearance of a sun-spot group occurs in this wise: First the region of the sun in which the greater group is subsequently to appear is disturbed for some considerable time before the actual outbreak of the spots, the disturbance being evidenced by the appearance and disappearance of intermittent smaller groups of spots and faculæ. Thus in the present instance the Stonyhurst drawings show that as far back as last July a small

group of dots—they could hardly be called spots—was born on the sun's visible disc in the same southern latitude and within twenty degrees of longitude of the position of the great spot group of October. This disturbance occurred in a region of the sun that had been previously quiescent for several months. At the next rotation of the sun a small spot was seen near the eastern limb, but in the same region, which had disappeared before the 17th of August. Yet again on the 15th of September the disturbed region was occupied by a small spot, and by some smaller dots. These separate groups were evidently connected, and marked the position of a focus of future great disturbance. The culminating point of the disturbances was reached in the bursting out of the great spot group of October, which, though of smaller area than the great group of February 1892, and slightly less than that of November 1882, exceeded the individual spots of the two great groups of April 1882, and is the greatest spot that has appeared since August 1898.

The immediate precursor of a great spot is generally the appearance of a small but bright patch of faculæ. In the faculæ a few black dots are subsequently to be seen, which after one or two days coalesce into two principal spots with smaller companions, the leading or preceding spot of the couple being generally the more compact, while the following spot presents a broken appearance, though it may in many cases cover a larger area than its fellow. At this stage the leader darts forward with a large proper motion, often to be reckoned in hundreds of miles an hour, while at times the two spots of the group seem to exercise a repelling force upon one another. The space thus left vacant is filled up by a train of smaller spots, the process being completed within five to seven days after the birth of the groups. The longitudinal axes of these trains of spots are generally approximately parallel to the sun's equator. This train of spots between the two principal spots of a group is absorbed, covered perhaps by the photospheric matter, in two or three days, leaving the two chief spots more or less isolated and quite distinct and separate. The spot of last October was one or two days old when it made its appearance on the sun's eastern limb on the 5th; by the 7th the two-spot phase was more or less distinct; the intermediate train had fully formed by the 10th, its disintegration was far advanced on the 13th and complete on the 15th, and the reversion to the two-spot phase was very evident when the leader had almost reached the sun's western limb on the 17th. If the group follows the normal course the following spot of the two will break to pieces and disappear, while the leader will become a round dark spot, sometimes followed by small companions and sometimes not, so that in all probability about the 31st of October, when the rotation of the sun will have brought it again into view, unless in the meantime it has suffered dissolution, a contingency

not very likely in the case of so large a spot group, we shall see it either still as two spots or as a single round black spot. We would beg, however, to call attention to the proviso, if it follows the normal course, which so far it has done. This normal course of development and decay, with its well-marked succession of phases and types, has been deduced from a detailed study of some four thousand drawings of the solar surface and spots on a scale or $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the solar diameter which have been secured at the Stonyhurst College Observatory, since the year 1881, when the series was inaugurated under the directorship of the late Father Perry. Among the groups represented on these drawings some 300 were especially selected for study, which belonged to or were connected with 120 greater disturbances. We may confidently assert that in general all sun-spot groups pass through this succession of phases, and that they can all be accordingly classified under four main types, a fifth type being added to include those irregular groups which sometimes, though rarely, appear, abortive groups possibly whose normal development has been unduly arrested. So that the law of order is found to exist amid all the seeming turmoil and tumult of a large sun-spot group.

After the sun-spot group has attained the calm rotundity of middle life, as represented in its single remaining member, it may persist in this state for two more solar rotations, and in one case in 1897 this form was retained for five successive rotations, or four months. It then gradually becomes smaller and smaller, and finally dies, as it was born, in the shape of a few scattered dots. We have already called attention to the fact that the curve of sun-spot frequency rises abruptly, but falls gradually. The form is reflected in each member of the groups that contribute to this result; they attain their maximum area with a display of energy, but are slowly and quietly dissipated.

One unmistakable sign of the age of a sun-spot group is the condition of the faculæ that surround it. For in the earlier days of its life history the faculæ present a very compact appearance and cling closely to the spot-group. But as the spot-group grows in age, but is reduced in size, they extend in beautiful luminous branches over ever-increasing areas of the solar surface. But with their greater extension they suffer the loss of their brilliancy. Even when the spot has finally disappeared, the faculæ marking the seat of the disturbance may still persist for yet two or more rotations. At times of sun-spot maximum, as often as not, a new outburst will take place in the faculæ, and very nearly in the position of its departed predecessor, evidencing the existence of a focus of disturbance. Multiply this process, and it is evident that we shall see faculæ extended over large areas of the solar surface, generally in the form of belts, at times of greater solar spottedness. If the average

or mean be struck of the duration of all the greater solar spot disturbances observed at Stonyhurst the result is fifty-two days, or two solar rotations; 17 per cent. have lived for three, 4 per cent. for four or five, and 2 per cent. for five to seven rotations. One area of the solar surface was the seat of continuous disturbance, manifested by four big solar groups, culminating in the giant of February 1892, and several smaller ones, from the middle of September 1891 to the beginning of March 1893, or for a period of twenty-seven solar rotations, and, moreover, was intermittently disturbed for months afterwards.

A sun-spot does not present the appearance of a cloud of uniform blackness upon the solar disc, but has parts marked by darknesses of varying intensity. The central portion is called the umbra, and appears very black, especially in a large round spot; at the edge of the umbra is a luminous ring, and from this luminous ring run brilliant lanes of matter which are separated one from the other by streaks of darkness, the boundary edge of these streaks being quite definite and generally of the same form as the edge of the umbra. This second portion of the spot is called the penumbra, its tint being much lighter than that of the umbra. Penumbral patches, however, may exist independently of umbrae, but of a uniform darkness and not intersected by lanes of light. Such patches are very noticeable in the third phase or type of a sun-spot group. The appearance suggests the flowing in of the bright photospheric matter to fill up a cavity, or contrariwise rivers of luminosity flowing down the sides of a black mountain. If the sun-spot be carefully scrutinised with a direct vision eye-piece, such, for instance, as the excellent Thorp polarising eye-piece, which enables the whole aperture of a big object glass to be employed, it will be seen that the umbra itself is not of uniform blackness, but contains nuclei or darker patches. To my own eye it appears as if a semiluminous faculous veil were spread over the floor of the spot, through the rents in which the inner black core can be perceived. This position, however, is controverted. Nevertheless it seems to be consonant with the phenomena shown on the truly marvellous photographs recently secured by Professor Hale by means of the spectroheliograph. These show that the calcium vapour clouds—floculi, Professor Hale calls them—when looked through at their greatest depths completely cover up the spots of a group, being piled up in luminous masses over these presumably centres of disturbance. To the eye also when aided by the solar eye-piece the bounding edge of the umbra seems to send out bright tongues which sometimes reach right across the spot, but more often extend only a part of the way across. There is also sometimes seen an appearance of bright beads clinging to the edge, suggesting the analogy of a beetling cliff crumbling into the dark cavern below. But is a spot a cavern or hollow in the photospheric clouds? Such was the idea first broached

by Dr. Wilson of Glasgow in 1769, on account of the behaviour of the penumbra of a regular round spot which he observed in the November of that year. Remembering that the penumbra is continuous with the umbra in such a spot, it is evident that if the spot be a cavity the effect of perspective when it is near the eastern and western limbs of the sun will be that the arc of the penumbra nearest the limbs will be in full view, while that turned towards the sun's centre will be hidden. The opposite effect would occur if the spot were a mountainous elevation above the photospheric level. The question is not solved by the appearance of a notch in the sun's limb, which is occasionally to be observed when a big spot crosses the edge. Evidently a cavity, say the upholders of one view; an elevation blocking out our view of the edge of the sun, reply the others. A discussion of six hundred cases of spots made by De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy gave 75 per cent. of all cases in favour of Wilson's hypothesis of a cavity. The Rev. F. Howlett, however, from a fine series of large drawings of separate spots, extending over a period of thirty-five years, declared against the Wilsonian hypothesis, and Father Sidgreaves from, not all cases of spots, but from one hundred and eighty-seven instances on the Stonyhurst drawings which were carefully selected as fair tests of the hypothesis, found forty-seven in favour of it and one hundred and forty against it. This at least can be said, that if the spot is a cavity then it is not a very deep one, but rather like a saucer-shaped opening in the sun's surface. Might not the seemingly divergent views be reconciled if the spot were mountainous at one period of its life history, possibly the earlier period, and saucer-like in the closing stages of its career? But the perspective test cannot be safely applied in the earlier stages of a spot's life, on account of the rapid and frequent changes of penumbral contour to which it is subjected. However, be it cavity or elevation, the spectroscope tells us what it is composed of—namely, of vapours of metals, among which vanadium and titanium are specially predominant—and moreover as these vapours show the lines of their spectra to be widened it seems that they are under pressure. A sun-spot is in fact something intensely bright, but appears to be black by contrast with the more brilliant luminosity of the photosphere, and also very possibly on account of the absorption of the light from the photosphere which the vapours composing it exercise. A sun-spot too, as we can observe when it is on the limb of the sun, by means of the spectroscope, is surrounded by beautiful prominences of hydrogen gas, and at times by those eruptive and violent prominences or flames which are composed of brilliant metallic vapours. In fact, extremely few of this class of prominences occur independently of spots.

For twenty-five years Heinrich Schwabe, an apothecary of Dessau, directed a small telescope which he possessed to the sun

on every available occasion, and made a count of such spots as were to be seen. These seemingly humble observations led to the detection of a most important law, that of the periodicity in the number of the spots, the mean period being about eleven years. As Schwabe himself remarked, like Saul he went out to seek his father's asses and found a kingdom. It was Humboldt who in 1851 called attention to the value of this achievement, and since that time the collection of statistics with regard to sun-spots has formed a large part of the work of observatories devoted to astrophysical research. A very fine series of photographs of sun-spots is every year made under the direction of the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, with its two associated observatories of Mauritius and Dehra Dun, in India, and the positions and areas of all spots or faculæ recorded are measured by elaborately designed instruments of great accuracy, and published in tables which are simply invaluable in all researches bearing upon this special topic. A supplementary law to that of Schwabe was first published by Spoerer, who showed that as spots become few and small their mean latitudes approach the equator, the minimum occurring when their latitudes reach the value 8° to 10° . The new cycle, however, begins, before the old one has quite run its course, by the appearance of spots in latitudes 30° north and south of the equator. The zones of spots then gradually draw in towards the equator, the maximum occurring when the latitude is about 16° . The latitude of the big spot of last November was 21° south, so that if Dr. Lockyer's hypothesis of a further periodicity of thirty-five years' duration is correct we may expect an exceptionally fine maximum in the present cycle, something perhaps like that of 1870.

It is a natural surmise, though so far unconfirmed by any experimental proof, that a periodic variation in the sun's radiation, including his yearly output of light and heat, is indicated by the fluctuations in the number, size, and positions of the spots, quantities which are subjected to the eleven-year period. Hence the variation in all kinds of phenomena has been attributed to the presumed potent agency of the sun-spots. These include magnetic and electric changes on the earth, the aurora borealis, air temperature, barometric pressure, humidity, the winds, cloudiness, rainfall, depth and quantity of discharge of rivers, retreat and advance of glaciers, number of shipwrecks, bank failures and commercial crises, the crops, the prices of grain, famines, wars, and even the flights of butterflies, according to an enumeration recently made by Mr. C. G. Abbot, to which we may add fluctuations in the quantity of ozone and the occurrence of volcanoes and earthquakes. We would especially commend to the notice of our fiscal reformers that fathered by the late Professor Jevons, namely, fluctuations in the price of corn, and consequently in the world's trade; for if Jevons is right trade does not follow the flag, nor even brain power, but the sun-

spot. Of all these the connection of sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism is undoubted, whether we consider the diurnal range of the instruments which record the intensity and directive force of the earth's magnetism, or the number and intensity of those abnormal movements of the self-recording magnetographs at fixed observatories which are called magnetic storms. With regard to these questions, the discussions of the magnetic curves from the Greenwich Observatory for the period 1841-1896, made by Mr. Ellis, are conclusive. A year of great sun-spots is a year of large diurnal range in the swings of the magnets, and of great storms; a year of few sun-spots is a year of almost evanescent diurnal range and of no great storms. The curves of the fluctuations of the two phenomena are quite coincident. Moreover every great sun-spot—and by great we mean such as that of October—is accompanied by a greater magnetic storm. In the present instance the diurnal range of the declination magnet recorded at Stonyhurst on the 12th of October was fifty-one minutes of arc, with the February spot of 1892 the needle swung through eighty minutes of arc, while the November spot of 1882 was accompanied by a swing through two degrees, twenty-three minutes of arc. But, as Lord Kelvin has shown, it is dynamically impossible that this connection should be one of cause and effect. Father Sidgreaves too, by a most laborious comparison of all the magnetic storms recorded at Stonyhurst with our sun-spot drawings and the Greenwich Tables, has observationally confirmed Lord Kelvin's theoretical conclusions; and a similar result is the outcome of a discussion of the Kew magnetograms for a period of eleven years recently concluded by Dr. Chree. The truth seems rather to lie in the direction of two effects, and not necessarily related effects, of one common cause which sometimes affects the sun, and sometimes the magnetism of the earth, and sometimes both together, possibly, according to the theory of Father Sidgreaves, swarms of electrions which act electro-dynamically on the earth causing magnetic storms, and electro-statically on the sun darkening the vapours which constitute the spots.

As to the connection of the sun-spots with the weather, no certain conclusions can as yet be said to have been reached. The subject is a most complicated and difficult one. Nevertheless the researches conducted by Sir Norman and Dr. Lockyer as to the connection of barometric pressure and sun-spots are most hopeful, and should it be indeed possible to predict famines in India by a knowledge of the relations between the curves of sun-spottedness and of barometric pressure, then a vast boon would have been conferred upon a large portion of mankind from the enumeration and classification of those seemingly dark smudges on the surface of our centre of energy, which are called sun-spots.

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CHARLES DICKENS

LET it be granted of any given writer that his prose style is as bad as possible. Let it be granted that his sentimental passages are nauseating; that he did not understand women, that his would-be fine writing is absurd, and that his melodrama too often makes us yawn. There would not be much left of the reputation of an ordinary writer after postulates as numerous and as damaging as these had been granted.

Nevertheless, we may say all this of Charles Dickens and yet leave his reputation unharmed. Clearly, if lovers of Charles Dickens can afford to allow their idol to be stripped of all that makes the fame of smaller men, Charles Dickens is greater than most.

Lovers of Dickens the world over find in their worship a veritable freemasonry of mirth. Care drops from our shoulders and anxiety from our brows when we remind each other that Mrs. Nickleby decided to call Smike 'Mr. Slammons.' In moments of depression, and even of misery, life becomes less wearisome when we murmur: 'The Baron Sampson Brasso and his fair sister are (you tell me) at the Play? Ha! 'tis well, Marchioness! but no matter. Some wine there, ho!' Delightedly we cap passages; and while listening with joy to some reminiscence of the Fat Boy, we await the moment when we can slip in, 'If the law says that, the law is a ass.'

To say that Dickens is popular is a good deal less than complimentary. Rather we should define his position as that of a man whose words are household words, and whose creations are part of the English language, and no inconsiderable part of the mental inheritance of the race. Probably, at the present moment, he is not a popular writer, and that much is to his credit. If, however, we look abroad and seek for the writer whom readers of other nations appreciate as typically English, it is always Dickens whose name is to the fore. Gratifying though this may be as a tribute to the man's greatness, it is also, perhaps, a little mortifying when we learn on what grounds the world has decided to regard Charles Dickens as the typical English prose-writer. But, if mortifying, it is again instructive.

Let us consider. In the early days of the *Daily Graphic* that enterprising journal published an illustration of its own correspondent interviewing M. Jules Claretie on the question of a possible British Academy. The *Daily Graphic* emissary, in the correct overcoat of the period (a kind of revived and modified Inverness cape), is standing in front of a table behind which M. Jules Claretie, also standing, is dealing with the different literary methods of England and France. He cites Dickens and inquires, convincingly :— 'Pouvez-vous imaginer Dickens Académicien ?' Well, no, we cannot ; and while we spend half a minute in wondering why so eminent an authority as M. Jules Claretie should have overlooked the long roll of Englishmen whose presence would have adorned and illuminated the Academy of France in its most illustrious moments, we yet rejoice that at least one Englishman should have overcome the insularity of the Continent and found his way to the hearts of Frenchmen. Instinctively we say 'to the hearts of Frenchmen ;' he leaves their intelligence untouched, as indeed is not wonderful.

It is hardly necessary to dwell on the admiration of Charles Dickens cherished by citizens of the United States. We all remember what Bret Harte rhymed of the rough man of the West who loved to hear what the master wrote of Little Nell ; and although we must needs admit that the weakest part of Dickens's work was that which most readily found its way to the hearts of Western miners, yet, nevertheless, there is the patent fact that there is something in the work of Dickens which is not to be disregarded.

Yet one more reminder of the wide borders of Dickens's empire, and then let us find our way, if we can, to the heart of his mystery. We have been often reminded that Gaboriau was the favourite reading of the late Prince Bismarck. More recently we have learnt that Moltke solaced the leisure of his declining years with passages from Dickens ; it must be admitted that the taste of the great soldier was at least as sound as that of the Iron Chancellor.

What quality, then, in Charles Dickens—in whom his most ardent admirers admitted faults, many and grave—commended our Englishman to men so diverse ? Surely it was his abounding love of his kind. If the inspiration of Thackeray was mockery, the inspiration of Dickens was love. To say that is not to say the last word. When the late Mr. Matthew Arnold somewhat condescendingly remarked that to France much must be pardoned because she loved much, the late Sir James Stephen commented that it was precisely France's way of loving mankind that most irritated him. He did not use the expression that I am about to employ ; but his comments clearly pointed to the conclusion that, if love is a great and admirable fact, there is a certain parody of love called gush, which is neither great nor admirable.

Here we have, perhaps, the strength and weakness of Charles

Dickens explained. His love of mankind, tremendous driving force as it was, invested his creations with a vitality unparalleled in fiction; it also drove him into writing passages that make us feel positively ill.

For example, towards the close of *Dombey and Son* it is Florence Dombey who speaks; she is about to address Walter Gay.

She sat looking at him for a moment, then timidly put her trembling hand in his.

'If you will take me for your wife, Walter, I will love you dearly. If you will let me go with you, Walter, I will go to the world's end without fear. I can give up nothing for you, I have nothing to resign, and no one to forsake; but all my love and life shall be devoted to you, and with my last breath I will breathe your name to God if I have sense and memory left.' He caught her to his heart, and laid her cheek against his own, and now, no more repulsed, no more forlorn, she wept indeed, upon the breast of her dear lover.

Blessed Sunday bells, ringing so tranquilly in their entranced and happy ears! Blessed Sunday peace and quiet, harmonising with the calmness in their souls, and making holy air around them! Blessed twilight stealing on, and shading her so soothingly and gravely, as she falls asleep, like a hushed child, upon the bosom she has clung to.

Oh! Road of love and trustfulness that lies so lightly there! Ay, look down on the closed eyes, Walter, with a proudly tender gaze; for in all the wide wide world they seek but thee now—only thee!

Words fail one to do justice to a passage like this. Fortunately another passage from the master's pen may be cited to save the situation. 'And what did Lord Nobley say to that?' 'Why! he didn't know what to say. Damme, sir, if he wasn't as mute as a poker!'

A certain proportion of this revolting gush could not be avoided in the years through which Dickens laboured. It is to be found in full blast in the ballad *She Wore a Wreath of Roses*, and still more in the concluding blare of *The Three Fishers*. Even so fastidious an artist as Tennyson could not altogether keep clear of it; 'The stentorian martyr of Locksley Hall' is a woeful person. The 'nice' women of Thackeray are made impossibly slow by reason of the overpowering sentimentality which he deemed inseparable from virtue, and once or twice he came perilously near to drivelling. When he writes, 'Ho, Betty! my gruel and my slippers! And go, ye frisky merry little souls! and dance, and have your merry little supper of cake and ale!' or again, 'God bless you, honest William!—Farewell, dear Amelia, grow green again, tender little parasite, round the rugged old oak to which you cling!' we are relieved to find that these are in each case the concluding words of the chapter. Daudet, in his most sentimental moments, knew how to restrain himself. 'Je me sens au cœur l'amour de Dickens pour les disgraciés et les pauvres,' he wrote of himself, 'même en un temps où je ne l'avais pas lu.' It is not unfair to even him with Dickens for many reasons. Probably *Jack* is even more sentimental than *Oliver Twist*, though it is harder to read, because the story is not relieved by any such tremendous creations as Sikes and Fagin. The

instinctive taste of a Frenchman saved Daudet from actually maundering in the manner of Dickens, just as the remorselessly critical attitude of Thackeray towards everybody and everything (including his own style) prevented him from doing more than treat himself occasionally to a short outburst of drivel; which, for the rest, was in the air and could hardly be avoided. Now Dickens was devoid of taste, and had none of the academic fastidiousness of Thackeray. Consequently there was nothing to check the riot of gush which he found so congenial an indulgence. Thackeray, as we know, liked everybody to be alike. 'If he saw "a celebrity" with a turn-down collar (now so general), a moustache and a beard (now worn by half the population), he set him down as an ass. He liked nothing out of the way—either in manner, dress, or style.'¹ Dickens liked contrasts, in particular he liked oddities. Dickens would never have called a man an ass for dressing differently from himself. If there was anything characteristic, or funny, about a man's dress, he would note it carefully, but he was too fond of his fellow-creatures to abuse them. He loved them as much for their weaknesses, their eccentricities, their faults, perhaps, as for any other qualities. It is to his careful and affectionate study of men that we owe the memory of Mr. Bailey's tops. Who can ever think of Montague Tigg without recalling the shabby gentility of his early days, or the costly flamboyance of his fraudulent prosperity? We cannot think of Mr. Pecksniff without his wonderful collars, or of Mrs. Gamp without her terrific bonnet, or of Mr. Pickwick without his spectacles. Dickens has a place in the world of art, all untrained though he was, and in spite of M. Claretie's denunciation of the unacademic nature of his work. His method had great successes and equally great failures. In *Dombey and Son*, for example, Walter is a failure, Florence is a failure, the Dombey's father and son are both failures, Carker is a failure, and Edith Dombey is the most striking failure of all. Why his method should fail in some directions, and secure him immortal success in others, is not so easy to say. It is not a question of his understanding men and not understanding women; for Carker and Dombey are just as great failures as Edith and Florence. Perhaps the immortal Joey B. in the same book may help us to understand.

'Dombey,' said the Major, 'I'm glad to see you. I'm proud to see you. There are not many men in Europe to whom J. Bagstock would say that—for Josh is blunt, sir; it's his nature—but Joey B. is proud to see you, Dombey.'

'Major,' returned Mr. Dombey, 'you are very obliging.' 'No, sir,' said the Major, 'devil a bit. That's not my character. If that had been Joe's character, Joe might have been by this time Lieutenant-General Sir Joseph Bagstock, K.C.B.' and so on.

. Or again :

'Dombey,' said the Major with appropriate action, 'that is the hand of

¹ 'Recollections of Thackeray,' by his cousin, Richard Bedingfield, *Cassell's Magazine*, vol. II. N.S. p. 113.

Joseph Bagstock, of plain old Joey B., sir, if you like that better! That is the hand of which his Royal Highness the late Duke of York did me the honour to observe, sir, to his Royal Highness the late Duke of Kent, that it was the hand of Josh; a rough and tough and possibly an up-to-snuff old vagabond.'

Here is a man with an oddity: the kind of man that Dickens loved and Thackeray loathed, and the consequence of Dickens's study of Major Bagstock is that millions of people who probably could not tell you in what book the Major was to be found can always remember that 'Joey B., sir, was tough and devilish sly.'

The extreme care with which Dickens observed odd and eccentric people found its affinity in Cruikshank's or Phiz's distorted presentments of humanity; and because these men illustrated (more or less successfully) much of Dickens's work, we have grown accustomed to bracket the three men as brother artists. Now Browne and Cruikshank were caricaturists; therefore Charles Dickens was a caricaturist. Let us consider how far that conclusion is fair. Phiz did no harm by drawing Mulberry Hawk and Frederick Verisopht, because those distinguished men about town were themselves nothing but caricatures, and the illustration exactly suited them. Also Phiz was successful with Squeers and Quilp, and people who were naturally deformed. But it is not through Phiz that we remember what Tom Pinch looked like, or Montague Tigg or Pecksniff or Sairey Gamp. It is true that the weakest part of Dickens's work found adequate interpreters in Cruikshank and Phiz; but Fred Barnard, a considerable artist, had to be enlisted for the more vital types. To a certain extent Dickens was undoubtedly a caricaturist; but most of his work is better than caricature. He had little or no sense of beauty; and when we seek in the world of painting for some brother artist whose name may be experimentally bracketed with that of Charles Dickens, we instinctively think of the Dutchmen.

That is all very well so far as it goes, but we ought to remember the vulgarity of much of Jan Steen, and Ostade, and Teniers, and the grossness of which even greater men could be capable. Dickens had none of this, and while we can hardly venture to place him with Rembrandt, we must cordially admit that he was superior to all but the first-rate Dutchmen.

That helps us. If he had no sense of beauty, and no more of taste than saved him from grossness, if his idealisations are unconvincing, at least his naturalism is unrivalled. As an example of the failure of his idealisations let us recall Turner's *Rain, Steam and Speed on the G.W.R.*, and then contemplate the following passage:

Away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, from the town, burrowing among the dwellings of men and making the streets hum, flashing out into the meadows for a moment, mining in through the damp earth, burrowing on in darkness and heavy air, bursting out again into the sunny day so bright and wide; away with a shriek, and a roar, and a rattle, through the fields, through the woods, through the corn, through the hay, through the chalk, through the mould, through the

clay, through the rock, among objects close at hand and almost in the grasp, ever flying from the traveller, and a deceitful distance ever moving slowly with him; like as in the track of the remorseless monster, Death!

There is a great deal more of this exclamatory prose: perhaps four times as much again as the passage above cited. It is clear that Dickens himself watched the railway train—a new thing when he wrote—with the most intense delight. It is also clear that he gives us not the faintest impression of the Romance of the Railway. An enumeration of the component parts of the engine would be equally effective. Yet the runaway train at the end of the *Débâcle* shows how tremendous can be the impression conveyed by a skilful artist (and Zola could be a consummate artist when he chose) in prose, with no more interesting subject than an express train.

Dickens was very fond of passages like this, and they passed in his day for fine writing. There is the passage describing Mr. Carker's return to England after his ridiculous elopement with Mrs. Dombey, a passage in which he commences twenty-eight out of thirty-two consecutive (and unfinished) sentences with the word 'Of.' There is, also, the famous passage in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, describing a ship at sea, which used to be set as an example of English prose in boys' books of elocution, and which was surely as tiresome a piece of writing as one would care to encounter. In all these cases there are the elements of good writing: an intense interest in his subject and fluency of language. Art alone is lacking. Alike in sentiment and in rhapsody, 'what not to say' is what Dickens never learnt. Indeed there was very little temptation to subject himself to the painful process of discipline which every writer must undergo if he would achieve success in style. The public would buy any sentence that Dickens chose to sign; why then should he not write as fast as his pen would travel? He was as great a sinner, in this respect, as Lytton himself; only, being exclusively a man of letters, he put more soul into his work than Lytton, and much of it lives. Even in *Dombey and Son* we have Captain Cuttle, whose 'Stand by!' after the lapse of fifty years is still a household word. We have 'Joey B.' who may or may not be a caricature, but who is so exceedingly funny that people will not let him die. These are for all the world; there remain in the second rank of the characters of *Dombey and Son* a few more whom Dickens-lovers remember fondly, though the world has forgotten them. One of these is Paul the child, who has vitality, and whose affection for his sister survived in the distressing duet, *What are the Wild Waves Saying?* We were liable to be treated to this melancholy performance in out-of-the-way drawing-rooms as recently as twenty years ago. But by now even Dickens-lovers have agreed to love Paul for his relations with people like Mrs. Pipchin; with anybody, in fact, except his

tedious sister. Another is Cousin Feenix, who is overlooked when it is too confidently said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman. Cousin Feenix is amusing and well-bred. He is also interesting because it is really impossible to say whether Dickens intended us to laugh at him or not. There is that touch of greatness about Dickens's treatment of his many characters; we do not see Charles Dickens for ever at their elbows pulling the wires to make his puppets move—each has its individuality.

'Dombey,' says Cousin Feenix, 'upon my soul, I am very much shocked to see you on such a melancholy occasion. My poor aunt! She was a devilish lively woman.'

Mr. Dombey replies: 'Very much so.'

'And made up,' says Cousin Feenix, 'really young, you know, considering. I am sure, on the day of your marriage, I thought she was good for another twenty years. In point of fact, I said so to a man at Brooks'—little Billy Joper—you know him, no doubt, man with a glass in his eye?'

Mr. Dombey bows a negative. 'In reference to the obsequies,' he hints, 'whether there is any suggestion—'

'Well, upon my life,' says Cousin Feenix, striking his chin, which he has just enough of hand below his wristband to do; 'I really don't know. There's a mausoleum down at my place, in the park, but I'm afraid it's in bad repair, and, in point of fact, it's a devil of a state. But for being a little out of elbows, I should have had it put to rights; but I believe the people come and make picnic parties there inside the iron railings.'

Mr. Dombey is clear that this won't do.

'There's an uncommon good church in the village,' says Cousin Feenix, thoughtfully; 'pure specimen of the early Anglo-Norman style, and admirably well sketched by Lady Jane Finchbury—woman with tight stays—but they've spoilt it with whitewash, I understand, and it's a long journey.'

'Perhaps Brighton itself?' Mr. Dombey suggests.

'Upon my honour, Dombey, I don't think we could do better,' says Cousin Feenix. 'It's on the spot, you see, and a very cheerful place.'

Then there are Toots, and Susan Nipper, and Dr. Blimber, and last of all Cleopatra. 'Those darling bygone times, Mr. Carker,' says Cleopatra, 'with their delicious fortresses, and their dear old dungeons, and their delightful places of torture, and their romantic vengeance, and their picturesque assaults and sieges, and everything that makes life truly charming! How dreadfully we have degenerated!' In fact when we recall Mrs. Skewton's 'There is no What's-his-name but Thingummy, and What-you-may-call-it is his prophet,' we are almost tempted to place her in the first rank of Dickens's creation among the immortals.

Oliver Twist contains six immortals, if not seven: Fagin, Bumble, Charley Bates, the Artful Dodger, Bill Sikes, and Nancy, and *Oliver Twist* himself. The melodrama is wandering and the sentiment dreary as ever. The book as a whole, however, is intensely interesting as showing us what a dirty dangerous city London was sixty-five years ago. There are still a few Dickens-like bits in the

nearer suburbs that Dickens-lovers visit, and compare with the scenes of *Oliver Twist*; but as a city the London of to-day is hardly recognisable as the London of 1838. Even more remarkable than the transformation of the scenery has been the transformation of the burglar. Bill Sikes is a very different person from the highly respectable Peace. He had a ruffianly expression, wore a fur cap² of the most compromising appearance, carried a wicked-looking bludgeon, and was accompanied by a fierce and faithful dog. The 'mob,' of whose presence we are conscious in the early novels of Lytton, must have been both more numerous and more ruffianly than any crowd of to-day; otherwise no able cracksman would have ventured abroad in this conspicuous garb. After Peace came Raffles; and although Peace actually existed, while Sikes and Raffles are but creations of genius, yet all three are equally present in our minds as types. If the type changed (shall we say improved?) in the forty years between Sikes and Peace, how much further has the profession advanced when we recognise Raffles as the typical burglar of to-day? Mr. Hornung's hero had rooms in the Albany, played for the Zingari, dined out a great deal, and did his burgling in the most gentlemanly manner.

The remorse of Bill after the murder of Nancy furnished many startling passages to the book, and is really thrilling to read even to-day. The question whether remorse is inevitably as deep and uncontrollable as Dickens painted it has often been raised. A common opinion is that there are many undetected murderers living, and that a man who will commit murder is not likely to feel much distress when he thinks of his victim. We have perhaps to remember the low and brutal type of Sikes, and the extreme difficulty of a criminal leaving the country in those days. Few things reveal the vitality of this creation as clearly as the anxiety with which we discuss, even to-day, the probability of Sikes being haunted with Nancy's dying eyes.

Fagin is as real as Shylock. How long he will remain real is a fair question. There is one remarkable difference between the two: Fagin is a rascal through and through, whereas Shylock behaved very well while receiving disgusting insults, and is really the nearest approach to a gentleman in the play.

We may note, as significant, that of these seven six are men, and even Nancy is only remembered as the girl whom Bill Sikes murdered. Bumble is perhaps even better remembered than Sikes or Fagin. 'Bumble' and 'Bumbledom' stand for everything that is pompous and petty and retrogressive, and his famous remark that 'the law is a ass' is one of those phrases that we all repeat without considering their origin—they are part of our language. Again, we note the comparatively feeble vitality of Dickens's female characters;

² Actually a hat in the book; but he is nowadays portrayed in a cap.

how far below Bumble is Mrs. Corney! *Oliver Twist* is remarkable for containing six or seven characters of first-rate vitality, while the rest are shadows: perhaps Neah Claypole may be allowed into the second rank. Inevitably we think of *Thérèse Raquin* and of *La Bête Humaine*. In considering the remorse of Bill Sikes and the probability of the burglar allowing his superstitions to bring him to a fearful end, we cannot but feel that the psychology of the subject is as yet hardly touched. One might begin by postulating that highly strung natures would be more likely than the brutal types to suffer. That seems reasonable; but then Bill Sikes was the lowest type of ruffian imaginable; and his remorse was hideous. Perhaps the rejoinder would be that these low types are often dominated by superstitions which do the work of disordered nerves in finer natures. Most people content themselves with saying, firmly, 'Of course murderers suffer remorse;' the conclusion being hardly distinguishable from the premiss that they ought to do so. But the premiss is unsound. Observation tells us that nothing but the death-penalty restrains men from committing murder. The figures for Italy and England, which I was at pains to compare for the year 1887, tell their own tale. In Italy (where the death-penalty is not inflicted) the number of murders in one year was 2,805; in England and Wales 152. The idea of murder clearly becomes less and less terrible in proportion as the crime is more frequently committed. In England, where a murderer is hanged, there can be no opportunities of discovering whether he might not, if released, lead a prosperous and happy life. In Italy, where so many convicted murderers emerge on society after paying a penalty, not always severe, there must, therefore, be quite a considerable body of men who are in the position to affirm (as they probably do) that after all remorse is not a very terrible thing to face, and is quite worth facing at the price of removing a detested being from the face of the earth.

For the purposes of the novel, remorse in all its phases is invaluable. The concluding scene of *Thérèse Raquin* is terrific; the end of Bill Sikes hardly less so. Nevertheless there must be impressive possibilities in the character of a man who murders without remorse. R. L. Stevenson pierced to the heart of the mystery when he drew the character of Huish, and made him say to the vacillating Captain: 'You want to kill people, you do; but you want to do it in kid gloves. Well, it ain't to be done that way. Murder ain't safe, it ain't easy, it ain't genteel, and it takes a man to do it.' Yes: 'it takes a man to do it;' one with nerves of steel; and not necessarily a low type. That which De Quincey touched with inimitable grace, 'Murder as a Fine Art,' yet awaits the ample treatment of a great artist. John Silver is good; great even; but greater work remains to be done. Dickens could not have done it. He lacked the

necessary patience; and, to do him justice, he loved to make his work teach a moral. Not that the work, when done, will not be a superb moral study; but it certainly will not be a study in the obviously didactic manner which Dickens preferred, and of which he was, perhaps, only capable.

Something very near to work of this kind was done when R. L. Stevenson produced *The Wrecker*. 'Mine is a beastly story,' said Carthew, 'you will wonder that I can sleep.' Yet he could sleep for all he was a murderer; and could lead a quiet life without taking to drink or opium. He painted, 'rather well;' and consoled himself in many harmless ways. No doubt he was sorry for his crime; but he did not deem it necessary to drink himself to death, or to give himself up to justice when there was really a great deal to be said for him, although nothing that would have availed him at the Central Criminal Court. He remained capable of strong friendship, and he was a kindly if somewhat saddened companion. Hence, when we remember the abominable wretch to whose murder he was an accessory after the fact, we arrive at the startling conclusion that the world was actually the better for the presence of a murderer and the absence of his victim.

The narrative of *Oliver Twist* is of no consequence; the only interesting passages occur when groups of rascals come together to plan some villany. There is, really, a story in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Although Dickens published it as a study in selfishness, one would never divine the fact from the way the story runs. Nor is the story any more interesting when we learn what is the moral that it is intended to enforce. But that does not matter, for it is an almost perfect story from beginning to end. There are, probably, fewer *longueurs* in *Martin Chuzzlewit* than in Dickens's other works. He succeeds even with the girl Ruth Pinch; and as for the immortals they are many. Sairey Gamp and Betsey Prig and the imaginary Mrs. Harris are part of our language. Who does not remember 'The Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life Insurance Company Limited,' with its capital of 'the figure two and as many oughts after it as the printer can get into the same line'? Who can ever forget our Mark Tapley? We say instinctively 'our' Mark Tapley; for he belongs to all of us with his courage, his cheerfulness, and his simplicity. Above all, who can forget Pecksniff, the Tartuffe of England, a creation as great as Molière's?

If we need evidence that the inspiration of Dickens's work was love of his kind, we cannot do better than consider his relations with the citizens of the United States. Surely no people on the face of the earth are more sensitive, more touchy even, on the point of their national honour, than citizens of the United States of North America. The more stolid Briton accepts with meekness remarks that would instantly rouse the ire of his cousin over the water. There are

many explanations of this, some favourable, some unfavourable. The late Edmund J. Phelps, who knew us as well as any of his compatriots, did not find it so easy to diagnose us. At the time of the first 'great navy scare of our generation he remarked: 'You English are the most extraordinary nation. People may say to you that you are in the most critical position, that your navy is wholly inadequate to your needs, and that your great Empire may collapse any day at a touch; and you listen with all courtesy and then say, "Yes, I know it's very bad; but I've got a luncheon engagement, and must be off now; we'll talk about that later." There is, in this, a touch of Drake over his game of bowls, with the Armada in the offing, and also a touch of the too boisterous Harold before the battle of Hastings.

Let any one out of his own experience recall the two or three occasions on which he may have ventured remarks of one-tenth of this pungency to a citizen of the United States: was the citizen content to listen? or did he not deem it a point of honour to put us in our place on the spot; by way of vindicating the honour of his country? 'We are the intellect and virtue of the airth, the cream of human nature; and the flower of moral force. Our backs is easy ris. We must be cracked up, or they rise, and we snarl. We shows our teeth, I tell you, fierce. You'd better crack us up, you had,' so says Mr. Hannibal Chollop. Mr. Chollop, Mr. Scadder, Elijah Pogram, in how many more characters did not Dickens fearlessly lash the conceit and ignorance of the citizens of the great Republic as he knew them? And yet they loved him. They forgave him all; they worshipped his genius, and endured from him more than they would have endured from any other critic in the world. How can we explain this except upon the hypothesis that the sheer loveliness of the man overcame all resentment and all acrimony?

In the United States, as in England, it was the lowly, or the moderately well-placed people who attracted his attention. The great Southern aristocracy might not have existed, so far as Dickens was concerned. When it is lightly said that Dickens could not draw a gentleman—or at least did not draw gentlemen—it is true that what the French used to call 'le hig-lif' was a closed book to him. He had an eye for the essential qualities of a gentleman, but it would almost appear that he had a mission to prove that these qualities were exclusively, or at least more frequently, found among the lowly than among those who are conventionally termed 'gentlemen.' Sir Leicester Dedlock is hardly less of a caricature than Sir Mulberry Hawk, and hardly less of a shadow than the Coodles and Doodles of the imaginary Cabinet. That does not mean that these people are not very amusing studies, but it would appear that Dickens intended them to be more than that, for in the fuller study of Eugène Wrayburn, who may fairly be claimed as one of

Dickens's 'gentlemen,' we find that his career ends happily and satisfactorily by marriage with Lizzie Hexham. Now Eugène Wrayburn was a barrister of good family, and Lizzie was a girl literally out of the gutter. We are clearly to understand that these artificial distinctions are of no consequence, and that the essential lady and gentleman can mock at them. This is so lamentably the contrary of human experience, that nothing but misery can await the Wrayburns in their married life; each would be for ever torturing the other, and Wrayburn would be socially ruined. As a social teacher (and many people took him seriously as one) Dickens could have done nothing but harm. That pernicious line, 'A man's a man for a' that,' which has debauched the minds of three generations of Britons, may be said to have been the unwritten text on which, when he decided to sermonise, he preached eloquently. Dickens was not at his best in the pulpit, and his text calls for more casuistry than he commanded if anything is to be made of it. In the sense in which 'A man's a man for a' that' is true, it is not important; in so far as it aspires to be important, it is horribly misleading. 'A tree's a tree for a' that' is an equally sound position; yet if the fleets of England had been built of timber selected upon democratic principles, our admirals would have had some wonderful adventures.

Dickens himself was ready enough to mock (and quite rightly) at the besotted habit of regarding important work merely as so much opportunity for providing employment for incapable people who happen to be 'in the swim.' 'Then there is my Lord Boodle, of considerable reputation with his party, who has known what office is, and who tells Sir Leicester Dedlock with much gravity, after dinner, that he really does not see to what the present age is tending. A debate is not what a debate used to be; the House is not what the House used to be; even the Cabinet is not what it formerly was. He perceives with astonishment that, supposing the present Government to be overthrown, the limited choice of the Crown in the formation of a new Ministry would lie between Lord Coodle and Sir Thomas Doodle, supposing it to be impossible for the Duke of Foodle to act with Goodle, which may be assumed to be the case in consequence of the breach arising out of that affair with Hoodle. Then, giving the Home Department and the Leadership of the House of Commons to Joodle, the Exchequer to Koodle, the Colonies to Loodle, and the Foreign Office to Moodle, what are you going to do with Noodle? You can't offer him the Presidency of the Council; that is reserved for Poodle. You can't put him in the Woods and Forests; that is hardly good enough for Quoodle. What follows? That the country is shipwrecked, lost and gone to pieces (as is made manifest to the patriotism of Sir Leicester Dedlock) because you can't provide for Noodle!

'On the other hand, the Right Honourable William Buffy, M.P.,

contends across the table with some one else, that the shipwreck of the country—about which there is no doubt; it is only the manner of it that is in question—is attributable to Cuffy. If you had done with Cuffy what you ought to have done when he first came into Parliament, and had prevented him from going over to Duffy, you would have got him into an alliance with Fuffy, you would have had with you the weight attaching as a smart debater to Guffy, you would have brought to bear upon the elections the wealth of Huffy, you would have got in for three counties Juffy, Kuffy, and Luffy, and you would have strengthened your administration by the official knowledge and the business habits of Muffy. All this, instead of being as you now are, depending on the mere caprice of Puffy.'

This is very funny, and probably hardly an exaggeration, and might, perhaps, apply to other days than the days of Sir Leicester Dedlock. It is in *Bleak House* that we find the famous Chancery case of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, which ended by the whole estate disappearing in costs. It is in *Bleak House* that we encounter Chadband, the twin-brother of Stiggins of *Pickwick*. In close connection with Sir Leicester Dedlock, and investigating the murder of Mr. Tulkinghorn, is the incomparable Bucket. Probably, however, the memory of Bucket, the burly and well-fed detective, has been destroyed by the intenser and nearer presence of the lean gentleman, the ascetic and scientific Mr. Holmes. In *Bleak House* we find a very tiresome personage, Mr. Laurence Boythorn, whose noisy manners have had so unfortunate an influence on only too many imitators. Mr. Laurence Boythorn was supposed to be a portrait of Walter Savage Landor, just as Mr. Harold Skimpole was supposed to be a portrait of Leigh Hunt. In *Bleak House* we are much concerned with Poor Jo, who was always 'a movin' on.' Jo and Little Em'ly (in *David Copperfield*) are perhaps the most vital of Dickens's sentimental and pathetic creations.

It was intelligible that Dickens should take up the case against the ruinous and heartbreaking delays of the Courts of Chancery, and his work was most skilfully done. Whether or no he produced any effect is hard to say. What is not so easily intelligible is his famous case of 'spontaneous combustion.' What could it have mattered to Dickens (one reflects) whether spontaneous combustion was a possible phenomenon or not? Perhaps some contemporary controversy (now forgotten) gave him the cue. However that may be, he made quite a point of upholding the possibility of a death which most medical men agree in wholly disbelieving.

The Lord Chancellor of the Court, true to his title in the last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors of all courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretences are made, and where injustice is done. Call the death by any name your Highness will, attribute it to whom you will, or say it might have been prevented how you will, it is the same death.

eternally—inborn, inbred, engendered in the corrupted humours of the vicious body itself, and that only—Spontaneous Combustion, and none other of all the deaths that can be died.

As in everything else that he undertook, he 'took up' spontaneous combustion with an energy and a plenitude of conviction that is, in itself, refreshing in our more languid days. The detail is truly Zolaesque, and the catastrophe tragically loathsome; it transcends in horror even the galvanised corpse of Edgar Poe's tale. What with spontaneous combustion and Chancery procedure, one would suppose that Dickens had found enough to occupy his attention through the course of one novel. But, in addition, there is the case of Tom All Alone's; the denunciation of rotting tenements and overcrowded cemeteries. Both of these reforms profited, in all probability, by his championship. Not that Mr. Dickens would have been quoted as a sanitary expert or a great authority on municipal organisation, so much as that his large public—composed of the solid voting middle-class (negligible to-day, all-powerful sixty years ago)—adopted his ideas. For them, when Dickens spoke, it was as though a prophet spoke. He did not exactly dogmatise, but the persuasiveness of his humanity, his energy, and his boundless popularity, produced much the same effect as (and perhaps a greater effect than) the 'Thus saith the Lord' of the great Hebrew reformers.

Unlike *Oliver Twist*, *Bleak House* contains but one immortal—Chadband—and a number of characters in the second flight whom Dickens-lovers remember with delight, but who have, in all probability, passed away from the memory of the present generation, if indeed the present generation reads *Bleak House*. But whether it reads *Bleak House* or not, it cannot help knowing the name of Chadband. It is not only in the case of types of character that the work of Dickens has attained what for the present we must call 'immortality.' There are institutions and phrases that we cite while ignoring, very often, their origin. The 'Don't presume to dictate' of Mr. Alfred Jingle, and the use of words 'in a Pickwickian sense,' are examples of phrases that have passed into the language. 'The Circumlocution Office' is an example of an institution that we all know. How vivid are the types: the flippant, the pompous, the merely insolent, and all, all, incompetent!

Take the pompous type. 'May I inquire,' says the unhappy victim, 'how I can obtain official information as to the real state of the case?'

'It is competent,' said Mr. Barnacle, 'to any member of the—Public,' mentioning that obscure body with reluctance as his natural enemy, 'to memorialise the Circumlocution Department. Such formalities as are required to be observed in so doing, may be known on application to the proper branch of that Department.'

‘Which is the proper branch?’

‘I must refer you,’ said Mr. Barnacle, ringing the bell, ‘to the Department itself for a formal answer to that inquiry.’

The miserable Clennam returns to the Department and encounters Tite Barnacle junior: ‘I want to know,’ he begins.

‘Look here! Upon my soul you mustn’t come into the place saying you want to know, you know,’ remonstrated Barnacle junior.

‘I want to know,’ said Arthur Clennam, . . . ‘the precise nature of the claim of the Crown against a prisoner for debt named Dorrit.’

‘I say, look here! You really are going it at a great pace, you know. Egad, you haven’t got an appointment,’ said Barnacle junior, as if the thing were growing serious.

After other agreeable experiences of ‘how not to do it’—the art of the Department—the applicant arrives at a Barnacle, ‘on the more sprightly side of the family,’ who says: ‘Oh! you had better not bother yourself about it, I think!’ but on being pressed, indicates the not very hopeful form of procedure to be adopted by the Public. ‘Arthyr Clennam looked very doubtful indeed. “But I am obliged to you at any rate,” said he, “for your politeness.” “Not at all,” replied this engaging young Barnacle. “Try the thing, and see how you like it. It will be in your power to give it up at any time, if you don’t like it. You had better take a lot of forms away with you. Give him a lot of forms!”’

Little Dorrit has contributed less to the language than most of Dickens’s novels. The ‘Circumlocution Office’ stands; and many people still quote ‘There’s milestones on the Dover Road,’ that very funny ejaculation of ‘Mr. F.’s Aunt;’ but the rest of the book is probably forgotten.

As a rule the dialogue in Dickens’s novels is not very remarkable. There is one exception, constantly overlooked, in *Barnaby Rudge*. This novel, if remembered at all, is perhaps remembered as the book in which the Lord George Gordon riots are introduced. This part of the work is well done: as well depicted with pen and ink as Louthembourg might have depicted it on canvas. Dolly Varden has vitality; and numerous agreeable fashions have been named after her. In the second flight comes Sim Tappertit, and Dickens-lovers cherish endless choice memories of the ‘Maypole’ and the raven. But all alike overlook the really masterly portrait of Sir John Chester. This is the more striking because of the contrasted portrait of Haredale in the same book. In these two men Dickens has exemplified the principles that receive his approbation. Haredale, we are constantly told, is honest, though poor; with rough and forbidding manners, but kind-hearted. He dresses badly. Sir John Chester is elegantly built, carefully dressed, impeccable as to his exterior; but we are given to understand that he is a whited sepulchre. All this is in line with Dickens’s ideals—the ideal of

essential honesty, with carelessness as to appearances; in short, that 'a man's a man for a' that.'

To elaborate the figure of Sir John Chester must have cost Charles Dickens a great deal of trouble, and the result is probably not by any means that which he anticipated. For Chester stands out brilliant and charming, while the portrait of Haredale, hardly distinct, is unimpressive. We have a confused impression of violent language and brutal gestures, and we have the author's assurance that Haredale is a very respectable man; but that is all. In the dialogues between Chester and his two sons, Hugh and Edward, between Chester and Sim Tappertit, in short, in every scene where he appears, Chester is the striking figure, the dominant figure, the attractive figure. He is made to do a number of shady things, such as intercepting letters; but the amazing result of Mr. Dickens's work is that, far from reprobating these lapses, we gladly forget them for the sake of being in such agreeable company, and even take pleasure in the acquaintanceship of such a polished person by way of contrast with the clumsy savages who surround him. If honesty and essential worth can be so extremely silly and boorish as the virtuous characters of *Barnaby Rudge*, well, we shrink from the conclusion, but we cannot help shrugging our shoulders.

The best judges have agreed that the two most vivid works of Charles Dickens are the *Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*. *Pickwick* was published sixty-seven years ago, and is not only read with delight to-day, but has furnished countless figures and phrases which are part of our language. The whole of the *Pickwick Club*, all the characters in the trial of Bardell v. *Pickwick*, Mrs. Leo Hunter, Count Smortkork, Mr. Stiggins, the Wellers—father and son, Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, and The Fat Boy. There are few people who do not know all these people better than they know their living neighbours. Nevertheless the world to which they belonged has wholly passed away. This makes their survival the more striking; and is evidence, surely, of Dickens's passion of love for his kind. Nothing else and nothing less could have breathed vitality into such a collection of oddities.

David Copperfield is generally accepted as the autobiography of Charles Dickens. The 'immortals' are Uriah Heep, Mr. Micawber, and Mr. Brooks of Sheffield. Betsy Trotwood is successful; but, as is nearly always the case, the sentimental part of the book is not only heavily touched but unconvincing. Dickens-lovers enjoy the atmosphere of *David Copperfield* intensely. We love to set each other questions in examination form, such as 'amid pillows for how many did David fall asleep in the Golden Cross Hotel?' Our affection for the book is the answering echo of the love which inspired it. We dwell in the Dickens scenery and amid Dickens characters and Dickens memories, not critically, as we might in recalling the work

of more academic people, but in scenes where we are at home and may take our ease, sure of our welcome. Rightly did M. Claretie refuse Mr. Dickens academic rank. But though that was fair and true, it is hardly final. There have been many Academicians, but there is only one Charles Dickens, and when will there be another?

We may say of his work, as a whole, what Tourguéneff said of *Le Nabab*, that it may be described as being in some parts very great, while much of it is hackwork. If there is something in Dickens that we would prefer to forget, there is at least as much that we cannot forget if we would. He is often a caricaturist, but at least as often he is far above all caricaturists. His place is not with the greatest artists. He does not live with the Veroneses and the Titians, but he is far apart from the Caraccisti. He is hardly Rembrandt, but we cannot leave him with the Jan Steens and the Ostades. He is not academic, he remained to the last untrained, undrilled, recognising no models, consciously or unconsciously, one would even say that he despised them. As a result he often created, and he often drivelled.* He cheers us beyond any other writer that ever lived; and he bores us worse than the daily newspaper. He stands alone: Charles Dickens.

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

‘THE DELETERIOUS EFFECT OF
AMERICANISATION UPON WOMAN’

Victrix causa Deis placuit. It is obvious indeed that the gods are on the side of the biggest battalions. Otherwise the whole purpose of history, whatever that may be, would be a monstrous jest, in which, however, it would be difficult to discern any satisfactory sense of humour. Yet that history must be understood to signify a final, or ultimate, triumph, and not necessarily the result of any intermediate battle, however remarkable and signal. It is, of course, impracticable for us to stand on some Pisgah and survey the goal of human progress as through a telescope. At most we can make out things but a little way ahead, and often not even that. The impenetrable mists of fate envelop the horizon, as they have swallowed up also the unrecorded past.

The impossibility of determining the eventual goal of human evolution should make us chary of prophecy, even over small periods of time, but it should not paralyse intellectual investigations into the future. After all, we have the records and experience of some thousands of years, in a more or less completed form, and we may certainly argue from redoubt to redoubt, as it were. At great cost—human blood and human tears—we have advanced our forces against the forces of the night, and these hardly-won points of vantage are not to be lightly abandoned. The common ground of logic is irrefragable, founded as it is on the simplest laws of nature; and we may well engage in feeling our way by its means still farther ahead. What lies in the mist matters not; that which is our concern is the visible battlefield. A survey of the historical period of human evolution discloses a series of abrupt changes to the philosophical observer. These are fairly familiar to all. The civilisations of the Orient perished in succession; on them followed the Aryan civilisations of Greece and Rome. Later the course of history was changed by the swamping of Europe by the fair Northern races, and it was not until the Renaissance that Europe reached the point at which civilisation had been dropped at least twelve hundred years before. During all those centuries, although

Aryan Europe had been heterogeneous, and although her political conditions varied, the sundry nations and races had remained at the same level, because subject to the same influences. Indeed, the feudal system practically achieved a kind of homogeneity, in Western Europe at any rate. The same ideals moved the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the German. Their forms of government might be different, they might practise varying religions; but they were involved in the same stage of evolution and kept pace roughly with each other. The formulas of feudalism are well known. It involved a system of caste which, while not very rigid, mapped out the nation with exemplary thoroughness. The caste system, as in force among Eastern nations, never had its counterpart in the West. Elasticity, greater or less, has always characterised the social divisions of Europe, because those social conditions *are* social, and not religious. Even hierarchies in the West have never effected an Oriental system of caste, and the nearest approach to one was probably reached in the segregating conditions just prior to the French Revolution, which were the product of class arrogance.

Class then has never passed into caste in this western part of the world. But feudalism established the boundaries of class pretty firmly. Society was organised on a military basis, and kings looked for service from nobles, nobles from their feudatories, and these feudatories from the churls and peasants of their demesnes. As a practical system it was nearly perfect, certainly more perfect than any system before or since devised by the ingenuity of man. It was, however, arranged for a pastoral and agricultural country, and with the passage of the various European nations into mercantile communities feudalism was necessarily dissolved. This naturally took place first in England, where the rules and distinctions had been less severe than on the Continent, partly owing to the character of the people, and partly owing to the public spirit of the barons. The revolution was not accomplished without disorder, and was assisted by the bloody conflicts of the Roses which broke up the power of the nobles; but on the whole it may be regarded as a silent revolution, and it was not completed for many centuries.

With the rise of trade began a new era in modern civilisation, an era to which I shall refer presently. In the meantime it is necessary to remark shortly the general effect of the feudal system on human character and human conduct. It is manifest that a system which in the ultimate appeal rested on militarism and the strong arm must have differed greatly from that which obtains to-day. Wealth was not a consideration, since authority had its seat in the prestige of fighting qualities. A great noble was respected and feared and courted, because he could put into the field so many men-at-arms with esquires and captains. This was not a question of money, but of territorial lordship. Wealth might

possibly buy over this baron or that baron to one interest or another, but the chances were rather in favour of their being influenced by ambition only. In any case the machinery of feudalism moved independently of money. Hotspur and the Percies quarrelled with Henry the Fourth and raised the standard of insurrection, because they considered the King had slighted their House. And Hotspur marched on his fate with 15,000 men. The mental properties evolved by this atmosphere were clearly strenuous and manly, whatever was the walk of life. All classes were called upon to bear arms, which should develop their physique and render them of a healthy robustness; and to this feudal age must be attributed such qualities as are common to perpetual warfare, for example bravery, obedience, quickness of decision, endurance, stoutness of frame, and certain generous instincts that seem to thrive in martial air. On the other hand, they had the defects due to the same conditions.

Trade did not make good its claims to the attention and respect of the world until the nineteenth century. It might have done so earlier, at least in England, had it not been for the interruption of the eighteenth century. Progress, so far as we know it, consists of ebb and flow, and the eighteenth century was a period of ebb, during which the demarcation of the classes was more distinct than had ever been the case. Sir Walter Besant has pointed out that, whereas up to the close of the seventeenth century it was a common practice to send younger sons of gentlemen into trade, during the next century this habit dropped altogether. The city and the gentry were two separate communities, which did not mix, and which were actuated by mutual antagonism. It was not until the destruction of the Napoleonic system gave Europe breathing space and leave to look about and reckon up the results of those twenty years of warfare that trade finally challenged consideration. That was precisely one of the changes which Europe had to reckon up. After Waterloo, trade advanced in influence and prestige. In England it made particular strides, and the reign of Victoria may be said with little exaggeration to be the reign of trade. Trade undoubtedly has had its victories. It has lacked those trappings of gilt and glory, and those romantic traditions, which belong to militarism; but in despite of these defects it has achieved much and advanced greatly in social consideration. Trade indeed has taken to itself wings, and from its pinnacle is engaged in looking down upon the decaying military systems of Europe. There has even crept into the pursuit of it a kind of romance which emulates the older romantic glory. With the invention of that phrase and that fact, 'merchant princes,' the aspect of trade was formidably changed. It took a new standing, put on fresh habiliments, and began to swagger among its ancient superiors in the guise of an equal. One can imagine (if they ever saw it with clear prophetic eyes) how our fathers stared in dismay.

and chagrin at this ugly invasion. The ranks of the aristocracy were broken, a press of newcomers poured in and would take no denial. The whole face of society changed. Nay, more than that; for if the case be examined rightly it is clear that the whole of modern civilisation felt the shock. The *real* revolution, which was only adumbrated in the French Revolution, had begun.

In Great Britain, at any rate, the enfranchisement of trade consequent upon the Napoleonic wars and England's undisputed command of the sea was followed with vast national prosperity. English people have been so long accustomed to congratulate themselves on the blessings of the Victorian Age that it has become a commonplace. Napoleon called us a 'nation of shopkeepers,' and we are now proud of the title. It was by our trade, we boast, that we saved Europe from the tyrant. Trade in the wake of the adventurer has scattered the British flag into all quarters of the globe, has founded an Oriental empire, and established strong young nations overseas. If these feats were indeed the work of trade, there would be reason enough to be thankful. But it is not wholly clear that the expansion of trade is altogether responsible for these conditions. It synchronised with them, but it did not produce them. Indeed, it is more true that the conditions produced the expansion of trade, although it cannot be disputed that trade interacted on the extension of the British Empire. My point is, however, that trade did not make the British Empire. There is no more fallacious idea current in this country than the belief that the Victorian Era was the sovereign epoch in the history of the British nation. It was the centuries preceding, the centuries which came to their grand climacteric at Waterloo, the centuries which decided the international struggle in Europe—it is they that deserve the epithet and the credit. The nineteenth century merely inherited what had been earned by its predecessors. What in Great Britain Pitt and Chatham rendered possible, Melbourne and Palmerston enjoyed in comfort. There is no more misleading phrase than that of 'the glorious Victorian Era,' for in the Victorian Era the English people turned smug and complacent and self-satisfied, having entered into the inheritance won by their hard-fighting fathers. Wealth and orthodoxy became the standard, and heterodox ideas, which, after all, have been the basis of all progress and of every fresh discovery, were discarded.

It would seem, then, that the victories of trade are not, in this direction, all that its advocates claim. Here it will be advantageous, as in the case of militarism, to make inquiry into the influences of a *régime* of trade on human character and conduct. For good or ill the old order is passing; has, indeed, quite passed in the United States of America and in the British Colonies, and it is well to 'take stock' of the new. The main distinction between aristocracy and trade had been founded on money. The landowning classes inherited

their money and did not make it. The commercial classes earned it by traffic. The recognition of trade at once weakened this distinction, and has practically destroyed it by now. But with this breaking down of the barriers and this growing accessibility of the upper classes dawned the age of the snob. Snobbery was the product of the nineteenth century, the fungus, that is, on the enfranchisement of trade. So far, it is not clear that we have made a good exchange in stepping into the new era. But what other results are obvious? The agglomeration of masses of humanity into large cities has been the direct result of the commercial epoch, and this had kept pace with a physical degeneration, noticeable in spite of improved sanitary science. This is a definite disadvantage which seems likely to continue under the commercial *régime*. It has been often stated that modern life, in its freedom from the dangers and tyrannies of mediæval conditions, in its increased respect for humanity and in its law-abiding character, is an object for philosophic admiration. It would be idle to deny the immense importance of some of the changes which have taken place in history, but this claim is unduly magniloquent. Cruelty, for example, stalks in modern commercial life as darkly as it was frank in mediæval. One must judge the new *régime* by its most perfected example, and that is the United States of America. Let us accordingly pass across the Atlantic for an inspection.

In the United States the system has had almost a clear field for its development, for that country has roughly shaken itself free of all the traditions and ancient trappings of the Old World. If, therefore, Europe is to pass definitely into the commercial age, the condition of the United States should be at this moment of the intensest interest to us on this side of the Atlantic. Free of all hampering restrictions, her cable weighed, her decks clear, and in full sail, the ship puts forth upon an unknown sea. What is there before her—and us? An amusing volume was issued some time ago, purporting to be the letters of a Chicago packer to his son. It would be equally possible for some satirist to depict the views and morals of a London or a Manchester merchant, but it is certain that they would not be so frankly commercial, just as a similar picture drawn from epochs before the dawn of the present age would have been still less commercial in its aspect. London to-day stands between Chicago and the past. The question of interest is whether London will ever reach the condition of Chicago. The ideal of Chicago, as represented in the letters I have spoken of, is naively, openly, almost brutally practical. Education is only valued if it helps a man to make more money. Everything is set forth in terms of dollars and cents, and even the choice of a wife is viewed from that point. The wife will ‘help along’ the household, and keep things all right so that the husband can make more money. The Chicago

ideal, which, with variations, and, of course, exceptions, is the American national ideal, recognises one force and one force only in the world, or rather makes other forces inferior to money, and mere denominators of that great, supreme, and ultimate force. Not culture, not art, not beauty, not wisdom, not humanity, not death itself is the final consideration in those eyes which see beyond all such trifles the omnipotent symbol of power evolved by the genius of modernity. A dollar represents so much—so much authority over all these other things. The silver of a dollar will purchase this much of culture, that much of wisdom, this much also of health. There is some reason in the worship of a thing which is so authoritative. Men have worshipped it down these long centuries, but never has the cult become a national, a state religion before. It is a matter of debate how far climatic influences have affected the original stock from which the American derives, and made a breach with the Anglo-Saxon blood and character on this side. Obviously the difference has appeared, and is growing wider. The reason may be climatic, or it may be partly the result of newer social, economic, and industrial conditions. It is, however, impossible to distinguish between what in the tangible issues comes of racial changes, and what of economic conditions. American civilisation is presented to us to-day as the type of the new order to which effete Europe must approximate or perish, and as such has to be considered gravely.

The pursuit of new ideals, then, under the economic and climatic conditions existing, has revolutionised the outlook of the American man. He has abolished leisure and pleasure save for his woman-kind, a point on which I shall touch presently. The natural animal owned and enjoyed a great deal of time apart from the avocations to which necessity called it. So, too, natural man did and does the same. Americans who come to London, and still more to Paris or any Continental centre, laugh at the easy hours and comparative indifference devoted to business. Their idea is 'hustle' and haste. That there may be other objects than to make money they recognise as a fact, but as an incomprehensible fact which is to be found only in the decadent countries of Europe. This restless temperament offers to its specific gods the most devout worship. Its devotion, indeed, is fanatical, and can, like all fanaticism, so twist the natural sweetness of man as to make him inhuman. Hundreds of people perish in these islands every year, in order that the American magnates of a monopoly in oil may add to their millions. I will repeat that this in a lesser degree is true of Great Britain; I am dealing with America because it is there true in a greater degree. The same spirit is witnessed in the operations of the Chicago wheat pit. A Mr. Leiter some years ago attempted to corner wheat with the object of making so many million dollars. The result of

this deal, if successful, would have been to raise the price of bread in Europe and incidentally increase the margin of starvation. Latterly some brokers in the United States have 'cornered' cotton, with the result, we were informed, that many small firms are ruined. Instances could be multiplied if there were any object in mere multiplication and repetition. My point is frankly this—that the Age of Trade, as it exists in America, is as callous, as selfish, and as reckless of human life and human suffering as was the Age of the Sword which we are leaving behind. In some respects, indeed, it is more callous and more selfish; for those engaged in the ruin and destruction of their fellow-creatures did not in former days take classes in Sunday schools, and make great and ostentatious business of charity. I will ask any person without prejudices to consider if these strictures are not justified. Modern civilisation has brought better sanitary conditions, it has brought fuller medical and surgical knowledge, and it has also brought a revulsion against war, as something which is not only barbarous, but interferes with the comfort of some and the business of others. But these benefits are more than outbalanced by the deterioration of other conditions. The country is denuded of its population, towns swarm with human creatures as if with vermin; and whereas once kings sacrificed the pawns in their selfish interests by the ordeal of battle, now it is the commercial tyrants who condemn to ill-health, starvation, and death.

I have already alluded to the effect of this new competition of trade upon the human body. This requires some further remarks. The experience of individual men, particularly in America, is undoubtedly that the wear and strain of modern commercial conditions is deleterious to health. In point of fact, the Americans have more widely departed than any other nation from the conditions suitable to the normal healthy man. A well-known American man of letters, Mr. Merwyn, has recently pointed out that 'the English, though the older people, are much the more primitive, closer to the vigorous savage from whom, after all, the dynamic force of a race is derived.' And this frailer nervous development of the American, this retrogression from the savage (if I may put it in that way) is notable in both sexes. The character of the American woman to-day is, like that of the man, a product partly of racial modification and partly of the social conditions of the commercial age. Observation, as well as humorous satire, has made us in England very familiar with one who is claimed as the crown of creation, as the very ripest and most delicious fruit on the tree of Life. We have many opportunities of studying the American woman, for she has undertaken to annex as much of Europe as is practicable, and has succeeded very fairly. Moreover, she is revealed to us every day by the literature of the United States, as well as by the confessions—perhaps I should say the vaunts—of the vernacular press. In any case, it is impossible for Europe to

remain ignorant of her qualities, as impossible as to remain ignorant of her existence. A little time back some enthusiastic journal in New York was at the pains to compile a list of American women who had married not Europeans merely but Europeans with titles. I have forgotten the precise number, but I remember it was a very extensive list. The large majority of these ladies were confessedly wealthy, and it would be absurd to ignore the obvious bargain upon which many such matches are based—on the one side money, on the other influence or position. It is considered by the taste of the day quite a creditable thing that some pork-packer's dollars from Chicago should buy a coronet in Mayfair. I have only to read the daily papers of my own city to discover how largely American women, whether married to Englishmen, or imported otherwise, bulk in the social world. It is not to be doubted that there is a vast number of Englishwomen who attend what we know as 'social functions' and whose names do not get into the papers; and consequently one can only surmise that it is by some additional notoriety that the fair Americans become conspicuous. In the height of the London season this year a great charity ball was given at which it is calculated that over 4,000 people were present. In an account of this in one of the papers that cater for those who hanker after knowledge of smart society, there were thirteen names mentioned, of which ten were American.

The American woman is claimed by her admirers as being independent. But she is more than that; she is anarchical. The State has been built upon certain sociological facts as foundation; the American woman is destroying these, and with them therefore the structure of the State as it exists now. Another system may conceivably be erected on other foundations, and this may be demonstrated to be superior, but the influence of the American woman is revolutionary as far as the present order goes. An American lady, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who is held in great repute, informs us that American women love titles because they are 'striving always to have the best of everything, including society.' We are also told by this undoubted authority that the American girl 'seldom loses her heart, and never her head.' In that confession I see the main source of the anarchy which she effects, and the degeneration which she represents. One more quotation from Mrs. George Cornwallis West may be useful:

The American woman has often been taxed with being extravagant, and, if this be true, her bringing up must be held mostly responsible. The hard-working busy man of Wall Street, steeped all day in the making of dollars, wants when he comes home to find his women folk beautifully dressed and their surroundings in keeping; for them he slaves—that is the object of his life and work. They dip into the coffers and ask no questions.

I have written above the word, 'degeneration,' because from one

particular point of view the state of things created by the American system, as even set forth by Mrs. George West, spells degeneration. The most exact obedience to nature means the greatest health and the greatest happiness. The evidences that American women are deliberately turning their backs on natural laws have accumulated of recent years. Their cold-bloodedness is, in effect, a signal of degeneracy, testifying to the desiccation of natural sentiment. And that this exists in all classes, and not alone in the moneyed classes, is apparent from a perusal of the instructive book, *The Woman who Toils*, by Mrs. Van Vorst and Miss Van Vorst, to which President Roosevelt recently contributed a prefatory note. The attitude of the factory girl is represented as something like this: 'I ain't ready to marry him yet. Twenty-five is time enough. I'm only twenty-three. I can have a good time just as I am.' That is precisely where the mischief lies, in the good time! 'What part,' asks Mrs. Van Vorst, 'did the love of humanity play in this young egoist's heart? She was living, as she had so well explained it, "not to save, but to give herself pleasure."' The mere ethical questions involved here do not concern my investigation. It is something deeper and more fundamental than mere ethics that is involved. Mrs. Van Vorst discovers her factory girls to be cold and lacking in sentiment, just as Mrs. George West discovers her wealthy young compatriots to be. Mrs. Van Vorst declares that she never heard of a baby in Perry, the factory town in which she worked. She says 'the American woman is restless, dissatisfied. Society, whether among the highest or lowest classes, has drawn her towards a destiny that is not moral. The factories are full of old maids; the colleges are full of old maids; the ball-rooms in the worldly centres are full of old maids. For natural obligations are substituted the fictitious duties of clubs, meetings, committees, organisations, professions, a thousand unwomanly occupations.'

This inevitably opens up a grave problem, on which Mr. Roosevelt has not hesitated to speak his mind. Mrs. Van Vorst says: 'Among the American-born women of this country the sterility is greater, the fecundity less, than those of any other nation in the world, unless it be France.' She considers, however, that the causes of this increasing sterility are 'moral and not physical.' Mr. Roosevelt agrees with her in this, that 'there is no physical trouble among us Americans. The trouble with the situation you set forth is one of character.' The statement that it is mainly moral is probably correct, although those climatic conditions as well as the increasing departure from the healthy savage, noted by Mr. Merwyn, might suggest a physical explanation in part. But the real point is that, if it be merely moral, it is no less an unhealthy sign, and amounts, as President Roosevelt states, to 'decadence and corruption.' In a recent number of the *North American Review*, Mrs. Bisland, who

has devoted her life to the special study of questions relating to her sex, endorses and reinforces the arguments of Mrs. Van Vorst. According to her, 'this failure in natural and wholesome increase among our white natives is due to nothing more or less than the over-education and abnormal public activities so ardently encouraged among our women since the close of the Civil War.' Again: 'The most marked and deleterious effect of Americanisation upon woman is the false energies and abnormal ambitions it excites in her life. Her endeavour is no longer toward the realisation and glorification of her sex in its femininity. The education she receives tends to render her either contemptuous of or indifferent to her own peculiar forces, and their normal expression.'

It would seem that while the American man unnaturally devotes all his days to money-making, the American woman as unnaturally devotes her days to pleasure. Even in the lowest class, the factory girls, according to Mrs. Van Vorst, work, not in order to keep themselves or help the family, but to bedeck and bedrape their bodies. History knows of no such strange *bouleversement* as this development in the relation of the sexes. The women of the Germani, who were not, of course, merely the Germans, are described by Tacitus as chaste and fair, and as resembling the mothers of ancient Rome. *Ibi corrumpere nec corrumpi sæculum vocatur*. In that sense one does not look for corruption among American women either; but is that only because of the coldness of which Mrs. George West speaks? That the human spirit should vibrate with passionate human feeling and fall, is to me, I confess, more estimable than that it should starve of coldness in virtuous orthodoxy. But the ideal of the Germani is gone, and gone also is the ideal of the feudal times. We are face to face with a newer type. Whereas the savage woman acted as beast of burden to her lord, the American man works like the beast of burden beside his triumphing lady.

I have written that the conquering cause must always please the gods; to that I will add *sed victa Catoni*. I lay no claim to be considered a Cato, if only because he was of a conservative type which was perpetually at war with change and progress. It is only departures from the norm that divide or trouble a progressive mind. The new era, as represented in the United States, certainly affects me personally with distaste and misgivings. If this is to be the development of Europe also, it would almost seem as if the late Mr. Charles Pearson was right in prophesying the ultimate predominance of the yellow man. But it is permissible to ask if the final victory is, after all, so certain. The cause is not decided yet, and there are certain considerations which suggest the advisability of suspending judgment. The facts which I have touched upon in these pages seem symptomatic of a life not wholly in harmony with the designs of nature. Overworked men and nervous women tending

to sterility, and living upon an artificial plane, do not promise a brave future for a nation. At present immigration is keeping up the life of America, but American writers complain that the immigrants are infected with the American faults and characteristics very soon. That great cauldron reduces all things to a consistency. When we read with astonishment of the strange mental developments across the Atlantic we must attribute them to the new conditions which we on this side have not yet reached. Americans are the victims of quack medicines and quack religions and quack theories. No country since the beginning of time was so subject before false pretensions and false prophets. And here they touch that ancient savagery with which they have no other connection. Mr. Merwyn, the keen observer whom I have already quoted, says that 'the problem of civilisation is to train and cultivate the noisy sensual savage existing in every man, without refining away their instincts of pride, of pugnacity, of pity, which make men strong and effective.' He adds that 'perhaps the English, of all races in the world, have come the nearest to doing this.' This reminds one that Emerson concluded that 'England is the best of actual nations.' It is not possible, as I started out with saying, to determine the ultimate goal of civilisation, and it is absurd to suppose that all progress is in a straight line. The eventual triumph of the yellow man may be the design now in process of working out. Races have been extinguished before now, and kingdoms and empires have passed away in plenty. So that it would be rash to assume that the American civilisation was destined to be the civilisation of the future. I have given my reasons for coming to a different conclusion. History is full of interim civilisations, which are, one may conclude, rough experiments on the part of Nature. Is America a rough experiment? If so we may be assured that she will be discarded, and that she will not be allowed to interfere with our ultimate destination. The defects of American civilisation, which is the purest and most significant exponent of commercialism, are such as derogate from the virility of man and the fecundity of woman. Unless it materially alters it would seem, therefore, to be doomed, doomed despite all its intelligence, its immense natural gifts, and its subtle insight, doomed as was that Martian civilisation of Mr. Wells, which with all its gifts, and knowledge and power, perished on Primrose Hill, before the natural forces of a world which it had despised and would have conquered.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

THE LADIES OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

IN his excellent study on the French and Italian women of the Renaissance, the late M. de Maulde la Clavière drew a clever parallel between the ladies of the fifteenth century and those of our own times. The comparison holds good in many respects. In the frank assertion of their own individuality, in their love of graceful and luxurious surroundings, in their keen enjoyment of hunting and outdoor life, in their eagerness to see and hear the last new thing—above all, in their resolute determination to have ‘a good time’—the great ladies of the Renaissance differed little from the English or American women of our own day. But there was one marked difference between them. Italian ladies of rank in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries received a classical education and were remarkable for the wide range of their culture and keen intellectual interests. The young princesses of Mantua and Ferrara, of Milan and Urbino, were all educated with their brothers and enjoyed the same advantages. That model teacher, the great Mantuan, Vittorino da Feltre, educated boys and girls alike in his famous Casa Giocosa, and Cecilia Gonzaga was the most accomplished of all his pupils. At eight this marvellous child read and wrote both Latin and Greek fluently; at twelve Ippolita Sforza, the Duke of Milan’s daughter, recited a Latin oration before Pope Pius II., and at a still earlier age Caterina Sforza, afterwards known to fame as the Virago of Forlì, welcomed her future brother-in-law, Cardinal Riario, in Latin verses of her own composition. Isabella d’Este read Cicero and Virgil from her earliest years at Ferrara, and pursued her classical studies with undiminished ardour amid all the stir and gaiety of her married life at Mantua.

The deep-rooted conviction that classical learning was the chief ornament of life, as well as the sense that in these unsettled times women might at any moment be called to govern their husbands’ subjects and administer affairs of state, no doubt led to this result. ‘A young girl,’ said Bembo, ‘should learn Latin. It adds a finishing touch to her charms.’ This wide-spread admiration for intellectual attainments showed itself in the very fashions of the age. In their

anxiety to appear clever and give breadth to the forehead, ladies dragged back their hair and shaved their brows, as we see, for instance, in Pisanello's picture of Margherita Gonzaga, or Piero della Francesca's portrait of Battista Sforza. A truer sense of beauty soon led to a change of fashion in hair-dressing, but the enthusiasm for learning remained the same.

The education of a lady, Castiglione maintains, should be such as to place her on a level with her husband. She should be sufficiently familiar with all branches of art and science, and with the principles of law and government, to be able to form an intelligent judgment on any subject that may be brought before her. But neither the domestic virtues nor the graces of womanhood are to be sacrificed. The perfect lady will be a devoted wife and mother, attending to every detail of her children's education and the management of her household. Above all she will be gentle and womanly, charming and agreeable in all her ways. Castiglione's ideal, it must be owned, was singularly realised in two of the chief ladies whose presence adorned the Court of Urbino. Both Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were highly cultivated women, equally well versed in classical learning and current literature, in French and Spanish romances or Italian prose and poetry. But they were "neither of them in the slightest degree pedants or blue-stockings. Charm indeed was the especial gift of these Renaissance women. 'A beautiful woman,' says a speaker in the *Cortegiano*, 'is one who never fails to please.' And, first of all, this refinement of soul will appear in her dress, which will always be at once suitable and becoming. Dress was certainly a subject of the first importance among these accomplished ladies, a task which demanded their best intelligence and most serious consideration. The highest authorities in matters of taste, the most distinguished poets and painters, were consulted when a new robe or mantle was to be designed. Both Isabella d'Este and her sister Beatrice were renowned for the elegance and variety of their costumes. The Moro's young wife is described by the annalist Muralti as *novarum vestium inventrix*, and the fashions adopted by the Marchioness of Mantua were eagerly followed both in France and Italy. The secret of these new designs was jealously guarded. We find Susanna Gonzaga humbly asking leave to copy a fringe of little gold pistols worn by Isabella, and Beatrice writing to beg her sister's permission to reproduce a certain *fantasia* of interlaced links invented by Messer Niccolò da Correggio, in gold and enamel on a purple velvet robe, which she proposed to wear at an imperial wedding. All manner of quaint designs, Arabic letters and Spanish mottoes, Oriental patterns and musical notes were introduced in the borders of robes and mantles. One of Isabella's gowns was embroidered with seven-branched candlesticks, the vest and sleeves of another were decorated with representations of the light-

house of the port of Genoa, woven in cloth of gold. Countless were the sumptuous robes of satin and brocade, and trimmed with costly furs or gold and silver lace, and the plumed and jewelled hats to match, worn by these ladies on great occasions when they entered Milan or Ferrara in state, or paid visits to Venice and Urbino. Not only their own clothes and jewels, but those of the courtiers and ladies who attended them on these journeys, occupied their minds for weeks beforehand, and no doubt the impression which they produced on French ambassadors or Venetian senators was often a consideration of high political importance in the eyes of their husbands.

Their great anxiety to retain youth and beauty as they advanced in life led these Renaissance ladies to spend much time in collecting recipes for washes and cosmetics. At the close of her troubled and eventful life we find Caterina Sforza sending to a Jewess for the secret of a certain *acqua a far bella* which she possessed, and the same warlike lady left a large manuscript volume, in which recipes for keeping the hands and teeth white, dyeing the hair gold, and giving a beautiful carnation to the cheeks, are mingled with prescriptions for curing headaches and heartaches, driving away melancholy, making nineteen-carat gold, or turning tin into silver.

Music and singing were accomplishments common to all ladies of rank. 'Music,' exclaims Castiglione, 'is the light and joy of life—as excellent a thing as love itself,' and the art of Giorgione and Raphael, of Costa and Dossi, shows us how great a part it played in the courtly life of those days. Towards the end of the fifteenth century the manufacture of musical instruments attained a high degree of perfection, and the viols and clavichords made by Lorenzo da Pavia, 'the master of organs,' for the Este princesses were as remarkable for beauty of shape and material as for the sweetness of their melodies. Duchess Elizabeth, we know, sang Virgil's lines to the music of her lute, and Isabella d'Este charmed the guests at Lucrezia Borgia's wedding by her singing and playing. The foremost scholars of the day, Bembo and Niccolò da Correggio, Galeatto di Carreto, and Gaspare Visconti were proud to write *strambotti* or arrange Petrarch's *canzoni* to be set to music at Mantua for the fair Marchesa, and the great humanist Trissino addressed a sonnet to Madonna Isabella playing the lute.

Dancing was a still more universal accomplishment. The Estes, Gonzagas, and Sforzas learnt to dance almost as soon as they could speak, and a certain Lorenzo, who was said to be a past master in the art, travelled from court to court teaching these little princesses in turn. At six years old Isabella danced before the Mantuan envoy with the most fascinating grace, and long afterwards when she paid Louis the Twelfth a visit at Milan, she was described by a French chronicler as 'une belle dame qui dansait à merveille.' Charles the

Eighth was so delighted with Beatrice's dancing, when the young Duchess came to meet him at Ancona, that he begged her to dance before him not only in the Italian but also in the French fashion, which she did, we are told, with infinite grace and charm. Muralti describes this lively young princess as fond of spending the whole night in songs and dancing. Corio relates how she watched her ladies dance in her rooms in the Castello of Milan till within a few hours of her tragic death. Occasionally these high-born ladies were present at rustic festivals in the neighbourhood of their country houses, and Leonora Gonzaga, the young Duchess of Urbino, after being fêted by Pope and cardinals in Rome, enjoyed nothing so much as a dance with the peasant girls on a village green in the neighbourhood of her old home at Mantua.

All the sister arts, music, poetry, and dancing, were combined in the dramatic representations which formed so important a part of Christmas and carnival festivities at the courts of Italy. Ferrara was in an especial manner the home of the drama, and Duke Ercole's daughters and granddaughters shared their fathers' taste for theatricals, and looked on with equal interest at the *Menæchmi* and *Amphitryon* of Plautus, or the comedies of Ariosto and Strozzi. The play might be dull and tasteless, the plot tedious and complicated, but it was enlivened by interludes of masques and dances, by the music of lute and viol, the best painted scenery. Mantegna's triumphs were more than once employed to decorate the stage at Mantua; Raphael painted the scenery when Ariosto's *Suppositi* was performed before Leo the Tenth at the house of Cardinal Cibo; and when an operetta was performed at the Duke of Milan's wedding, Leonardo constructed a revolving sphere with actors in appropriate costume representing the different planets. These mechanical effects filled our cultured ladies with childish delight, and nothing pleased them better than to see Daphne transformed into a laurel, or Herodias with a rope round her neck dragged down by little black devils to hell fires, Perseus slaying the Gorgon, or golden balls exploding to reveal armed Moors and Turks. If in these mimic shows we see the precursors of the Christmas pantomime, Castiglione's description of the first performance of Cardinal Bibbiena's *Calandra* at Urbino reminds us curiously of the Wagner festivals at Baireuth. The orchestra was kept out of sight, the audience sat on carpets on the floor, lustres and garlands of flowers decorated the walls, and stucco fortifications surrounded the stage and auditorium. A prelude acted by children was followed by a series of tableaux of the *Story of Jason and Perseus*, and the bulls with nostrils flaming fire, and the swans at Juno's feet, were so real that for a moment Castiglione believed them to be alive! At the close of the play Cupid recited an epilogue, to the music of violins, and a quartette of unaccompanied voices sang the praise of love. Perhaps Bibbiena's play, with its broad jokes and

doubtful situations, could hardly be fitly compared with Wagner's Trilogy, but the intention of both music dramas was the same, and the aim alike of the Urbino performance as that of the Baireuth festival was the glorification of ideal love.

If the ladies of the fifteenth century had their Baireuths, they also had their Ammergaus. Sacred plays were still common in Italy, and the story of Joseph and of John the Baptist shared the popularity of Apollo's loves or Hercules's labours. Pilgrimages to Loreto afforded Isabella d'Este a frequent excuse for gratifying her love of travel. Many were the pleasant journeys which she took in the fair springtime through the Umbrian hill country, by St. Francis's home at Assisi to the sanctuary on the Adriatic shores, returning to spend Easter with Duchess Elizabeth in the famous palace on the heights of Urbino or among the delicious gardens and fountains of Gubbio. The Santo at Padua and the Annunziata at Florence were popular shrines with all those great ladies, while a trip to Venice afforded opportunities for those water pageants and serenades in which they took delight. Isabella was the most indefatigable of sight-seers, and since fêtes and formal receptions by the Doge and Senate occupied too much of her time on her first visit to Venice, she went back there a few years later with the Duchess of Urbino *incognita*, climbed the Campanile, saw the Arsenal and Treasury and all the chief palaces and churches as thoroughly as any modern tourist. For many years, however, her wish to see Rome remained unfulfilled, but at length this great desire was gratified. In 1514, she spent the autumn in the Eternal City, and was magnificently entertained during the following Carnival by Pope Leo the Tenth and her cardinal friends. Many years afterwards she returned and became the unwilling witness of the siege and sack of Rome. On one occasion this enterprising lady crossed the Alps and visited the shrine of St. Mary Magdalene at Marseilles, although she was never able to accomplish her intended pilgrimage to Sant' Iago of Compostella. And when affairs of state or family duties kept her at Mantua, there was always the possibility of spending a few days on the Lago di Garda, reading Catullus and Virgil on the shores of Sirmio or among the lemon groves of the lovely Riviera di Salò, where she felt herself, as she wrote to her friend Trissino, 'altogether disposed to poetry and contemplation.'

The culture of these Renaissance ladies made its influence felt on all around them. It diffused an atmosphere of sweetness and light through the society in which they moved. It threw a glamour over state functions and court pageants and lent a charm to the common details of everyday life—'the small particular concerns of hearth and home.' When a daughter was married or a child was born, the best painters of the day were called in to do honour to the occasion. Ercole Roberti designed the wedding chariot and nuptial bed of

Isabella d'Este, and painted the *cassoni* for her trousseau. Another Ferrara master prepared the gorgeous cradle which Duchess Leonora presented to her daughter Beatrice for the use of her first-born son, and which Lodovico Sforza declared to be a gift worthy of any emperor. When a pet dog died, the foremost scholars of the age wrote epigrams and elegies, in Latin and Italian, for its grave. When a new dinner-service was required, painters and goldsmiths took counsel together and prepared designs from the best antique models. The Duchess of Ferrara's service of gold and crystal dishes and flagons, supported by dolphins, griffins, and fauns, was the envy and admiration of all her guests, and Isabella d'Este's majolica plates of finest Faenza ware, painted by the best masters of Urbino, are the ornament of our public museums and private collections. The doll which Leonora of Aragon sent to Milan for her son's child-bride, Anna Sforza, was dressed from designs prepared by court painters, and her parrot's cage was gilded and decorated by the same artists.

Even the field sports in which these ladies took part, their hawking and hunting parties, had a touch of romance about them. We read of Caterina Sforza, in the flower of youth and beauty, setting out at the head of her ladies, clad in scarlet caps and jackets, to chase the deer and wild goats on the Roman Campagna, and resting at noonday in a shady ilex-grove by a running stream, where refreshments were served by court pages to the music of flutes and guitars, and one cardinal recited a Pindaric ode, while another invoked Diana in Latin verse. And we think of Duchess Beatrice riding out, in her green velvet habit embroidered with gold, or her cap and vest of rose colour and silver, to meet that mighty hunter, Kaiser Maximilian, in the mountains of Tyrol, and seeing the long procession wind down the steep hillside to the sound of the merry hunting-horns. But these hunting-parties were no mere pageants or idle shows. Many of these princesses were fearless riders, who often ran desperate risks in hunting the stag or wild boar and narrowly escaped with their lives. In a letter to his sister-in-law, Lodovico describes one occasion in which his young wife found herself engaged in a fierce conflict with a savage boar, and another when a wounded stag gored her horse and lifted her in the saddle a lance's height from the ground, to the terror and alarm of all her companions. Then, as now, there were not wanting fastidious persons who took objection to hunting as a perilous and unfeminine occupation for ladies. Giuliano dei Medici and Cesare Gonzaga agreed in condemning riding, hunting, and playing at *palla* as alike unsuitable for women, although Giuliano owned that he had seen ladies of rank indulge in these sports with grace and skill. Here and there a young and high-spirited princess, such as Beatrice d'Este, might play *palla* with her courtiers and brothers in the

frescoed gallery of the Castello of Pavia, but as a rule ladies of rank were content to look on, while the men took part in what Burckhardt calls the classic game of the Renaissance.

Card-playing, on the other hand, was the commonest and most approved amusement of all these ladies. The manufacture of playing-cards was a recognised industry at Milan, Mantua, and Ferrara, and some of the dainty packs of cards used by these princesses, and adorned with designs and devices of every variety, are still preserved. Isabella d'Este and Elizabeth Gonzaga were as inveterate gamblers as any fashionable ladies of the present day, and spent whole mornings playing *scartino* together. Besides this favourite game, which was probably a form of *écarté*, we find *trentuno*, *imperiale*, *nichino*, and 'raising dead men,' frequently mentioned among the round games in which these fine ladies indulged. One of Isabella d'Este's favourite card-games was *flusso*, the 'bridge' of the period, over which they lost large sums of money, and which went by the name of 'the cursed game,' because of the certain ruin it entailed on the luckless gambler. Her sister Beatrice wrote gleefully on one occasion to tell her husband how much money she had won from her mother and sister-in-law at *buttino*, another card game with which these august ladies beguiled the hours of the journey from Ferrara to Venice. This short-lived princess had the reputation of being exceptionally lucky at cards, and in the course of a single year won no less than 3000 ducats, 'which I for one,' remarked her husband, 'cannot believe has been all spent in charity!'

Gardening was another taste which fifteenth-century ladies shared with women of the present time. The gardens of Caterina Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, on the lagoons of Murano or on the breezy heights of Asolo, those of the Duchess of Ferrara at the stately Belvedere villa on an island of the river Po, and the magnificent grounds of the Castello of Pavia and Milan, were objects of endless delight and interest to the princesses of Este and Aragon. The services of architects and artists were employed in laying out these terraced gardens decorated, after the fashion of the day, with grottoes and temples, with porticoes and fountains, and with bronze and marble statues. Leonardo da Vinci designed the pavilion in Beatrice d'Este's garden at Milan; Genga and Bronzino painted the loggias and colonnades of Leonora Gonzaga's sumptuous villa on Monte Imperiale, near Pesaro.¹

Isabella d'Este took especial interest in the gardens of her favourite villa at Porto, and applied herself with her usual energy

¹ In the frescoes of the Borromeo Palace at Milan, an unknown follower of Pisanello has left us a charming picture of these pleasure-gardens, where gay cavaliers and fair ladies in rich brocades play bat and ball on green lawns watered by crystal streams, or 'talk sweetly of love' in the shade of cypress groves and box-trees cut in quaint shapes and devices.

to the more practical side of the art. She imported rare exotics and foreign trees from all parts of Italy, and sent her gardener to Venice to study the best way of cultivating certain shrubs. Plants and flowers were among the gifts with which she rejoiced the heart of her old tutor Guarino, and once, at the earnest request of the poet Trissino, she allowed her head-gardener to go to his Palladian villa at Cricoli near Vicenza and show him how to plant and trim his box-trees. But she was careful to inform him that the man must not stay more than a few days, since the gardens at Porto require his whole attention. It was in this delicious country retreat that Isabella's brightest and happiest days were spent, and that the brilliant Marchesa gathered the choicest spirits of the age around her. Here Frate Francesco Silvestri, the learned General of the Dominican Order, came to soothe his tired soul, weary of striving with men and with the evil of the world, in 'these fair and delicate places'; here Bibbiena and Bembo recited their poetic effusions, and Castiglione brought the latest news from Rome. Here they studied those exquisite volumes of Petrarch and Dante, of Virgil and Horace, which Aldus printed at Venice on choice paper for the especial use of the Marchesa, or heard the gay Dominican friar, Matteo Bandello, tell his last new story. Here, one summer evening after supper, at Isabella's request, the young novelist read aloud Livy's old tale of Lucrezia's death, and a long argument followed on the expediency of the Roman matron's action.

Good talk was, after all, the chief end and object of these meetings, the favourite pastime and most unfailing occupation of all Renaissance women. One and all they threw themselves into these literary discussions with their whole heart, often prolonging them through several days and even carrying them on by letter. The memorable controversy which began in the park of Pavia, a day or two after Beatrice d'Este's wedding, between Isabella and Messer Galeazzo di San Severino, on the respective merits of the Paladins Roland and Rinaldo, was prolonged throughout the following summer, with a keen exchange of witty repartee and brilliant irony on both sides. Captains and ladies, court poets and princes, alike found themselves drawn into the fray, and so eager was the young Marchesa to maintain her hero's cause, that she wrote to the old poet Boiardo to beg for a sight of the latest cantos of his unfinished epic, and sent to her ambassador at Venice for all the French and Italian romances on the subject which he could discover. We can hardly conceive ladies of the present day taking so lively an interest in a debate on the heroes of the Nibelungen Ring or the Knights of the Round Table. But these poetic tournaments and duels of intellect were of the very essence of Renaissance society. The bravest soldiers, the foremost scholars and artists, Bramante and Cristoforo Romano, Castiglione Galeazzo, and San Severino, alike took part in them with the same keen interest, and

Michelangelo himself did not hesitate to join in the discussions which took place in Vittoria Colonna's rooms in the Roman convent of Santa Caterina. It was the task of Duchess Beatrice, or Marchesa Isabella, or whoever the presiding genius of the place might be, to choose the theme and set the ball rolling, and then, with delicate and instinctive art, guide its course, deftly avoiding doubtful or perilous turnings, and gently approving or checking the speakers by look or smile, by word or motion. This art it was, Castiglione tells us, that flourished in the highest perfection at the polished court of Urbino, where a chosen group of accomplished scholars and fair ladies met on summer evenings in the Duchess's rooms to talk of art and love, of painting and poetry, and of all the thousand gifts and graces which belong to perfect courtier or peerless lady. Then Madonna Emilia and the Magnifico Giuliano, Messer Pietro Bembo, the future Cardinal, and the courtly Baldassarre himself, argued over these and kindred themes, while the gentle Duchess was, as it were, a chain holding all lightly and pleasantly together. Thus, in eager and animated discourse, the hours flew past, until the speakers found to their surprise that the short summer night was already over, and the rosy dawn was breaking over the peaks of the Apennines.

'All inspiration comes from woman.' In these words Castiglione sums up his ideas and theories on the subject. Hers it is to inspire man with hope and courage on the battle-field and in the council-chamber, in the pursuit of art and learning, in the higher paths of virtue and religion, to point the way upwards and lift hearts from earth to heaven. So it was that the boy Raphael grew up in the enchanted air of Urbino under the fostering care of the good Duchess; so Isabella d'Este heard young Ariosto recite the first cantos of his great poem, or gave Mantegna and Costa themes for their pictures in the studio of the grim old Castello that looks down on the Mantuan lakes and the windings of 'smooth-sliding Mincius.' So Veronica Gambaara smiled on the early efforts of the painter of Correggio, and Vittoria Colonna soothed the loneliness of Michelangelo's weary old age. By their delicate culture and refined taste these noble women brought art into close touch with life. By their gracious and kindly sympathy they cheered the artist-souls that were struggling towards the light, and helped to produce immortal works.

Will posterity, we wonder, say as much for the ladies of our own age?

JULIA M. ADY.
(*Julia Cartwright.*)

CRITERIA

As Greek is already in its death-grapple even in that home of lost causes, Oxford University, it may be as well to begin by explaining what a Criterion is. To most English people, to most Londoners at all events, it naturally suggests a theatre or restaurant; or, if they have been blessed with the rudiments of a classical education which time has half obliterated, they will class it with the Lyceum as one of the buildings of ancient Athens. As a matter of fact, the word means nothing more than the test by which a man apportions praise or blame; but since the word 'test' is somewhat suggestive of religious disabilities or chemical laboratories, it is safer to use the term 'Criterion,' despite its unfamiliar look, when we wish to indicate the touchstone by which we determine whether a man is true or base metal.

Saints and sages may denounce the practice of judging one's fellows, but it is difficult to see how social life is to be carried on without it. Certainly the Great Teacher who pronounced the commandment 'Judge not' cannot be taxed with carrying out his own precept, if the received accounts are to be relied on; for probably none of the great ones of the earth, with the possible exception of Mr. Ruskin, have been more outspoken in their criticism or less sparing in invective. But doubtless the commentators have discovered that the command has some esoteric meaning, for taken literally it can only be carried out by the egoist whose self-engrossment has reached so sublime a pitch that he is unconscious of the existence of anyone outside himself. All others, if they have any opinions about their fellows—and most people have a great deal too many—are bound to have some standard by which to measure them. Not that they will necessarily know themselves what that standard is. It often happens that a man is no more conscious of an active Criterion in his mind than he is of the working of the thyroid gland in his body; but his ignorance has no effect on his constitution in either case.

As a rule each man has fundamentally only one Criterion, and it is amusing as well as instructive to see what an enormous number

there are of these in the world, even in the little world of one's own surroundings; how A will pass over as of no importance whatever what is an utterly damning circumstance in the eyes of B. In fact no small part of the humour, which anyone gifted with a decent digestion finds in this human comedy, lies in the study of one's neighbours' Criteria—not, of course, one's own, which are based on a real sense of what is right and proper, and supported in most cases by Revealed Religion and Mrs. Grundy. Besides, it is bad form to laugh at oneself; the man who laughs at himself is generally in a parlous state, and ought to be locked up by his friends for forty-eight hours to prevent his committing some act of which he might afterwards repent. But, while maintaining a respectful sobriety in presence of our own standards, we can get a vast fund of enjoyment from the contemplation of other people's, those points on which they fix their attention in deciding, for instance, whether their neighbours are 'charming' or 'impossible,' whether they are 'so nice' or 'not quite nice' or even 'dreadful.' And though these particular epithets are more usual among that sex which is—presumably on physical rather than mental grounds—termed 'fair,' yet the sentiments at the back of them are equally common to either sex, while the corresponding masculine adjectives are unfortunately not always such as can appear with propriety in print.

One of the first points that strike the scientific observer of Criteria will be, that not only is the pass line drawn at very different levels by different people, but that one and the same man will damn A beyond all hope of redemption for an action which he will wink at in the case of B. It is an old proverb that one man may steal a horse, while another may not even look over the hedge; and this not, as the cynic will persuade us, because the horse-stealer is rich or powerful, for frequently he (or she) is neither the one nor the other. What is it which makes us condone an act in one person which seems outrageous in another? Why, when taxed with inconsistency, do we assert with warmth that the two cases are different, quite different—and then rack our brains to find out what the difference is, usually with very poor results? Probably there is no answer but that conveyed in the word 'personality'; A can do something of which in the abstract we disapprove because—well, simply because he is A, while B cannot because he is not A. This is not a very satisfactory conclusion to come to, but it is questionable whether there is a single human being who is not influenced to some extent by the fact that A is not B. The impersonal outlook is one of the most difficult things in this world to attain, i.e. the capacity to award praise or blame to an action quite irrespective of the doer. History furnishes examples of men who would appear to have reached this high level, but the impartial man is perched on a very narrow wall, and, if he has climbed up on the side of undue favouritism, stands a

very good chance of toppling down on the side of undue depreciation. Though Brutus ordered his son to execution, it will never be known, till he is interviewed in the Elysian shades, whether he was not rather urged thereto by the tie of relationship and felt that he was taking up a very superior position in playing the heavy father to such tremendous purpose. I once knew an excellent bishop who told a curate that, with every desire to present him to a living, he was of course debarred by the fact that the curate had married his (the bishop's) cousin. Without advocating nepotism in high places, one may remark that the good bishop was as far from the top of the wall on one side as, say, Lord Halsbury on the other.

Justice is a magnificent ideal; born with us, as we may almost say, for it is certainly the first of the righteous instincts to manifest itself in the young, it yet remains throughout life for the majority of men as unrealisable as happiness, a deity to be passionately invoked when we ourselves are injured, but otherwise, like the family practitioner, not to be called in till we are suffering. Strict justice would of course require that we should apply exactly the same test, for instance, to the wife of our bosom as to the wife of somebody else's. But, I appeal confidently to anyone with the most rudimentary knowledge of life, would this tend to domestic harmony? 'Is it not infinitely more becoming to make allowances for one whose infirmities are so entirely outweighed by her abounding virtues—one, moreover, who has it in her power to make the atmosphere so exceedingly murky if those allowances are not made? But, were one to extend the same toleration to the world at large, would not the whole social fabric be endangered? Impartiality becomes the most dangerous of doctrines when driven to its logical conclusion; it is so much safer to exclaim 'Oh! that is quite different,' and so persuade ourselves that we have reached a satisfactory settlement of the question.

Granting then that, whatever the standards are, human nature must not be pinned down too accurately in the application of them, if we go on to examine the standards themselves, we shall find a most-delightful and incongruous variety of them. Everybody 'draws the line' at something—a rather wobbly line, perhaps, with convenient gaps in it for the passage of isolated instances—but if one takes the people one knows and tries to discover at what theoretically they draw it, it is then that the real humour of the investigation begins. One most excellent man I know draws his line just above people who smoke cigarettes; cigars and pipes come, of course, in quite a different category, but he will unhesitatingly consign to Tophet anyone, from a duke to a gutter-snipe, who indulges in the pernicious custom of cigarette-smoking. I have watched with interest the gradually dwindling circle of his associates, and am anticipating the day when I shall be the sole representative of my own sex who is honoured with his friendship.

Another man has an infallible means of detecting the character of his acquaintances in the thickness of the note-paper they use; he is good enough to make an exception in the case of foreign letters, but if domiciled within the four seas it is only at your peril that you write to him on anything less than 'treble thick.' I have known him, on the occasion of a sad family scandal, gravely shake his head and say he always felt sure, from the inferior quality of her note-paper, that that woman would come to no good.

But à *propos* of correspondence, far more general than this Criterion—and here my pen falters from a feeling that the hitherto complaisant reader is all too likely to deem me a subverter of true morality—far more general is the belief that the use of scented note-paper stamps a woman at once as being without the pale. In this way the virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies, can infallibly scent out one who would let herself go for a garnet; the sniff interrogative gives place to the sniff supercilious, and the unknown correspondent is forthwith condemned for what may be after all merely a harmless, if rather unpleasant, attribute in an eminently virtuous person. For it is a mistake to suppose that only 'horrid' people indulge in 'horrid' habits. Why, you yourself, my dear sir, do not you off-perchance wax your moustache or put some sticky substance on your hair? You, my dear madam, a model of your sex, do not you, perhaps, powder your nose? But no doubt that is different, or even possibly, like the rest of the world, if I may be pardoned for quoting the only two lines of *Hudibras* you have probably read, you are prone to

Compound for sins you are inclined to
By damning those you have no mind to.

Of course a man's Criteria are determined for him in no small degree by his occupation; it is not merely the dyer's hand but his eye that gets tinged with the contents of his vat, so that it is hopeless to expect clear vision from him for the future. To his four famous sources of error Bacon might well have added Idols of the Shop, seeing that to the lawyer every man is a potential false witness, to the parson a brand to be plucked from the burning, to the school-master an ignoramus who needs instruction all the more because he resents it, just as to the grocer he is a machine for the consumption of sugar and currants, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer a sponge to be squeezed, and to Dennis the hangman a pretty subject to be 'worked off,' each man seeing what his trade has taught him to look for and no more. I once fell in with a commercial traveller who had recently visited for the first time a certain cathedral city famous for the beauty and historic interest of its buildings; but it had failed to impress him, he deemed it a much overrated place; 'In fact, sir,' he raised an impressive finger, 'if you will believe me, there was not a really good draper's shop, not what you would call a first-class one,

from one end of the town to the other!' After which it was easy to guess of what the bagman's luggage consisted.

But though this good man's standard of valuation may seem to those of us who are not drapers a little absurd, is it one whit less foolish to separate the sheep from the goats by the test of whether they do or do not love Mozart, admire the writings of Miss Marie Corelli, wear a single eye-glass or a made-up tie, eschew animal food, go to church, play bridge?—the list might be extended indefinitely of the tests which men apply, justifying themselves meanwhile by the assertion that a man's attitude on this one point may be taken as an index of his whole character; in defence of which position they will hurl Shakespeare at your head, and tell you that the man who is not thrilled by a fugue of Bach's is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils, and an entirely undesirable sort of person. Whereas the whole of experience goes to show that all such little peculiarities are but external facets and afford no clue whatever to the nature of the man within. In fact, so far as music is concerned, Mr. Gilbert has outweighed Shakespeare in his knowledge of the human heart, when he remarks that the burglar, in his leisure moments,

Loves to hear the little brooks a-gurgling
And listen to the happy village chime.

So that to dub a man a lover of music is merely to tie on to him a label—as misleading as labels generally are, whereof has been treated more fully elsewhere—and really asserts no more than that he loves music, but gives no information as to whether he is or is not a wife-beater, dipsomaniac, propounder of conundrums, or any other type of objectionable person.

Externals, of course, play a large part in influencing opinion; the kernel is so hard to get at that men are prone to judge by the shell. It is only when one has attained to a certain eminence in art or literature that one is entirely free from such trammels as considerations of clothing. Probably no famous poet has ever yet been cut on account of the seediness of his attire; in fact some of the Immortals have been heard to declare that the chief advantage of having achieved fame was the freedom gained thereby in the matter of clothing—and certainly their appearance does not remind one either of Solomon or the lilies of the field. But the 'mute inglorious Milton' will go shabby at his peril; that in the successful man is but an eccentricity of genius which in the commonplace person betrays rank slovenliness.

The untravelled Englishman is as a rule distinguished by one very simple Criterion; so well schooled has he been in Union Jack lore, so familiar with the history of all our national heroes from King Alfred to Lord Kitchener, that for all people and practices he has one unvarying test—are they or are they not English?—for if not he will have nothing to say to them. The legend 'made in

Germany' is enough to condemn anything in his eyes, from a kitchen utensil to the higher criticism. Think of the depth of contempt underlying the word 'un-English'—is there in the mouth of a Saxon any term whereby he can express more fitly the utmost repudiation and contempt? As commonly used it is a synonym for all that is bad, with the added advantage of not obliging the user to particularise the special form of badness he has in mind. Less favoured nations cannot boast of a term which will in the same breath vilify an action and extol their own nationality, but of course such a term would be meaningless in any other country. Oh blessed effect of insularity! that we, the only nation who can afford to look with complacent contempt on the rest of the world, should be—among civilised peoples at all events—the only one who does so!

There is, however, fortunately, another side to Criteria, which prevents their being wholly mischievous, for though the touchstone a man carries with him will, for the reasons aforesaid, tell him very little about the men he meets, it will prove invaluable for the purpose of telling them something about him. There is no better clue to a man's character than to know at what he draws the line; not only will you learn hereby how to avoid his gravest censure, but—what may some day prove even more important—should it ever become desirable to cut yourself adrift from him, you will have found the most expeditious means of doing so. For acquaintance—not to misuse that noble 'friendship' which is too often profaned by its application to a mere surface contact—acquaintance is more often shunned by the average man, not from moroseness or want of the social instinct, nor yet from shyness or want of manners, but solely from a fear that the stranger should prove, like a cold in the head, much more easily caught than got rid of. If ever this occurs, a knowledge of the way in which he can be most easily and irrevocably offended will prove invaluable.

But the study of Criteria leads to results far deeper and more effectual than either temporary amusement or the escape from passing annoyances. No one can search out and compare the varying standards and fetishes to which the human race has in different ages and places bowed the knee, without being led to wonder which of them all find favour with the great Power that lies behind this visible universe; and thence the mind is led inevitably to a spirit of almost boundless toleration, realising that each man is passing through his own necessary course of development, and that his standards are the only ones possible for him at the stage he has reached. For if, as Pope might have said,

An honest god's the noblest work of man,

it is no less true that a stunted or childish or bestial nature will make its gods after its own image and measure all things by the

ignoble standard it has itself set up. The toleration begotten of a wide and searching analysis of human standards is not, as some would have us believe, a mere euphemism for indifference. It is easy for those who have never suffered and never sinned—the only ways, probably, whereby the mind of man can be induced to think—to assert that in proportion to the strength of a man's convictions will be his condemnation of his opponents; but one who has dared to probe the recesses of his own heart and impartially set down the bewildering inconsistencies, the criminal potentialities he finds there, will come to the wiser conclusion that however true or necessary a certain fact may be to him, it is universally neither necessary nor true. And as for the whole army of busybodies, quacks, fanatics, and savers of other men's souls who hold the contrary opinion, he will deal gently with them and recommend a short course of Criteriology, whereby at the end of three months it is to be hoped they will have learnt that there is no one standard whereby a good man can be distinguished from a bad one. Some weeks later they may be expected to make the same discovery with regard to a woman. By which time—were the practice universal—the whole social life of the civilised world would have been so altered that the Millennium might be confidently expected.

C. B. WHEELER.

THE STORY OF ARISTAEUS

FROM THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, BOOK IV. LINES 315-566

WHICH of the gods, ye Muses, which of the gods
Forged for mankind the magic art—or whence
Came this new venture for the sons of men ?

The Shepherd Aristaeus—he it was
Forswore the fairest valley in the world,
Sweet Tempe, watered by Peneän rills,
(For he had lost, so runs the tale, his bees
By plague and famine) and he stood, forlorn,
Hardby the holy fountain, whence the stream
Wells through the vale ; and lifted up his voice
To her that bare him with a bitter cry :

‘ Mother, Cyrene, Mother, who dost dwell
In the still deeps beneath this restless pool,
Why didst thou give me life, and call me son,
Sprung from the mighty gods,—if, as thou sayest,
Apollo, lord of Thymbra, be my sire—
That I should be the scoff and scorn of fate ?
Whither, O Mother, whither hast thou thrust
Thy love for me and mine ? Why prate of heaven,
And bid me hope to take my place on high ?
When, here on earth, the crown of all my toil
Slips from my brow—the crown I barely won
After long years of universal quest,
And tireless vigil over fields and flocks ?
And yet—and yet thou art my mother !

Nay,

Spare me no more—but with that mother’s hand
Uproot my teeming forests—kill my crops,
Set all my byres ablaze with ravening fire,
Cast all my bosky nurslings to the flames,

And with a cruel hatchet hew my vines,
Since, as it seems, the glories of thy son
Wake in thy soul but weary depths of scorn !'

He spake ; and lo ! the murmur of his words
Fell on his mother's ear far down the flood ;
As in the caverns of the crystal stream
She sat : and, all around, a choir of Nymphs
Spun the rare fleeces of Milesian wool,
Aglow with deepest hues of hyaline.

Children of Nereus they ; Phyllodoce,
Ligeä, Xantho, Drymo ; and their locks
In loosened sunshine fell o'er necks of snow.
Cydippe, golden-haired Lycorias,
The one a maid, a novice-mother one,
Fresh from her travail at Lucina's shrine :
And Clio, and her sister, Beroë,
Daughters of mighty Ocean were they both,
And both engirt with zones of gold, and both
Draped in a dappled hide : and Ephyre,
Opis, Deïope from Asian fields.
Swift Arethusa, last to leave the chase,
Lays bow and quiver down, and joins the throng,
Who, one and all, are listening to a tale
Of Vulcan's follies, told by Clymene,
And stolen kisses, and the wiles of Mars,
Counting the chronicles, from chaos down,
Of all the thousand loves of all the gods.

And as they sat, and sped their fleecy toil
Around the spindles, drinking in the song,
Behold again there smote Cyrene's ear
The cry of Aristaeus far away,
And all the nymphs sprang from their crystal thrones.
But Arethusa, foremost—ever fleet
Beyond her sisters—reared a golden head
Above the topmost wave, and gazed around.
Then from afar she called :

‘ O sister mine,
Cyrene, sister ; truly not in vain
Was thy affright, nor vain that bitter cry.
For by the stream sad Aristaeus stands,
Thy son, thy chiefest care, beside the brink
Of sire Peneüs, ever making moan,
And “Mother, cruel mother,” cries aloud.’

Then a strange terror of a sudden smote
The mother's heart and, 'Dally not,' she said,
'But lead him hither : he is of the race
Whose feet may tread the gateways of the gods.'
And straight she bade the waters stand aside,
Cleaving their depths on either hand, to make
A pathway for her boy. Whereon the stream,
Uplifting mountain-wise, arched o'er his head,
And welcomed him within its spacious breast,
And sped his footsteps deep below the flood.

Now through the kingdom of the waves he goes
And wonders at his mother's dwelling-place.
Marvellous pools in rocky caverns pent,
Strange forests, echoing the ceaseless surge,
Till, with the whirl of mighty waters dazed,
Before him roll the rivers of the earth,
Each from its several source in endless flow,
Beneath the girdle of this vasty world.
Phasis, and Lycus, and the fountain head,
Whence deep Enipeus bursts in foaming flood,
Whence Father Tiber pours his yellow waves,
Whence Anio flows with kindred rivulets,
Whence roaring o'er the rocks comes Hypanis,
Caycus from far Mysian plains, and he,
With a bull's brow, and span of golden horns
Royal Eridanus, whose vehement tide
Surpasses all, as through luxuriant glebe
He tears a pathway to the purple sea.

Now does he tread at last Cyrene's bower,
A cavern vaulted o'er with buoyant stone,
And to a listening mother tells a tale
Of idle tears. A band of sister nymphs
Bring limpid water for his hands, and some
Proffer the softest napery, and some
Heap high the tables with a dainty feast,
And bear the lavish goblets charged anew ;
The altars kindle with Panchaeian fumes,
And cries Cyrene—'Bring Maeonian wine,
And brim the beakers ; meet it is we make
Offering to Ocean' : and, so saying, prays
To Mighty Ocean, father of the world,
And to the sisterhood of Nymphs, who guard
A hundred forests, and a hundred streams.
Then thrice she scattered o'er the sacred fire

Translucent wine, and thrice the flame leaped high
And lit the rooftree with responsive sheen.

So with these kindly omens of good hap
Cheering her son, she thus begins her tale :

‘ Nigh Carpathus in Neptune’s boisterous realm
There dwells a certain seer, Proteus by name,
Who bears the azure livery of the sea,
And speeds his chariot o’er the mighty main,
Caparisoned with monsters of the deep,
Half-fish, half-steed—lo ! even now he seeks
Emathian harbours, and his fatherland,
Pallene—and to him we sister Nymphs,
And ancient Nereus too, do reverence :
For to this wondrous seer all things are known,
What is—what has been—and what lagging time
Has yet to bring. So did his master will,
Great Neptune, whose uncouth and monstrous flocks
Of ocean-calves he shepherds in the sea.
Him, O my son, your hands must seize and bind
So shall he tell the secret of the plague,
And speed your trouble to a happy goal :
Seize him and bind him, son, for naught but force
Shall win his counsel—bootless are your prayers,
He will not yield—force—iron force is all.
Fetter his limbs with manacles of steel,
And you shall see in time his baffled wiles
Break, like a shattered wave, against his bonds.
And I, thy mother, I will lead the way,
When the sun lights the torches of the noon,
And drouthy is the herb, and cattle greet
The welcome shade—lo ! I will lead the way
To the sequestered cavern of the sage,
Where oft he sojourns wearied with the waves,
And you shall seize him, sleeping, as he lies.
But when you hold him gripped and fettered fast,
Straightway will he assume phantasmal shapes
Of divers beasts, and seek to cheat your toils,
Now in the semblance of a bristled boar,
Or grisly tigress, or a dragon, mailed
In panoply of scales, or lion’s dam
With tawny gorge, or like a sudden flame
Slip through his bonds with sound of crackling fire,
Or flow, as fleeting water, from your grasp.
The more his shape in countless change dissolves,

The closer, son, thy grip upon the chains,
Until at last his form transformed appear
As when light faded from his curtained eyes.'
Thus spake the Nymph ; and shed a lucent stream
Of odorous ambrosia all around,
Steeping therein the body of her son :
And from his garnished locks, behold there came
A fragrant breath and all his limbs waxed full
With supple strength.

There is a mighty cave,
Cleft by the waters in the mountain-side,
Where many a wave is driven by the winds,
And flows far inland, breaking on the bay,
Safe refuge for storm-beaten mariners.
Here, shrouded by a wall of massy rock,
Proteus was wont to bide, and here the nymph,
Within a nook that turned its back on day,
Stationed the Youth, whilst all aloof she stood,
Weaving a hiding-place of dusky mist.

Now does the ravening dog-star glow aloft
With rays that parch the folk of thirsty Ind :
Now half its fiery course the sun has sped ;
The grasses wither ; and the rivers gape,
Their sultry channels scorched to beds of mire,
When Proteus, journeying homeward from the deep
Sought, as his wont, the shelter of the cave ;
While round about him leaped a dripping brood,
Born of the sea, and scattered briny showers
With frolic bounds : then laid them down to sleep,
Calves of the ocean, up and down the shore.
So Proteus (like some herdsman of the hills
Warding the folds, what time the evening star
Calls home the grazing steers, what time the wolves
Hark to the bleating lambs with hungry maws)
Sits on a rock and numbers o'er his herd.

Now was the very nick of time at hand,
And Aristaeus, with a mighty cry,
Scarce waiting till those weary limbs were couched,
Pounced on the man of eld, and bound him fast
With shackles as he lay.

Then in his turn,
Mindful of well-known wiles, doth Proteus change

In ever-varying and portentous shapes,
Monster, and flame, and water flowing free :
But when his magic failed him for escape,
Mastered and in his ancient form, he spake
With human lips : 'How now, presumptuous boy.
What askest thou of me ? Who bade thee come
To my domain ?'

Then he : 'Thou knowest well,
O Proteus, knowest of thyself, for naught
Can cheat thy knowledge : cease thou from thy wiles :
'Tis by the bidding of the gods I come
For my spent fortunes seeking words of sooth.'

So far he spoke : and at his speech the Seer,
Wrought by a giant stress, with eyes that gleamed
The colour of wild ocean, gnashed his teeth,
And from his lips there poured the voice of fate.

'A god it is—none other than a god
Who visiteth his wrath upon thine head :
Grievous the fault whose penance thou dost thole.
Lo ! Orpheus—hapless Orpheus—ever cries
For vengeance—ay, a vengeance all too scant
On thee and thine, should Fate not hold her hand—
And with mad passion ever moans a bride
Torn from his arms. She—truly—she it was
Who on a day beside the river's brink
Foredoomed, poor sweetheart, to untimely death,
As headlong from thy hated grasp she fled,
Saw not the monstrous serpent in her path
Couched in lush grass, and guardian of the stream.
Then from her comrade choir of woodland nymphs
A wail went up and filled the topmost peaks,
A sound of weeping swept the Thracian hills,
Pangaea's height, and Rhesus' warlike realm :
Grief fell on Hebrus, and the Getan steppes,
And Attic Orithyia mourned aloud,
Whilst the lone Orpheus, by the empty shore,
To the sad music of his hollow shell,
Soothed his distempered love with songs of thee,
O sweetest wife ! when first the daylight dawned,
O sweetest wife ! when daylight passed away.
Then through the jaws of Taenarus he passed,
The cavernous gates of Dis ; the grove of gloom,
Wherein the horror of the darkness broods,

And stood before the powers of nether Hell,
With their dread King : and wrestled with the hearts
That know not pity for the prayers of men.

There, startled by his song, wan spectres flocked
Forth from the utmost deeps of Erebus,
Dim phantoms that had lost the light of day,
Swarming around like flights of myriad birds,
Who seek the sheltered wood when winter storm
Or chilly evening drives them from the hills :
Matrons and husbands, and the forms long dead
Of high-souled heroes, boys and spouseless girls,
And well-loved youths who in their parents' sight
Were laid to rest upon untimely pyres.
All these were they whom black Cocytus binds
With darkling ooze, with fringe of loathly reeds,
With sleepy waves that lap the loveless shore :
They whom abhorrent Styx for ever chains,
Girt with the ninefold fetters of its flood.
The very denizens of deepest Hell
Listened, astounded, to the strains he sang :
The Furies with their locks of livid snakes,
Grim Cerberus with triple mouth agape,
While the hushed whirlwind stayed Ixion's wheel.

And now, all hazards o'er, he journeys home.
Eurydice, whom death had rendered up,
Wending her way back to the airs of heaven,
Follows his happy footsteps from afar,
(For such the compact with the queen of Dis)
When on the recklessness of love there fell
A sudden folly—folly of all else
Most meet for grace, could grace be found in Hell :
He, pausing, turned, and on Eurydice,
Once more his own, now near the brink of day,
(O mindless mind ! O vanquished will !) he looked.

In that one moment all his toil was sped,
Rent was the covenant of the ruthless King,
And thrice the thunder crashed and crashed again
Along the stagnant shores of black Avernè.
Then came her voice : " Orpheus, what hast thou done ?
What fatal madness moved thee—we are lost—
Lost—I—alas—and thou !

O cruel fates !

That call me back once more—now do mine eyes

Grow strangely faint, and shroud themselves in sleep.
Farewell, my Orpheus—I am borne away
And through the pall of vasty night I stretch
These poor weak hands towards thee—hands once thine own,
And never—never—to be thine again."

She spake; and suddenly she passed away
Like mists that mingle with the subtle air :
And he—with hands that sought in vain to grasp
Her fleeting shadow—he—with lips that longed
To say so much—so much—saw her no more.
Nor would the Ferryman of Death anew
Ply him across the bar of sleepy Styx.
What was there left to do? Where should he take
A life twice widowed of his love? What tears
Could move the shades? What prayers the gods? And yet
On Charon's bark she floats across the stream
In the chill clutch of death!

For seven moons—

So do they tell—he wept his heart away
By Strymon's lonely waters, where the cliffs
Tower to high heaven: and poured his grief aloud
Beneath the icy caverns in such song
As melted savage tigers, made the oaks
Follow his music—such a song, methinks,
As the sad nightingale wails for her young,
Beneath the darkling poplars—when her nest
Some churlish clown has lit upon and reft
Of all its tender fledgelings: and she weeps
The livelong night; and, nixed amidst the boughs,
In piteous burdens iterates her woe,
And with melodious sorrow fills the fields.

No lust of love or passion swayed his soul
As ever more in loneliness he roamed
The icy North, the snows of Tanaïs,
The hoary wastes indissolubly bound
To a bleak wedlock with Rhipaeon frosts,
Mourning aloud his lost Eurydice,
Mourning the gift of Pluto given in vain,
Till on a time the wanton dames of Thrace,
Deeming their womanhood too lightly scorned
By such a tribute, happened on the Youth,
The awful night of mystic sacrifice,
The night of orgies at the Bacchic shrine,
And tore his limbs, and strewed them o'er the plain

Ay—but even then—as on its native tide
 That comely head, rent from the marble neck,
 Floated adown mid-Hebrus, lo! a voice,
 A tongue that in the very chill of death
 Kept calling, calling, as the life-blood ebbed,
 “Eurydice!—my poor Eurydice!”
 And all along the stream “Eurydice!”
 “Eurydice!” the echoing marges wailed.’

These were the words of Proteus, and forthwith
 Headlong into the sea he cast himself.
 And where he plunged he clove a wreath of foam
 Beneath the whirling eddies of the wave.

But by the trembling youth Cyrene stayed,
 And straightway spake: ‘Be of good cheer, my son,
 For now thy soul is free from carking care:
 This is the very secret of thy woe,
 . Hence comes it that the Nymphs, her comrade choir,
 With whom erstwhile she danced in woodland deeps,
 Have sent such hapless ruin on thy bees,
 Thine be the task with humble hands to bear
 The offerings of atonement; sue for peace;
 Kneel to the gentle Sisters of the glade,
 And they shall stay their wrath, and grant thee grace.

But first in due array must I disclose
 The manner of thine orisons. Choose thou
 Four goodly bulls, excelling all the herd,
 Such as on high Lycaeus’ greenest sward
 Thou pasturest to-day: and heifers four
 Whose necks are virgin to the yoke of toil.
 And by the temples of the woodland Nymphs
 Four altars rear, whereon to slay the kine,
 Shedding the sacred lifeblood from their throats.
 But leave the bodies of the victim steers
 Amidst the leafage of some lonely grove,
 And afterward, when the ninth dawn unveils
 The nascent day, send thou to Orpheus’ shade
 Poppies of Lethe as a funeral rite,
 Slay a black sheep, and seek once more the grove,
 Then shalt thou find Eurydice appeased,
 And with a slaughtered heifer pay thy shrift.’

With a fleet foot doth Aristaeus speed
 To do his mother’s bidding—seeks the shrines,

Builds the appointed altars—leads the steers,
Four goodly bulls excelling all the herd,
Heifers whose necks are virgin to the yoke :
And afterward, when the ninth dawn revealed
The nascent day, he sends the funeral gifts
To Orpheus' shade, and seeks once more the grove.

And there, behold, a sudden marvel greets
The eyes of man, wondrous beyond all words ;
For from the bodies of the victim steers
From end to end the molten paunches teem
With buzz of bees, and through the riven bones
There seethes a turmoil of tumultuous swarms,
Swaying in endless clouds across the sky.
Till on a treetop mustering they mass
And hang in clusters from the heavy boughs.

This is the song of husbandry I made,
A song of fields, and flocks, and trees, what time
Great Caesar hurled the thunderbolts of war,
Across the deep Euphrates, and declared
His sovereign statutes to a willing world,
Cleaving a pathway to the heights of heaven.
These were the days I nestled in the lap
Of sweet Parthenope, and culled the flowers,
The careless garlands of my modest toil,
I, Virgil, in the heyday of my youth,
Who carolled with the country-folk, and piped
On jocund flute, O Tityrus, of thee,
Beneath broad canopies of beechen shade.

BURGHCLERE.

WOMEN IN THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

BY AN OUTSIDER

LONG ago, in the classic days of Grecian Empire, there lived a lady—Agnodice by name—who desired to study the ‘healing art’ under the distinguished physician Hierophilus, so that she might practise as a doctor among Athenian women. But, alas! a law existed, in effect, ‘to prevent women and slaves practising medicine in Athens.’

So to accomplish her end she was obliged to disguise her sex in man’s attire—perhaps not so very difficult a proceeding then as it might be now. For, after secretly sacrificing her long hair on the Altar of the Goddess of Health, she had only to shorten her tunic, doff her woman’s peplum and don the pallium of the man, and there she stood, in appearance a youth who—undiscovered—might very well study the medical charts and votive tablets in the Temple of Æsculapius with the rest of them. And so indeed she ‘walked the Temple’ without hindrance. But study among unperceptive men was only taking the gates—the fort was held by women. Agnodice knew it would not be so easy a matter to deceive her own sex, so she boldly confided her secret to them and began practice. All went well at first. The young doctor was so successful in the treatment of ‘his’ patients, who entirely respected ‘his’ secret, ‘he’ became so much beloved and trusted, that the jealousy of ‘his’ fellow practitioners was at length aroused—just as it might be aroused under similar circumstances in these days of British Empire, some two thousand years after, only that in those classic days, when Greek met Greek in tug of competition, they carried things further.

To compass ‘his’ downfall these ignoble followers of Æsculapius concocted a scandal, and poor Doctor Agnodice was summoned before the judgment-seat of the Areopagus on a charge of corrupting the morals of ‘his’ patients, and thus breaking the famous oath of Hippocrates. These patients, the wives and daughters of the Athenians, were not ungrateful. The wives of the chief men staunchly took her part, and then, though not till then, was the secret divulged—

their young doctor was a woman! Evidence was indubitably conclusive of her innocence on one charge. But her enemies, determined on her downfall, now proceeded on another: they impeached her with breaking the above-mentioned law against women and slaves practising medicine in Athens.

Then we may imagine that Agnodice, having taken the medical profession by strategy, to keep it, invaded that of the Advocate by storm, and by her eloquence convinced her judges, arguing that though it might be said she had broken the letter of the law, yet, as its spirit was directed against the supposed incompetency of women, which incompetency she, by successful treatment of her patients, had demonstrated did not exist, therefore in breaking the law she had refuted its existence. Be this as it may, the fact remains that Agnodice, who had so courageously proved to the Athenians that a woman could make a good physician to her own sex—Agnodice triumphed, and with the help of those good women, her patients, succeeded in getting the arbitrary decree which debarred women from practising repealed.

It was a bold stroke, a true *coup de grâce* effected through and by the means of the perfidious plot of her rivals, directed in the first place not against her as a woman, but against one they deemed a successful male practitioner.

To-day, in England, as in the other chief countries of Europe, there is no law against women practising medicine and surgery; on the contrary, it is encouraged by the authorities, and almost every advantage of study offered to men is open to women also, if they have private means at their disposal to enable them to make use of it. The distinguished and better class of medical men are not antagonistic, and, when necessary, meet qualified women amicably in professional consultation. For the latter have been trained, possibly by these medical men themselves, and their capabilities have been proved.

One may suppose there could hardly be two opinions as to *nursing* being an appropriate calling for the woman who has to work for a livelihood; and, in fact, men and women alike do not question her attendance in that capacity on either sex. Yet when it comes to the profession of medicine, which is in fact but a higher, more theoretical and learned development of the same science of medical nursing, I venture to say she is still, in spite of plenty of testimony to her efficiency, looked upon dubiously, even as medical attendant to those of her own sex, by the majority of English people—which majority, as we know, consists chiefly of women.

It is strange; for since the beginning of the world women have practised medicine and surgery combined with nursing. It is also true that as far back as the times of the early Greeks they met, as

we have seen, with opposition. But that opposition was from men—not from women, who were their patients. To-day it is tacitly from the women who are not their patients.

Concerning the position of the medical women in this country, in a retrospect of the last century, we find that the London School of Medicine for Women was opened in 1874; that three others have been inaugurated in the Metropolis since then; that there are now six schools in England where they can study with men, and, though Oxford and Cambridge are closed to them, six universities where it is open to them to take degrees and diplomas equally with men. Therefore it will be seen that women have had full opportunity of study and hospital practice for close on thirty years. And the result in numbers, according to the last Census returns for England and Wales, is that there were then 212 fully qualified medical women registered in this country; as a matter of fact there are now, including Ireland and Scotland, 249. Whether, though fully qualified, they are all in full practice is another thing which it might be worth while inquiring into, in view of the fact that they doubled their number within ten years; for in 1891 it was 101.

It is interesting, to learn that fully half of the 249 are registered as holding some public medical appointment in attendance on their own sex. Thus, as is only natural, the New Hospital for Women, founded by a woman, is entirely officered by them; also the Royal Free Hospital has women house-surgeons and physicians in collaboration with men on its staff, and a female registrar. A number of poor-law infirmaries and county asylums employ medical women in their female wards. And some appointments are made under School Board and other local authorities. But we only hear of there being one female medical officer for vaccination, and one lady bacteriologist (for Derby Town Council), and of only two or three semi-official appointments as medical examiners or referees for friendly or insurance societies, which is rather surprising. But it is encouraging to find that women are appointed as medical attendants on the employees by the Post Offices in London, Liverpool, and Manchester. The Church Army and such organisations, in some districts, employ salaried medical women.

Indeed, like the medical men, it would seem that men engaged in public work (and the minority of intelligent women associated with them on some boards), who have the making of these appointments, have confidence in the fitness and ability of medical women or they would not elect them.

But, granted that they are efficiently equipped, and that they have proved themselves to the medical profession and various public bodies to be as intelligent and conscientious as men in the same public positions—does the general public prove its trust in these 249

medical women so far that as labourers in the vineyard they can all make a fair living out of their profession?

Or is it only the officials and two or three distinguished specialists who are not, perforce, standing idle? In plain words, as general practitioners in this country, do women make headway in their profession? Are the moiety, of some 120 unappointed to official positions, fully occupied in practice? The answer may be a serious matter, looked at in the light of that other engrossing question: 'What to do with our girls?' made by middle-class parents who may possibly be led astray by glowing accounts of what two or three exceptionally eminent women (who may not be entirely dependent on their profession) are said to be making.

And another very prevalent idea, by the way, is that women doctors find a fine field of enterprise in our Indian Empire or in the lands of the Zenana, where unless women can have female medical attendance they can have no other. But recent official reports show that the Dufferin Hospitals undertaking is overstocked already. They have plenty of resident doctors on the spot. And we may leave India out of the question. There, probably, they will soon have an efficient staff of native medical women, and dispense with European aid altogether.

But the good work our countrywomen have done in India, and other Eastern countries, does not end in the examples and the incentive they will leave behind to native women to take up the work and follow in their footsteps. They have shown the world that they are competent to attend others of their own sex in illness. And we may well ask the question 'Why should it have been necessary for Englishwomen to have to give practical and objective evidence of their efficiency abroad, in attendance on women of foreign race (who though not differing physiologically, yet presumably have physical tendencies to a different order of diseases peculiar to their native countries), before they were privileged to gain the full confidence of their fellow-countrywomen at home?'

Why should the lady doctor's services be recognised as useful abroad and meet with such meagre recognition at home? Surely an Englishwoman should be as competent to tell the symptoms of the case of an Irishwoman, a Scotchwoman, or an Englishwoman as to diagnose that of a high-caste Hindoo lady.

It is not a lucrative field that lies open before our medical women; but there is a field of work, and it is in this country, though the ground is not fully prepared. Indeed, the barriers and fortress of the prejudices of their own sex have yet to fall before they can enter fully into possession; for unlike Agnodice, in England, as yet, they have only taken the outer gates of the citadel—witness the

fact that for the following great towns with their enormous populations there are registered as women doctors in Liverpool, only six; Manchester, four; and Birmingham, three.

There is a strong prejudice existing in the minds of most women which is manifested at the mere mention of a lady doctor. Nerves (probably their own) seem to be at the bottom of it. They say something vague about 'nerve' and 'nerves' as though men invariably held a monopoly of one, in the good sense, and women a superabundance of the other, in the bad sense, forgetting that there can be nervous men and also women of nerve.

In answer, can we not point to the fact that since 1882, when two women were first permitted to obtain medical degrees from the University of London, among others who have taken degrees, seven have won the gold medals offered by that University:—for Anatomy 1881; for Obstetrics 1882; Materia Medica 1890; Obstetrics 1891; Obstetrics 1892; and two gold medals for Obstetric Medicine and Medicine in 1900? In 1892 a lady took first-class honours; the same lady in 1893 was marked qualified for gold medal in surgery, and in 1896 achieved distinction as the first woman to take the degree 'M.S. London,' the highest possible degree to be obtained by a man or woman in surgery.

We may imagine, indeed realise, that it took some 'nerve' as well as brain to win those distinctions. And yet (so little do women allow of efficiency in their own sex), when it was suggested to one that she might with advantage consult a woman doctor she exclaimed:

'Consult a lady! Why, I shouldn't feel as if I had been examined at all.' She was contemplating joining an insurance society, and had been informed that a doctor's certificate of health would be a preliminary necessity.

'Go to a *lady* doctor!' scornfully says another; 'not I! I'll go to a man or not at all.'

These people would probably have no scruple about consulting a Bond Street clairvoyante as to their future fortunes; but the idea of consulting a serious, fully qualified woman M.D. or M.S. on the state of their health strikes them as the height of absurdity. These ladies, of course, are quite at liberty to please themselves and consult a medical man.

But do such people realise that out of the list of two hundred and forty-nine qualified medical women no fewer than sixty-six hold the high degree M.D., and some of them that of M.S.? and is it not a higher percentage (in proportion to their number, of course) than that held by medical men?

'But these are exceptional women,' someone will exclaim. Well, we may reply that it is only exceptional women who even think, in the first place, of entering the medical profession, and still more

exceptional women who pass successfully their five years or more of training. The man who enters the medical profession may, or may not, have special aptitude—it is almost certain he will have his future living to get; but the woman must feel intensely that it is her vocation or she would never attempt its (to her) special difficulties. She, also, may ultimately be dependent on her profession for a living; yet it is more likely that she enters it, *con amore*, without thought of that. The father who will spend the necessary capital on his daughter's medical education and 'start' is pretty certain to be able to leave her future sufficiently provided for.

Apart from the above class of women who prefer to consult the medical man, unhappily there is another, numbering many thousands (particularly unmarried women), who would rather suffer for years than describe their symptoms to a man, who neglect their health because they have a repugnance to consulting a doctor, until their ailments, slight at first, through neglect have become incurable. Many long illnesses, painful operations, and supervening deaths might probably have been avoided in the past, if these women had had either less modesty about consulting a medical man, or, retaining that old-fashioned characteristic—and why should they not?—enough confidence and faith in their own sex (which they have not) to consult a qualified woman in the capacity of doctor. Indeed, many of them think they have no alternative. They hardly realise there *are* medical women, and judging by the census they must be few and far between. Two hundred and forty-nine is a very small number in proportion to our entire population of women. It may well be half absorbed in the list of hospital and other officials, leaving hardly any over for private practice.

This latter class of women, thinking they have no alternative, indiscriminately take drugs, in the form of one advertised patent medicine after another, reckless of the effect of the continued habit of using preparations of cocaine, kola, etc., etc.; drugs, some of them no doubt good, when taken at the right time, in due proportion, under medical advice; but taken for long periods on the sufferers' own initiative—in how many cases may we not suspect that they have helped those who trusted in them down the dim, dreary ways of insanity to its ultimate asylum?

Probably the manufacturers of patent medicines make a good percentage of their fortunes, and lunatic asylums recruit a goodly proportion of their populations, from this description of women, rich or poor: it applies to all classes who, in the first place, disliking to consult a medical man, for one reason or another, doctor themselves.

And the evil may not end with themselves, for such women, having the drugs handy, may be tempted to doctor their families too.

My point is this :

Probably every town (and village) of consequence in this kingdom is now provided with its staff of district nurses, and an excellent work they do. Would it not be possible for Boards of Health and local authorities to go a step further than they already have done, and appoint in every township of importance a qualified medical woman Officer of Health, who, without encroaching on the duties of others, would be at hand to minister to the needs of her own sex when required? Doubtless one result of such public appointments would be that women in general would soon begin to place more confidence in doctors of their own sex, and would make use of them. Then probably the nervous diseases of women, so prevalent to-day, treated by medical women, who may understand how to deal with them almost better than doctors of the opposite sex, would decrease; and men, as well as women, would ultimately reap the benefit of the innovation, in happier homes, made possible by the improved health of their womankind.

In conclusion: It has been said, 'It is not the cowl that makes the monk,' and yet we know that the monk, in the public eye, would be barely a monk without his cowl; and probably half the authority and all the proverbial majesty of the law abide not in the judge but in his wig and gown. *Ergo*, it should be remembered that Doctor Agnodice worked up her practice among Athenian women, wearing not the peplum of the woman but the pallium of the man; and albeit that the ladies knew her sex, still, as proverbial philosophy implies (by contradiction), dress counts for something—indeed, it counts for a great deal, as the sage of Chelsea allowed. The nun and the hospital sister know full well that the habit and the uniform carry weight. In Agnodice's case, the pallium, it may be, impressed, with the appearance, the mental attributes, and abilities of man. Not that one would have our sober-minded lady doctors of to-day go about their duties in other than feminine attire; but, instead of dressing like ordinary folk, might they not wear some quiet, distinctive uniform, that would in time come to carry to the public mind a very true and strong conviction of its wearer's proved efficiency and ability in every fold?

MARY L. BREAKELL.

AT MEERUT DURING THE MUTINY

A LADY'S NARRATIVE OF HER EXPERIENCES DURING THE
OUTBREAK

[The following narrative, not originally intended for publication, is interesting as being written by the lady who sent the famous telegram giving the only news for several days together of the outbreak of the Mutiny at Meerut on that fatal Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857, a telegram referred to by Mrs. Steel in her book, *On the Face of the Waters*, as 'the strangest telegram that ever came as sole warning to an Empire that its very foundation was attacked.'

The writer was a girl of eighteen then, living with her mother at Meerut, where her brother—not uncle, as Mrs. Steel has it—was postmaster.]

YOU ask me, dear nephew, to give you some account of my recollections of the outbreak at Meerut on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1857.

As you know, Meerut was the place where the Mutiny began in earnest, and where it might have been nipped in the bud. The immediate cause of the outbreak—which, it is supposed, took place a month earlier than the time fixed on—was the refusal of some seventy or eighty sowars or troopers of the 20th Native Cavalry stationed at Meerut to use their cartridges, and the sentence of some years' imprisonment passed on them for this offence by the court-martial. For weeks before this, however, there had been a great deal of commotion and unrest among the natives. My brother was postmaster of Meerut at the time, and we heard a good deal of seditious language used by the orderlies of the different native regiments, who used to meet at the post-office two or three times a day when they came to fetch their officers' and regimental letters. My brother often warned the officers of the seditious language he himself heard these men daily use; but the officers made light of the matter, saying it was only the excitement caused by the court-martial then going on.

Just about this time, early in May, my father was asked to go to Agra, then the capital of the North-West Provinces, to edit the *Mofussilite* newspaper, until an editor arrived from England. He

knew the natives to be in a state of unrest, and thought some outrage likely to occur when sentence should be passed on the sepoys then awaiting their trial. He was naturally anxious to have news of anything that happened for publication in his paper; so, on leaving for Agra, he asked me to be sure to send him the earliest intimation of any disturbance that took place.

Thus things went on till Sunday, the 10th of May, the court-martial having a day or two before passed sentence, which was, I think, read out to the assembled troops on Saturday.

While we were getting ready to go to church on Sunday morning an old cook, a Mohammedan, who had been in the service of the family so many years that he used to call my mother and aunt 'Babas,' came to my mother and begged of her not to let us children go out of the house that day. However, we gave no heed to his earnest entreaties and went to morning service: but when he found us ready to go in the afternoon again, he became still more urgent; and on my mother's saying that we were only going to the House of God, he replied that that was perhaps the worst place we could go to. The poor old man went nearly mad, and threw himself on the road before our horses to try to prevent us from leaving the house; but even then, however, we did not take warning, but thinking that the faithful old servant was getting into his dotage, had him moved out of the way, and drove off.

When we had driven about half-way to the church a gentleman (Mr. W—— T——, a brother of our old friend E—— T—— of Lahore) rode up to us and told us for God's sake to return home at once, for the sepoys had broken out into open rebellion, and he was riding as fast as he could to the church to warn those already assembled there of their danger. Of course this warning was sufficient for us. The coachman was told to turn and drive home as fast as he could, for already we heard a great din and commotion in the Native lines, which were a long way off from our side of the Station. As we got home we saw a poor soldier of the European cavalry, whose lines were just across the road from the post-office, run by our back gate with his back cut open, having been mobbed and wounded by the 'budmashes'¹ in the Bazaar. My brother meanwhile had mounted his horse and ridden off to see what all the noise and confusion was about; and he was just in time to guide a newly arrived detachment of European cavalry sent to guard the Government treasure, to the 'Kutcherry' Treasury Office.

One of the first things the sowars of the 20th Native Cavalry had done on their breaking out into open mutiny was to make a rush for the gaol where the men of their regiment were imprisoned, and to release them as well as all the other prisoners. Finding that their brother sowars had been kindly treated by Mr. Dorrett, the

¹ The city 'roughs,' who joined the mutineers.

European gaoler, they did not harm him or his family, but told them to make their escape as fast as they could while the sowars were still there to see that the other convicts did not molest them.

From this time the din grew louder and louder, and what with the shouting and yelling of the human fiends and the barking and howling of dogs, it seemed as if hell itself were let loose on earth. As, too, the evening drew to a close, the firing of houses commenced, and we could see house after house blazing up, till we seemed to be enveloped on three sides by the flames. It was then that I thought it time to let my father at Agra know of what was taking place, and I wrote this message, as far as I can remember: 'The 20th have mutinied, killed several of their officers, and are setting fire to the Station round us. Don't let aunt start till you hear from me again.' We had at first believed that only one regiment had revolted, but had heard that several murders had been committed.

The driver of the *dāk-van*, too, who had left the post-office for Agra with the mails about six o'clock in the evening, in the company of two or three European soldiers travelling to Agra, came rushing in, having himself had a very narrow escape, to tell us they had been attacked near the city, the Europeans murdered and the mail-bags looted. It was this latter piece of news that made me add the warning to my aunt in my telegram: she had gone on some business to Agra a few days before my father, and contemplated returning to Meerut on the 11th or 12th of the month.

Mr. S——, the telegraph master, was at the time in the post-office with his wife. He took my message, scaled the wall which separated our house from theirs, and despatched it himself, coming back to tell me that he had done so, and that it had been received. It was then just about eight o'clock in the evening. 'And now,' he said, 'I must send a message on my own account.' But when he got back to the telegraph office he found the wires cut; so if I had happened to have been five minutes later with my telegram, no message at all giving warning would have left Meerut that night.

On my father receiving the message at about 8 P.M. (as I said), the manager of the *Mofussilite* suggested having up the printers there and then circulating the news that very night; but my father thought the morning would be time enough. So the first thing the next morning this message of mine was circulated all over Agra as an 'Extra' to the paper. By 7 or 8 A.M. the printing office was crowded with indignant officers inquiring by what authority the Press dared to publish such an unfounded story, and demanding its immediate withdrawal. 'What! Could this have happened at Meerut and they, the Authorities, not have heard of it?'

My father and the manager refused to withdraw the 'Extra,' being quite confident of the correctness of the news; and the posse of officers left, vowing vengeance. They went straight to the

telegraph office, but of course found there was no communication with Meerut. Thence they proceeded to the post-office; but, strange to say, no mail had been received from Meerut that day. So things went on till the morning of the 13th, when, finding there was still no telegraphic or postal communication with Meerut, they went once more to the *Mofussilite* office—this time to beg for a copy of the telegram to send to the Supreme Government at Calcutta, as the only news they had had from Meerut Station for three days. These particulars of what took place at Agra over my message we of course only heard on my father's return to Meerut at the end of September or October.

To resume my account of the dreadful doings at Meerut:—

Among other intending travellers on the evening of the 10th of May were the native officers who had come from Delhi to sit on the court martial of the men of the 20th Native Cavalry. They were returning to Delhi, and came to the post-office to start thence by the dāk or mail van, but were stopped by the outbreak and by the fate of the travellers who had previously started for Agra. Not knowing where to seek shelter, they begged my brother to let them remain on the post-office premises. Thereupon his whole staff came to him in a body, entreating him not to grant the request, since it would endanger all our lives, as the sepoys had vowed vengeance on those who had condemned the prisoners, and were already hunting them down to murder them. But my brother replied that, as long as the post-office sheltered us, these officers should stay also if they chose; and they remained with us in hiding till we removed for safety to the Dum-Dumma, when my brother handed them over for protection to the military authorities. Later on, I think, they accompanied the force sent from Meerut to the siege of Delhi.

We had no regular fort in Meerut, and this Dum-Dumma, I must explain, was a square of buildings in which the ammunition and stores of the Royal Artillery were kept; it was called after Dum-Dum, the great arsenal near Calcutta.

So passed this whole night of Sunday the 10th of May, with no rest for anybody. The European cavalry and infantry were under arms patrolling the Station, but old General Hewett would not sanction their firing a single shot at the mutineers, saying the poor misguided men would return to their senses and their duty 'to-morrow.' So the wretches were allowed to carry on their murderous work all through the night until they were perfectly satiated with the blood of Europeans, more than forty of whom had been murdered when morning dawned on the 11th of May. Then they left for Delhi, which lies forty miles by road south-west of Meerut, on the other side of the River Jumna. That town they took by surprise, no warning of any kind having been sent; and

an even worse massacre of Europeans took place there. It was Delhi, you may remember, which became the key of the situation.

It was heart-rending the next morning to hear of all the outrages that had been committed in Meerut the previous evening and night.

One poor lady, the wife of Captain C——, had been mobbed on her way home from church and most brutally murdered, being cut up into little pieces. Another lady, a Mrs. E——, also a captain's wife, was escaping with three little children from her bungalow near the Native lines, and had got as far as the gate of the compound, when she thought of taking a change of linen for the children; so telling the ayah to go on with the little ones, she returned to the house, only to find it surrounded by the rebels and to be cruelly ill-treated and murdered. The ayah escaped to her hut with the three little children, and kept them in hiding for weeks before she dared venture to bring them out; and when she did they were a pitiful sight to see, perfect living skeletons, particularly the youngest, the baby. Poor little mites! Their father too had been killed on the parade ground. I have often thought of them, and have wondered what became of them afterwards. At the time, they were taken charge of by the authorities, and sent to England to their friends as soon as this could be safely done.

Colonel Finnis, of the 11th Native Infantry, was, I believe, the first officer murdered. Hearing a great hubbub on his parade ground, he went to see what the commotion was about, and was immediately fired on and riddled by about a dozen bullets. Three officers—I forget their names—finding matters perfectly hopeless in the Native lines, got into a tum-tum, or dog-cart, and drove towards the Artillery lines. They were followed by a mob of fiends, and two of them were dragged from the cart and murdered on the way. The third, the driver, getting near the Artillery houses, sprang from the cart, and doubling and twisting on his pursuers through the houses and compounds, managed to escape them and got safely to the Dum-Dumma. Another young officer, a Lieutenant E——, I think, was found the next morning lying in his garden terribly wounded, but living, with, I think, thirteen dead natives round him, showing how he had fought before he was overcome. He recovered from his wounds, but what became of him afterwards I do not know.

In those days European non-commissioned officers used to be attached to Native regiments, and generally had their quarters very close to the Native lines. Most of these were murdered, with their wives and children, some while sitting at dinner, stabbed by their own servants with their own knives and carvers.

One gentleman and his wife lived in a large house some distance from other dwelling-places. His servants warned him that some mutineers and budmashes were coming towards the house, fetched

a ladder, and assisted their master and mistress to get upon the roof of the house, in order to hide themselves, while the servants carried the ladder far away out of sight, so that it might not arouse suspicion. The wretches soon surrounded the house, abusing the Feringhees and calling to the servants 'Mâr! Mâr!' ² The servants laughed and asked them if they expected the Sahiblogue to wait there until they came to 'mâr' them, adding that the Sahib and Memsahib had escaped long before. Thereupon the rebels looted the place, smashed the furniture and crockery, and set fire to the house, waiting till it was half burnt down before they left to commit further atrocities elsewhere.

As soon as they were gone the servants brought up the ladder again, and got down their master and mistress half dead with fright and suffocation, and hid them in their houses until later, when they escaped to the Dum-Dumma disguised in native clothes.

Another poor creature, a Mrs. G——, on her way home from church, fell into the hands of a party of sepoys. They kept her on her knees for about an hour begging for her life, while the wretches stood jesting and jeering at her; at last they told her to get up and run for her life, and if she escaped their bullets they would not pursue her. She did escape, although they fired a volley after her.

How many and terrible were similar incidents of which we heard the next day! We remained in our house all day, not knowing what would happen next; but towards evening were warned to take shelter in a barrack near the arsenal, where all the women and children of the Station had already assembled, wives of officers, soldiers, civil servants and clerks, all pell-mell. The whole length and breadth of the barrack-room was filled by them; there was hardly an inch of room to spare. We were rather late in going, and so had to pick our way, stepping over and between the sleepers, until at last at the extreme end of the room we found a little space to put down our bundles of bedding. Here we sat on them the whole night through.

In the morning we returned to the house to pack up and lock away our things, preparatory to leaving our homes indefinitely for shelter in the Dum-Dumma. While doing so a rumour reached us that the convent at Sirdhana had been burnt down; and that all the nuns and children, indeed every Christian soul in the place, had been massacred.

The Roman Catholic church and convent at Sirdhana were erected by the wife of the notorious adventurer Walter Reinhart, nicknamed the 'Sombre,' and remembered for his cruel massacre of the British at Patna. She was a remarkable woman, once a 'nautch girl,' who, after her husband's death, settled, a convert of the Church of Rome,

² Kill! kill!

at Sirdhana. The estate was held by her descendants, the Dice-Sombre family, till within a few years ago, when it was brought under the hammer.

You can imagine our state of mind at hearing this, since my two little sisters were boarders in the convent.

While we were still in the house, Major Waterfield, the Assistant Adjutant-General, came two or three times to urge my brother to hurry us away, as we were the only Europeans left unprotected, the rest of the Station having all assembled in the Dum-Dumma, which was being hastily fortified.

Within this square of buildings were included a barrack or two and some of the Staff quarters, and a deep trench was dug round them, the earth being thrown up in an embankment and forming bastions at the corners. In the narrow limits of this Dum-Dumma and of the Infantry Hospital, which had also been to a certain extent fortified, all the Europeans of Meerut had to live for weeks—nay, months—together.

Well, as soon as my brother, who had been out, returned home and was told of the warnings of the Assistant Adjutant-General, he at once started us all off to the Dum-Dumma, giving us not even time to eat our dinner, which was ready on the table, but having it all packed away in a postal van occupied by our servants.

At the Dum-Dumma we had to encamp on the open ground for two days without even a tent to shelter us from the sun. We managed, however, to knock up a little protection by placing four carriages in a square, and throwing a large 'durrie' or cotton carpet over them. Here we had to remain until at last a small building, a store-room of some kind, was made available for the convenience of the post-office staff and their families.

This building consisted of one large room with verandahs all round. The room was divided into four compartments, which gave shelter to four families, while one verandah was partitioned off for my brother's office, and the other three were screened off and made into bedrooms for several other people, who would otherwise have been left without shelter. Altogether, if I remember rightly, there were about fifty-six of us, grown-up people and children, packed into that small building.

In the meantime we had no further news from Sirdhana, and scarcely dared hope that my sisters were safe. Until the post-office was fairly set going again, all that my brother could do was to send a letter by a secret messenger, begging them and the nuns to keep up their courage, and adding that he would come for them as soon as he could, probably on the Thursday afternoon.

When it became known that F—— intended going out to Sirdhana, he was asked by the military authorities to carry an urgent

despatch to the officer commanding the Sappers and Miners, who were then on their way from Roorkee,³ and who, it was expected, would be near Sirdhana on that day, warning him that his men were suspected to be ripe for mutiny. My brother replied that he would take the despatch if an escort were given him, and on condition that it did not take him out of his way, as he was going to rescue his sisters and any delay might be fatal.

'Oh yes! he should have a European escort.' But when the time for starting drew near, he was told that the Europeans could not be spared, but he could have a native escort. Eventually only two sepoy sowars appeared; and these, on being told the duty required of them, set spurs to their horses and were never seen or heard of again.

Well, my brother started off at four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th of May, driving our own closed carriage and pair, and having beside him on the box a trustworthy native from his office. They took with them plenty of loaded fire-arms and ammunition; and he also had two of his 'chuprassies' or 'peons' riding one on each side of the carriage with drawn swords. My poor dear mother scarcely expected to see him again when she said good-bye; and it can be well imagined what we all went through until, just at eight o'clock—exactly four hours after he started—we heard first the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and then the rolling of the carriage, which at last drove up with my brother safe and sound on the box, and my two sisters with three other girls packed carefully inside. Oh! how rejoiced and thankful we were to see them again after the awful suspense we had been in since Tuesday's terrible rumours!

It seems that on his way to Sirdhana my brother met several parties of mutineers and budmashes from fifty to even 500 strong.

'Well, on meeting such a party, he made five, ten, or even twenty of these men run on before the carriage, threatening to shoot them down if he was molested, and only dismissing them each time when he was well past the main body. So, thanks to his courage, he safely reached Sirdhana. Here he could see hundreds and thousands of the wretches already surrounding the Convent walls, but as he drove up they vanished like magic. Probably they thought he would not have ventured there at all unless backed up by a large force.

They had been surrounding the Convent for three days, threatening to sack it and kill all the inmates. The gates were fast locked, the doors and windows all bolted and barricaded. The nuns and children had taken shelter in the church steeple, while the three priests with all the native Christians were on the roof, where they

³ Sixty-five miles north of Meerut. To Sirdhana the road branches off from the Roorkee road near the ninth mile, and in another five miles reaches Sirdhana.

had mounted a large-mouthed stone jar used for churning butter, which from below looked like a small cannon. By this device they kept the cowardly crew in check, particularly after one of the priests, to the horror of the others, had fired a gun and shot dead a man in the threatening crowd. Even when my brother drove up, the gates were not unlocked till my sisters recognised him and the carriage.

Some refreshment was given him, and he was allowed to take his departure with five of the girls, all belonging to Meerut. He also carried a letter from the nuns to the General commanding the Station demanding, as British subjects, an escort to bring them into Meerut.

But General Hewett would not spare a single man, and but for my brother F—the poor nuns and children would have been left to be massacred. He went round to the officers of the mutinied regiments, who had nothing to do, and to our own friends and acquaintances, and so raised a volunteer escort of about seventy men. With this escort and as many private carriages as he could collect, and all his *dâk* vans and bullock carts, he went out to Sirdhana again on Saturday, and brought in all the nuns and children, with all their goods and chattels.

They were given half the Infantry Hospital to live in, and remained in Meerut till the country settled down again, when they dispersed, some to the Convent at Agra, some to Mussoorie, others again to Sialkot. They never had a boarding-school in Sirdhana again.

For his rescue of the nuns and children my brother received a letter of thanks from the Pope and Roman Catholic clergy, and was presented with a pair of handsome silver cups. His eldest son, now in the Bengal police, has them as heirlooms.

A story is told, by the bye, of a clever rescue by the nuns in the convent at Sialkot, which I mentioned just now. When the regiment at Sialkot mutinied, one of the European officers escaped into the convent and the gates were locked; but the mutineers became so threatening, promising to spare the convent only on condition of being allowed to search it for the officer, that at last the poor nuns were obliged to let them in. Dinner had just been served for the children, and the nuns made the hunted man lie flat, face downwards, on one of the benches while the girls sat upon him, covering him over with their frocks, and went on quietly eating their dinner. The fiends meanwhile searched for him in every hole and corner of the building, passing and repassing through the room, but not disturbing the children; at last they gave up the search, and took themselves off, imagining he must have escaped over the walls.

Some days after my sisters were brought in from Sirdhana we got the farewell letter which they had written when they were locked up in the church steeple, and were expecting every moment to be massacred.

A most pitiful letter it was, and it was well for our dear mother that she had her girls safe under her wing before she read it, or it might, I fear, have broken her heart.

All this time rumours of the frightful massacres, first at Delhi, then at Cawnpore, and then at Jhansi, were reaching us day after day.

At the last of these places a cousin of ours, the wife of a young Assistant-Commissioner named C——, was murdered with her husband and three or four little children—and how cruelly murdered! The unfortunate parents were bound and made to look on while their poor innocent children were literally torn to pieces. Then the father was killed, and last of all the miserable wife and mother. And so it was with many families there. Who can wonder that a bitter feeling against the natives remained with many old Anglo-Indians? Some native servants, however, like our own, showed a faithfulness and devotion to which many Europeans owed their lives.

Day after day unfortunate refugees from Delhi and the surrounding small stations came straggling in, in most woeful plight, almost starved and naked, the very clothes torn off their backs.

Now and again, it is true, the escapes had a humorous side. There is a story, for instance, that the residents of a small civil station in the Meerut division met at a magistrate's house and took counsel how they might escape. It was decided, in order to avoid observation as much as possible, that they should go off by twos at different times and by different routes.

Now it so happened they were all married people but two—a widow and a bachelor; and as husband and wife naturally wished to escape together, the question was, what was to be done with these two? At last some one suggested the best thing they could do was to get married, and this was no sooner said than done. The Magistrate or Assistant-Commissioner, or whoever the civil officer happened to be, went through the civil marriage contract with them, and, like the others, they set off together, and at last found their way to Meerut. After a little time they fell out, and on making it up again they attributed their difference to the fact of their marriage not having been blessed by the Church, went off to the Protestant church, and were remarried there. A little later they again fell out, and on making friends again were married for the third time in the Roman Catholic church, as one of them was a Protestant and the other a Roman Catholic. So that they found themselves very much married by the time they had finished.

A few days after the outbreak at Meerut the 'syce' who had been with poor Mrs. C—— as she drove in her buggy from church, on the day when she was so cruelly murdered, recognised one of the murderers, the ringleader, in a butcher who used to go round almost daily to the house selling meat. The man was arrested, and, as martial law had been proclaimed, was tried by the General

commanding and his Staff. As it was the first trial by martial law it created great interest, and the room was crowded, my brother being amongst those present. After hearing the case the General was of opinion there was not enough evidence to convict the man, and was about to let him go, when Captain C——, who was present and almost distracted at his poor wife's cruel treatment and death, stepped forward, and, drawing his revolver, cried out: 'General, unless that man is ordered away for instant execution, here's a bullet for him, a second for you, and a third for myself.' 'For God's sake, take and hang him on the first tree you come across!' said General Hewett; and the man was taken off there and then and strung up to a tree just outside the Dum-Dumma.

My eldest half-brother, E—— T——, arrived at Meerut some time early in June. He was Inspecting Postmaster in the Lahore Division, and his anxiety to know how we had all fared at Meerut brought him all the way from Lahore in those dangerous times. Fortunately he fell in with Captain Hodson of famous memory, and travelled the greater part of the journey in his company.

On his return to his Division a few months later my brother had a skirmish with some mutineers near Jhelum. It seems that he and two or three of his men came across a number of mutineers, and took refuge in a little fort; there they were 'besieged by' a large number, and after some hard fighting succeeded in driving them off with loss.

But to return to Meerut.

Finding it very uncomfortable in the Dum-Dumma, where so many people were packed into one small house, we formed a large party to reconnoitre the Stations. We had about a dozen carriages and several horsemen, the men of our party being all well armed; and we drove round the Station to see what damage had been done.

After driving through the Cantonments and Civil Lines we went round by the city and 'Suraj Kund'—the Sun Tank, or Monkey Tank, as it was commonly called, on account of the troops of monkeys always to be seen there. The city people had been warned that if they were found harbouring any budmashes, guns would be brought to bear on them, and the whole place shelled. No doubt they had neglected this warning, for when they saw our carriages and riders coming towards them they got into a state of great excitement and alarm, and were evidently under the impression that the day of reckoning had come. Long before we got near the gates we could see them peering out to reconnoitre, and as we came nearer the gates were closed against us—not that we had any intention whatever of entering the city.

Now there was a house generally used for the Methodist and Scotch Kirk prayer meetings. It was about a hundred yards from the large gateway, the main entrance into the Hospital barricades, where there was always a strong European guard. Well, as the

place was so far quiet, we and another family got permission to occupy it, and we moved into it early in July, most people thinking us very foolhardy for venturing out of the limits of the fortifications. We were rather nervous ourselves; but the help at hand gave us courage; and we warned the children, in case of alarm, not to wait for directions, but to make as fast as they could for the Hospital.

An amusing, though at the time very alarming, event took place one morning. Mr. B——, the head of the family sharing our quarters, had a Mohammedan 'chuprassie' whom we all disliked and distrusted. Well, just at dusk one evening when my brother and Mr. B—— happened to be out, we heard a great commotion not far from the house, followed by loud cries of distress from the compound behind us. We told this chuprassie, who happened to be the only servant about the house just then, to go round and see what it was all about, and the wretch returned with the one word 'âgaya,' meaning 'they are come.'

The children, of whom there were a dozen, waited for no more, but darted at once to the enclosure, running so swiftly past the guards that the latter even forgot to challenge them. My mother and I rushed to the assistance of Mrs. B—— and her daughter, one of whom was an old lady hardly able to move, the other in bed with her baby two or three days old. Mother helped the invalid to get up, while I caught up the baby on one arm and with the other assisted the old lady. We all got as far as the gate of the compound, when, stopping to think what it was we were all running away from, we decided that we had been too hasty and went back to the house. And what was it, after all? Only the volunteers moving out on some raiding expedition! Every now and then they were suddenly ordered off to destroy some budmash village in the neighbourhood of Meerut; and it was they who had caused all the commotion. As to the screams we had heard, the 'mali' or gardener of the next compound had begun thrashing his wife at the same moment.

In the meantime the news had spread like wildfire over the fortifications, and Mr. B—— and my brother came tearing home, expecting to see most of us killed, but finding us instead in fits of laughter. But you may be sure we got rid of that chuprassie the very next day for giving the false alarm.

A few nights later we were alarmed by hearing, as we thought, a number of horses furiously galloping over the parade ground, and guard after guard challenging, and then, on getting no answer, firing.

All this turned out to be nothing but a loose horse careering over the plain half-maddened by the shots fired after him.

But one must have lived through such a time to realise the infection of such a panic at the moment, even though one can afford to laugh at it afterwards. Certainly many ludicrous incidents did happen.

One story that always has specially amused me was that of the

bandmaster at Mooltan. Here the authorities had for some time feared a rising; and even the bandsmen went armed to practice and stacked their rifles while they were playing. One day when the European bandsmen of the First Bombay Fusileers (nicknamed 'Dirty Shirts'; afterwards the 101st) were at practice in their barrack-room, their Adjutant rode up and gave them the order to fall in. Almost while he was giving it he was fallen upon by the mutineers and killed right in front of the room. The bandsmen of course charged and rejoined their regiment, after which for some hours there was severe fighting. It was only towards evening that the bandmaster was missed and could not be found anywhere. At last the bandsmen gave up the search for him, and went to collect their instruments and put them away, when, on taking up the big drum, they found the poor old man crouched under it. In his terror and alarm when left alone in the practice room he had staved in the head of the drum and drawn it down over him, and there he lay huddled up the whole day, afraid to stir lest he should be found and killed.

It was certainly a time of intense excitement, and danger too. All our available fighting men were before Delhi, whence—forty miles off as it was—we could frequently hear the distant boom of the siege guns.

We were left in Meerut with barely a hundred able soldiers and not an hour's ammunition. The Gwalior Contingent, about 15,000 strong, who had risen and were going to reinforce the mutineers at Delhi, passed Meerut on their way and were encamped within three miles of us for several days, debating whether they should attack us or not. It was only the rumour that Meerut had been undermined, and that they would be blown up the moment they put foot in the Station, which saved us.

We lived in the Meeting House till early in September, when we removed to one of my father's houses in the Artillery lines and close to the Arsenal. Two of my sisters had nearly died, one of cholera and the other of fever, in the Meeting House, and as soon as they could be moved we went to the Artillery lines. Here we remained until my father joined us on his return from Agra in October, when we went back to my brother's at the Post-office in order to settle and arrange his house for him on his approaching marriage.

We then rented a small house just across the road in the Hussar lines, as it was still considered unsafe to live far from the neighbourhood of the garrison. After the fall of Delhi in September 1857 the country indeed gradually settled down; but it was not till well on in the summer of 1858 that Meerut returned to its normal condition, and we were able once more to inhabit our old house in the Civil lines.

KATE MOORE.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SCHEME

THE essence of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, as definitely, or at all events provisionally, outlined in his Glasgow speech last month, is neither protection, nor reciprocity, nor retaliation, but the consolidation and unification of the Empire. It is in ignoring the fundamental principle of his proposal to reform the fiscal system that adverse critics both wander from the point and become unjust to the reformer. It may be true—it doubtless is true—as Sir Henry Fowler says, that 'we as a nation have been free traders from purely selfish motives, and not in order to educate the world in economic orthodoxy. It will be not less selfish on our part to modify the practice of free imports in order to draw together in indissoluble bonds all the members of the British Empire. To those who do not care for Imperial unity, or who do not believe that any closer tie than the bond of sympathy can be devised to hold together the Empire, Mr. Chamberlain's appeal is naturally as that of a voice crying in the wilderness. But to those who are convinced that, if the bond be not tightened by material considerations, it will loosen and slacken and gradually fall away, the question is not how Mr. Chamberlain's scheme consorts or conflicts with accepted doctrine, but how far it will serve to consolidate. It is a pity that so many ardent and sincere free traders should have no limit to the scorn with which they attack other free traders, quite as ardent and sincere as themselves, who contend that free trade as a means to an end must be adapted to the conditions which now exist, and to the future which portends. Eager combatants who never gave more than passing thought to fiscal affairs before the present controversy, and whose acquaintance with Colonial matters is limited to the communications of 'Our own correspondent' in the daily newspapers, now equip themselves as they rush into the controversial fray from the well-stocked armoury of economic and statistical literature. The weapons are excellent, and the enthusiast for orthodoxy can make splendid play with them. But to those who, like the present writer, have spent a lifetime in the study of practical economics, of the variations of commercial exchanges, of the industrial developments of the world, of the vicissitudes of trade, of the growth and consequences of foreign

tariffs, and in close and constant intercourse with the Colonies, the matter is far beyond the flights of statistical legerdemain. The whole gospel of economic truth is not enshrined in Blue-books or tabulated in repelling columns by the King's printers.

To those of us, indeed, who have been for a lifetime engaged in matters the contemplation of which now convulses the novices, the present controversy has long seemed inevitable. Not yesterday, but twenty years ago, some of us thought, and had the courage to say, that if Imperialism meant anything it meant fiscal reform. In these twenty years Imperialism has become a dominating force, though not yet expressed in Federation, and whether it is to live or to die must depend on how the British citizen defines his duty to economic tenets. If he insists upon adhering to free trade as it exists now and is supposed to have made our prosperity, his decision will be from pure selfishness. If he decides upon adapting the national fiscal system to the claims of Imperialism, his decision will also be from pure selfishness. In the one case, however, the issue will be narrowly national, in the other splendidly Imperial.

It is as easy to trip up Mr. Chamberlain as any other reformer with his own previous speeches and his own former opinions. It is as natural for Mr. Chamberlain as for his opponents to make occasional slips in dealing with masses of statistics. It is foolish for those who dissent from Mr. Chamberlain's scheme to 'chortle' over any little flaw they discover, or imagine, in it as proof of his incapacity to deal with the matter. If, for instance, Mr. Chamberlain's predictions as to the Imperial consequences of neglect of the fiscal reform he advocates are to be held as of no worth because his expectations with regard to the industrial cost of the Workmen's Compensation Act were not quite fulfilled, what becomes of the Cobdenite's faith in Cobden, who predicted within five years an international reaction in favour of free trade—which is further off than ever? It is as true now as when Mr. Chamberlain told it to the Colonial Premiers last year that 'our first object is free trade within the Empire.' It is as true now as then that free trade within the Empire does not necessarily mean the total abolition of Customs duties. It is also true that a preferential tariff designed to promote free trade within the Empire must have a protective effect in some instances to begin with. Without dealing just now with Mr. Chamberlain's political arguments in favour of a change in our fiscal policy, let us see, in brief, what his present scheme is. It is founded on the proposition that in order to give preference to the Colonies we must tax food.

The proposal, then, is not to tax raw materials, but to tax food, and in such a way that the tax on food would not add to the cost of living in this country. Mr. Chamberlain would, in the first place, impose a low duty on foreign corn, and no duty at all upon corn

coming from British possessions. The duty upon foreign corn would not exceed 2s. per quarter, and maize would be exempt from duty because it is used by farmers for feeding stuff. He would make the duty on flour such that it would be a substantial preference to the British miller. He would put a tax of about 5 per cent. on foreign meat and dairy produce, but he would not tax bacon, because it is largely used by the poorest of the population. He would give a substantial preference to our Colonies upon Colonial wines, and perhaps upon Colonial fruits. Against these imposts he would take off three-fourths of the duty on tea and half the duty on sugar, and he would give a corresponding reduction on cocoa and coffee. If the whole of the new duties were paid by the consumer, Mr. Chamberlain estimates that the net result of the new duties imposed and the old duties repealed would be that the agricultural labourer would be half-a-farthing per week better off, and the artisan would be neither better nor worse off. The whole of the duties would not, however, be paid by the consumer, and the agricultural labourer would, in fact, gain 2d. per week, and the town artisan 2½d. per week. The Treasury would lose about 2,800,000l. per annum, and Mr. Chamberlain would make up for this by putting a duty on all manufactured goods, not exceeding 10 per cent. on the average, varying with the amount of labour employed in the manufacture. The object in imposing a higher duty where much labour is employed would be to secure for this country the kind of manufactures which employ the largest amount of labour here. A duty of 10 per cent. on manufactures, he estimates, would yield the Exchequer at least nine millions a year, and one-third of this sum would go to make up for the loss suffered by the Exchequer in remissions. The remainder would be employed in reducing other taxation. It is not of material moment whether these calculations are literally accurate or not.

The cry was immediately raised that this is an attempt to put the equivalent of 2s. per quarter of wheat upon the 'poor man's loaf.' It is not so. The duty is to be on foreign wheat alone, and out of 81 million cwts. imported in 1902 we imported over 22½ million cwts. from Canada, Australasia, and India. In any case, then, more than one-fourth of our imports of wheat would be untaxed, and that proportion is quite sufficient to influence the selling price in our markets. Moreover, the proportion of untaxed wheat is bound to increase immediately, and to progress steadily as Canada develops and as the States of the American Union grow up to their own food-producing capacity. The foreign countries with a surplus of wheat to dispose of must send it here, because there is no other importing country of any magnitude. Wheat cannot be stored indefinitely, and there can be no object in a producer storing one year's surplus when the next year's surplus is bound to add to the stock. Moreover, wheat must be turned into cash. It cannot be kept in the form of dead capital

by the producers. The same, of course, has to be said of meat and dairy produce, on which a duty of 5 per cent. is proposed. That duty will not fall upon the vast products of the cattle ranches of Canada, the sheep runs of Australasia, and the dairy farms of both British possessions, but it will stimulate the export from them. More especially ought a tax on dairy produce to do something to revive the agricultural prosperity of Ireland.

To the proposed remission of half the existing duty on sugar it is objected that the sugar duty was imposed as a war tax, which ought now to be all repealed. But a tax upon foreign sugar has always been in contemplation as a means of breaking down the bounty system, and under the Brussels Convention a countervailing duty must be placed on all bounty-fed sugar in the future. The proposed remission of three-fourths of the duty upon tea will be a saving, though a doubtful blessing, to the working-classes, who already consume too much of it. In the tea duty might be found some compensating preference for India, but it cannot amount to much, seeing that, out of 294½ million lbs. imported last year, only 30 million lbs. were from countries other than British possessions. The most that India can hope for in this connection is that the reduction of the duty will increase the consumption of the better-class teas. And that may be no inconsiderable advantage in the long run.

There is a good deal of wildness in the discussion about who pays the taxes on imports. The Chinaman, says Sir Henry Fowler, does not pay the tax on tea, nor the American that on tobacco. Perhaps not, though the Indian planter has a pretty strong conviction that he pays the most of the duty on his own production, or why should he be so pressing to have it reduced or abolished? But the comparison here is fallacious. The proposal is not to tax all the corn and meat and dairy produce we import, but only the quantity we import from foreign countries. This is very far from being the full supply, and the price, therefore, will be dominated, not by the tax, but by the untaxed producers anxious to place their wares on our market. It is a well-known commercial fact that 'the turn of the market' is given by a very small shortage or a very small excess supply of a commodity. In the case of wheat it will not be America which will make the price *plus* the tax, but Canada, or Canada and India and Australia. They cannot hold their wheat any more than America can, and the price at which they will sell is what Americans will have, proportionally, to accept. Who pays the export coal duty, levied by one free trade Chancellor of the Exchequer and supported by another? Certainly not the foreign consumer, when he has supplies of local or other foreign coal to choose from. It falls upon the carrier, the middleman, the British coal-owner, and the miner. So will a British impost on wheat fall upon the foreign railway

carriers, the middlemen, and the farmers, all anxious to get the crops to market.

It is not so very long since we were dependent on Russia for the main portion of our corn supply. Then the United States by the development of internal communication, as well as by the cultivation of her vast prairie lands, was enabled to displace Russia. It is within the power of Canada in turn to displace the United States. She has the largest unoccupied area of the best wheat-growing lands in the world, but she wants the people to cultivate them and the means to bring the crops cheaply to oversea markets. These means will be found under a preferential treatment which would put a modest premium on her agricultural resources. Not a large premium, for a too rapid filling up of the Dominion, before its internal communications are complete, would unduly raise the price of land and overtax the nascent abilities of the country. It would be a grave social and economic error to attempt to make Canada the immediate alternative to America as our corn supplier, but it is the part of wisdom to improve the way for her becoming so in the fulness of time.

With curious perversity it has been insisted that Mr. Chamberlain's proposed preferences in favour of Colonial foodstuffs will disunite the Colonies, because they cannot all get the same allowance. Canada, for instance (it is said), will draw the major portion of the preference in wheat, and Australia will draw so little that she will be discontented and demand a preference in wool. But if Australia cannot as yet get much out of the preference to Colonial wheat in the Mother Country, until her agricultural system is more thoroughly developed and equipped, she can obtain as much of the preference as she cares to compete for in butcher meat, dairy produce, wines and fruits. It is not necessary that all the Colonies should benefit under the same schedule. There is a wide range open to them without touching raw materials, and yet there is a good deal to be said in favour of a tax upon foreign wool (which forms 20 per cent. of our imports of raw wool) for the encouragement of Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony. With a suitable system of drawbacks on exports it would not affect our export trade in woollen manufactures at all. And then as regards Australia, what she needs in order to become one of the greatest wheat producers and exporters of the world is a large system of irrigation to overcome the difficulty of periodic droughts. With advantage secured in the British markets for her wheat over that of foreign producers she would easily get all the money required for such a purpose. And this presents a view of preferential tariffs which does not seem to have occurred to British investors in Colonial property.

It has often occurred to the present writer, when professionally engaged in delving into tariffs and treaties, that the economic

importance of tariffs is generally over-estimated. A new tariff may dislocate relations and divert some current of trade, but it does not impair the well-being of the country imposing it. Let us not forget that our own commercial eminence was established before we adopted free trade. After we became pre-eminent other countries went in for protection of their own industries to compete with ours—and they have succeeded. At all events, America and Germany are growing up to us, France has held her own, and Russia is progressing. We cannot suppose that the peoples of these countries love high tariffs for their exactions. If there were no benefits the tariffs would not be preserved. The peoples who maintain them are quite as eager for business as we are, quite as fond of money as we are, and quite as capable of balancing profit and loss as we are. Certainly high tariffs have not prevented the economic development of America and Germany. But neither have high tariffs created that development. It is the result of the character and capacity of the people, as well as, but more than, the natural resources of the countries. How the qualities of a people tell in the commercial struggle may be seen in the case of Holland with her few natural resources, and in the comparative slowness of the progress of France with even greater natural resources than Germany. Within the British Empire we have seen protective Victoria prospering simultaneously with and alongside of free-trade New South Wales. If political causes be indicated as explaining the large and rapid growth of America and Germany and the comparative industrial stationariness of France, it may be asked how political causes affected Victoria as against its free-trade neighbour? No; the progress of the two Australian Colonies was not due either to the presence or the absence of tariffs, but to the qualities of the people inhabiting both, in utilising the natural resources of their countries.

The argument is used that the United States has flourished under protection not because of protection but because it is a country which embraces every climate, from the Arctic to the Torrid zone, every class of food, and every variety of other commodities essential to industry. And it is contended that because of this variety no comparison can be made between America as it has been and the British Empire as it may be. But the British Empire contains as large an assortment of climates as the United States—nay, larger—and produces as great a variety of food and of the materials of industry. Protection has certainly not prevented the phenomenal development of the United States, and, since there is such a propensity in these days for argument by analogy, it may with perfect force be contended that reciprocity cannot retard the development of a consolidated British Empire, containing all the resources that America has, and possessing all the external relations that she has not. There are no duties at all between the several States of the American Union, but there is a heavy land carriage. By-and-by,

when preferential tariffs have done their work, there will be no duties at all between the several States of the British Empire, and there is comparatively cheap sea carriage. The let-well-alone advocates reject the idea that intra-Imperial commercial interchanges can ever be of a character and quantity sufficient to dispense with inter-State tariffs. Such critics do not take wings of foresight to catch the gleam of the future. As has been done between the formerly separated British Provinces of North America, as has more recently been done between the British Colonies of Australia, so can be done between all the members of the British Empire. There are any number of opposing statistical arguments, no doubt, but statistical arguments will not prevent the growth of Empire and the redistribution of industries. It is the future we have to provide for, and we cannot do so by merely clinging to the practices of the past, as if they are necessarily good for all time.

These are the considerations which strike one in connection with Mr. Chamberlain's proposal to make good the losses on preferences to Colonial foodstuffs by a duty of 10 per cent. on foreign manufactured goods. This tax would not be a fixed *ad valorem* one, and would vary according to the amount of labour in the goods, but the idea is to arrange it to average 10 per cent. To make up for the preferences to the Colonies this would be a revenue tariff.

On this point Mr. Chamberlain has, since his speech, announced that he spoke of an *average* duty of 10 per cent. on manufactured and partly manufactured goods. In some cases the duty would be higher and in others lower than the average, and it would be determined in all cases by the amount of labour expended upon them. Thus, if there were a tax on boots and shoes, the tax on leather, which is partly manufactured, would be much less. What would happen if the policy were adopted would be (he says) that an expert committee would be appointed to collect evidence from all the manufacturers before fixing the tariff, and to take into consideration the specific circumstances of each trade and the part played in its success by the different articles used in the production. This is the scientific spirit in which the Germans work, and this is what Mr. Chamberlain wants to imitate. Of course, it seems a formidable task to people not accustomed to tariff revision, but it will have to be faced if we do not want to be submerged. It will be a difficult, but not an impossible task; yet the results can hardly be as Mr. Chamberlain estimates if it is to have the effect he desires—of restraining the imports of such manufactures as compete with our staples. Obviously the more such imports are checked, the less will the tax produce. While, however, it would be unsafe to depend for nine millions a year on such an impost, it can always be made to yield enough to compensate the Exchequer for the losses under the preferential scheme. Mr. Chamberlain is, perhaps, too sanguine in expecting

enough surplus revenue from manufactures to relieve taxation materially otherwise. In the first place, an average of 10 per cent. is too much to exact; for there are many items, and perhaps those the most frequent and most high-priced, on which even 5 per cent. would be too much. And, in the second place, this impost will have to be utilised in making reciprocal arrangements with foreign countries. This, however, is a consideration which affects the finance, not the principles, of the whole scheme.

With regard to these principles it is not to be questioned that Great Britain has prospered to a wonderful degree with free imports. It is also not to be denied that America, Germany, and even Russia, have prospered to a remarkable degree under protection. But America and Germany have become keen competitors with us in less than a generation, and, though we are not altogether stationary, they are increasing apparently at a greater rate. Their increase is not due to protection, but why should they increase at all if protection is essentially hurtful? It is quite evident that our free trade does not prevent them from assailing our citadels, and assuredly our free trade did not make all foreigners our friends when we were in the throes of a war for the maintenance of the Empire. Are we to be deterred from according preferential treatment to our Colonies, and from doing all that seems to us good for the strengthening and enriching of the Empire; by the fear of offending those who had not even a word to say in our favour when we were in trouble? And is it to be supposed that the United States would even in spirit resent our doing for our home and over-sea trade what they do for their own, and deride us every now and again in a friendly way for not doing? If free trade in the United Kingdom has not made for us friends among all nations, Imperial preference will not make us enemies. But even if it did, a tariff war or two, to guard the portals of Empire, would be less disastrous than a military war or two to defend its outposts.

It will be, however, as difficult for any nation to engage us in a tariff war because of our preferential duties as it is at present for us to offer reciprocity to any nation because of our want of such duties. All the leading industrial countries have already tariffs practically as high as they can make them. That of America is well-nigh prohibitive, and the feeling in the United States now is in favour of reducing, not of increasing or abolishing, the imposts. Moreover, the market offered by the British Empire is the largest in the world for all the products of the world, and it is not the practice of business people to quarrel with their best customers. All our foreign competitors know very well—better than some of our British commentators seem to do—that we have more power to injure them than they have to injure us. But why should they even want to injure us for merely doing what they do themselves? Mankind may be mostly fools, but nations do not go to war for the mere sake of fighting. The world is large, and even if one or two countries did

'cut up rough,' that would not affect our trade with others. It is the wildest folly to suggest that all the nations of the world, or even all the industrial nations producing goods similar to our own, would enter into a fiscal alliance against us. They could not do it if they would, and they would not do it if they could—because it would not pay. It is not a case of risking collision with hundreds of millions of foreigners for the sake of ten millions of Britons, but of enabling these ten millions to make the most of their heritage and to increase the strength and prosperity of the Empire.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has invoked the prophets to tell the people of this generation 'of the misery, the low wages and the starvation, the despair, the turbulence, the rioting, which prevailed in this country so long as the prosperity of the country was hide-bound by protective laws.' Well, the people of this generation have seen the farm lands and factories of America, the industries of Germany, blossom and bloom under hide-bound protective laws without either misery, low wages, starvation, despair or turbulence. We believe in free trade, but we also contend that the progress of nations is not obstructed by tariff policies. This country has not prospered under free trade more than other countries are prospering under protection. Moreover, it is not the case that Great Britain was in an industrially decrepit and commercially stagnant condition before she adopted free trade. In the first half of the nineteenth century England was practically the only manufacturing country in the world; she wrested the command of the seas from the Dutch; her commerce covered the globe; and she was the banker of the world. All that was the case long before the protective tariff was abandoned. We do not claim it for protection, but neither do we allow all the advance made after the repeal of the protective laws to free trade. History and actual experience demonstrate that it is as possible for any nation to thrive under the one system as the other. We believe that the free trade system is the better for this country, but only if that system is applied with due consideration of our Colonies and with preparation for the future of the Empire.

Imports into United Kingdom

Year	Total Imports	Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods	Percentage of Manufactured and Unmanufactured on the 1901 basis
	£	£	
1893	405,000,000	98,100,000	68·7
1894	408,000,000	101,700,000	71·3
1895	417,000,000	107,700,000	75·5
1896	442,000,000	117,600,000	82·4
1897	451,100,000	123,800,000	86·8
1898	471,000,000	125,100,000	87·7
1899	485,000,000	135,900,000	95·2
1900	523,000,000	145,200,000	101·8
1901	522,000,000	142,700,000	100·0
1902	528,000,000	148,907,000	104·3

The preceding table, compiled from the recent Board of Trade Blue-book on British and Foreign Trade and Industry, shows the total imports into the United Kingdom since 1893, the value of manufactured and unmanufactured goods imported, and the percentage of the latter to the former on the basis of the 1901 figures=100.

Note the progressive increase in the imports of foreign manufactured and partly manufactured goods. We will now marshal the exports in the same manner :

Exports from the United Kingdom

Year	Total Exports	Exports of Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods	Percentage in Exports of Manufactured and Partly Manufactured Goods on 1901 basis
	£	£	£
1893	218,000,000	188,900,000	85.5
1894	216,000,000	183,700,000	83.1
1895	226,000,000	195,000,000	88.2
1896	240,000,000	208 800,000	94.5
1897	234,000,000	199,900,000	90.5
1898	233,000,000	198,000,000	89.6
1899	255,000,000	213,800,000 °	96.7
1900	283,000,000	224,700,000	101.7
1901	271,000,000	221,000,000	100.0
1902	278,000,000	227,600,000	103.0

Here we see the comparative smallness of the proportional growth of the exports of British manufactures.

It is true that while articles of food and drink are not included among the manufactures, many of them are really the products of manufacturing industry, such as beer, whisky, jam, confectionery, &c. But we shall have a further look at the exports. First, let us see as to the distribution of them. Not to multiply figures we will take those for 1890 and those for the latest commercial year, showing the principal foreign countries and British possessions separately (see p. 849).

In the twelve years our total exports of manufactured and partly manufactured goods have declined by over one million sterling in the recorded values. The encouraging feature is the large increase in the shipments to British Colonies and Possessions. In 1890 we sent 65 per cent. of our exports of manufactures to foreign countries, and in 1902 we sent only 58 per cent. In 1890 we sent 14 per cent. to British India, and in 1902 13 per cent. In 1890 we sent 16 per cent. to our self-governing Colonies, and in 1902 23 per cent. In 1890 we sent 5 per cent. to other British Colonies and Dependencies, and in 1902 6 per cent.

As free traders we resent the disingenuousness of those who endeavour to impression the minds of the people the fallacious idea that it was free trade alone that has given us cheap food, not improved facilities of production and transport, and the opening-up of new sources of supply. The craving for cheapness is a mark of

Exports of Manufactures alone from the United Kingdom

To	1890	1902
	£	£
Germany	15,950,000	18,442,000
Belgium	6,766,000	7,081,000
Holland	9,392,000	6,829,000
France	12,537,000	10,250,000
Russia	4,649,000	6,209,000
Italy	5,246,000	3,578,000
United States	29,089,000	19,468,000
	83,629,000	69,837,000
All foreign countries	149,651,000	131,686,000
British India	32,089,000	30,873,000
Self-governing colonies . . .	35,516,000	52,211,000
Other dependencies	11,549,000	12,875,000
	79,154,000	95,959,000
All countries	228,805,000	227,645,000

immaturity of conception. Against the 'cheap loaf' which the platformeer erects as the idol of the working man, he neglects to place the decay of our agricultural industry, the depopulation of the Highlands and of Ireland, the overstocking of the towns from the rural districts, and the consequent overloading of the urban labour market. To the complaints of the effects of the 'dumping' of trust-born and tariff-bred foreign manufactures, it is answered with shallow levity that it is good for us to profit on the losses of our foreign competitors. The cheaper we can get anything and everything, it is claimed, the better for the whole community. This is the merit of free imports, but it is not the philosophy of free trade, nor the fact of real experience. The British shipbuilder, for instance, welcomes the importation of German ship plates at a lower price than either the German or the British manufacturer can make them. He says it enables him to build ships cheaper than either Germany or America. Perhaps it does, though it is evident there is a great deal more than in the price of steel material which enables us to build ships more cheaply than Germany or America, the one of which has various State subsidies to cheapen material, and the other of which has the cheapest steel in the world. But even if it does, the prosperity of the shipbuilder and the activity of the shipyards are not for the greatest good of the greatest number when gained at the expense of our own iron trade. The forces and interests converged in the production of every ton of steel ship plates are greater and more widespread than the forces and interests converged in laying foreign steel plates together to form the hull of a ship. There are the steel factory, the rolling mill, the blast furnace, the coal-mine,

the iron-mine, the lime-kiln, and the various agencies of transport. On every 1,000 tons of steel rods imported from Germany into this country, the British manufacturer of steel-wire saves, perhaps, 5s. per ton on the material, say 250*l.*, but the community loses the employment of the labour required for the mining and transport of 3,000 tons of ore, of 1,500 tons of coal to be converted into coke used in smelting that ore, of 450 tons of coal to convert the pig-iron into billets, and of 550 tons more to make the billets into rods, besides the labour of the iron works. It is impossible that this country can benefit by obtaining foreign iron or steel or any other manufactures below the fair cost of competitive production, if the effect of the cheapness is to restrain or destroy our own industries. Of what profit can it possibly be to Great Britain or the Empire to build cheap vessels with German or American steel, if our own steel works are compelled to put out their furnaces and close their doors? The free trader of shallow views will try to find an answer in the plasticity of labour, and point vaguely to indefinite employment in hypothetical industries for the displaced workers. But skilled labour is not so plastic as the academic economist supposes. You can neither make a silk purse out of a sow's ear nor a shipwright out of an iron smelter.

The fair cost of competitive production is not found in the products of American trusts, or even of individual American producers, or in the products of German syndicates with their 'pools.' They all produce under the shelter of protective duties which enable them to obtain sufficiently profitable prices at home to permit of their placing surplus production abroad at a loss. The trusts are the children of the tariffs, and it is probable that the trusts will break down under their own overgrowth. But while the tariffs remain they will afford a bounty on the exports of the countries which compete with us. There is no analogy between the American combine or German trust and our own combinations of trading companies. The plain truth is that by our present system of free imports we provide a system of protection for foreign producers to the detriment of our own, and at the same time we treat Britain-beyond-the-Seas as a stranger and would-be interloper.

Now, how far have our exports been affected by the tariffs of foreign countries? This it is impossible to answer with perfect accuracy, but it is possible to see how our trade with protective and non-protective countries has compared, period by period. Taking the protective countries as Russia, United States, Germany, Austria-Hungary, France, Spain, Portugal, and Italy (with Belgium and Holland thrown in because so much of the trade of Germany passes through them), and taking Canada and Victoria as protective Colonies, we have the following distribution :

Exports of British Produce.

All Articles	To Protected Countries and Colonies	To Non-protected Countries and Colonies
	Per cent.	Per cent.
1850	56	44
1860	51	49
1870	53	47
1880	49	51
1890	46	54
1900	45	55
1902	42	58

Manufactures only	To Protected Countries and Colonies	To Non-protected Countries and Colonies
	Per cent.	Per cent.
1850	57	43
1860	50	50
1870	50	50
1880	47	53
1890	44	56
1900	42	58
1902	38	62

The percentage of manufactured goods to our total exports to the foreign protective countries was 96 per cent. in 1850, 90 per cent. in 1860, 86 per cent. in 1870, 85 per cent. in 1880, 83 per cent. in 1890, 72 per cent. in 1900, and 73 per cent. in 1902. The small increase in 1902 over 1900 seems to have been due to the abnormal demand last year from America, and to the decline in the value of coal exported. It does not, therefore, affect the fact that our exports of manufactures to the protected foreign countries are falling off continuously. The decline in the shipments to the protected Colonies has not been so great, viz. from 93 per cent. in 1850 to 91 per cent. in 1900 and 87 per cent. in 1902.

We give these figures because Mr. Chamberlain has been sharply criticised for taking 1872 as the basis of the comparison he made in his Glasgow speech. It was an unfortunate year to select, not because it vitiates his argument, but because it gave his opponents a point to aim at. But, as a matter of fact, the declared annual values of imports and exports do not properly reveal the actual movements in trade because of the fluctuations in price. Note, for instance, in the second table above, how the large advances in coal and iron in 1900 raised the total value of the exports of that year. One way of getting at an accurate comparison is to recalculate the values on the basis of prices in one normal year. Another is to take the quantities only—not by any means an easy thing to do from the Board of Trade returns. We resort, therefore, to a series of elaborate calculations made by the ex-President of the Chamber of Shipping, Mr. John Williamson, who has cast into tons weight the British exports over a long series of years. In the following table are given the whole exports in

tonnage, and separately the quantity of coal and coke, which being deducted, shows the exact quantity of manufactured goods :

Year	Exports	Deduct Coal and Coke Exports and Bunkers	British Manufactures
	Tons	Tons	Tons
1869	16,086,258	- 10,588,435	= 5,497,823
1872	19,796,373	- 13,198,494	= 6,597,879
1878	24,763,937	- 19,512,643	= 5,251,294
1879	26,909,418	- 20,843,420	= 6,065,998
1880	30,943,748	- 23,628,627	= 7,315,121
1881	32,232,806	- 24,819,186	= 7,413,620
1882	34,651,152	- 26,533,984	= 8,117,168
1883	37,614,889	- 29,171,942	= 8,342,947
1884	37,652,621	- 29,958,692	= 7,693,929
1885	37,725,828	- 30,448,634	= 7,277,194
1886	37,506,205	- 29,983,198	= 7,523,007
1887	39,750,094	- 31,323,397	= 8,426,697
1888	42,615,469	- 34,089,855	= 8,525,614
1889	45,687,963	- 36,760,923	= 8,927,040
1890	47,070,170	- 38,226,432	= 8,843,738
1891	47,450,724	- 39,620,211	= 7,830,513
1892	46,248,555	- 39,057,745	= 7,190,810
1893	44,171,702	- 37,171,486	= 7,000,216
1894	49,371,961	- 42,367,215	= 7,009,746
1895	49,892,118	- 42,519,449	= 7,372,669
1896	52,193,360	44,199,382	= 7,993,978
1897	55,675,023	- 47,557,896	= 8,117,127
1898	55,480,723	- 47,810,356	= 7,670,367
1899	62,554,178	- 54,611,401	= 7,942,774
1900	65,584,548	- 57,850,541	= 7,734,004
1901	64,565,996	- 57,362,745	= 7,203,251
1902	68,188,570	- 60,045,962	= 8,142,608

These figures strikingly reveal what most of us are apt to forget, how very large a proportion of our exports consists of the crudest of raw material—coal. No doubt it is a material the ‘winning,’ conveying and shipping of which give employment to a very large amount of labour and to an enormous mercantile fleet, but the supply is not inexhaustible. Of actual manufactures our exports in 1902 were nearly 800,000 tons less than in 1889, yet 1902 was a peculiarly good year, enriched by the exceptional demands of America. The period of decline has been the last decade. Suppose we go to the year before the Franco-German war (since 1872 has been objected to), and omit 1902 because of the abnormal conditions then due to the boom in the United States, we have the following comparison :

Year	Total Exports	British Manufactures
	Tons	Tons
1869	16,086,258	5,497,823
1879	26,909,418	6,065,998
1889	45,687,963	8,927,040
1899	62,554,178	7,942,774
1900	65,584,548	7,734,004
1901	64,565,996	7,203,251

Surely these figures, relating to wholly different years from those cited by him, amply support Mr. Chamberlain's contentions. A very serious thing is that our export trade in textile manufactures, on which such an enormous proportion of our industrial population and wealth depend, has been practically stagnant for the last twenty years. Taking the same years as above we have :

Year	Exports of Textile Manufactures	Exports of General Manufactures
	Tons	Tons
1869	812,608	4,683,222
1879	868,354	5,197,644
1889	1,326,683	7,600,357
1899	1,278,161	6,664,613
1900	1,180,426	6,544,578
1901	1,249,020	5,954,231
1902	1,234,493	6,908,115

In this case we add 1902 just to show that notwithstanding the exceptional run caused by America on heavy manufactures the exports of textiles still further declined in that year.

There is another consideration with regard to our oversea trade. What we have with foreign countries we hold in a measure on sufferance. It is in the power and it may be in the policy of any one of the industrial nations to deprive us of all we have that is worth having of that trade, by imposing prohibitive tariffs on our products. It is not probable but it is conceivable. But by fiscal arrangements with our own Colonies we shall always have our trade with them and they with us, a trade which must go on becoming steadily and immensely greater. It is not necessary to prove decay in the past; it is quite enough to indicate decline in the present, in order to emphasise the propriety of providing for the future. There is nothing in history to compare with the conditions which exist now, nothing in economic records or authority to teach us what will result from these conditions in the future. What we may reasonably expect, however, is that if our Colonial territories are opened up and utilised as the States of the American Union have been opened up within the present generation, we shall have an analogous growth in Imperial population and wealth.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

FOREIGN TARIFFS AND WELSH INDUSTRIES

THERE exist in England two industries of considerable importance, depending upon the property possessed by iron or steel, of being rolled when red hot into thin sheets, and of the sheets being then coated with a film of tin or zinc, the permanency of the coating being due to the formation of an alloy of either of the two white metals with the iron base. The covering of tin protects the iron sheet from the action of vegetable acids, and that of zinc from atmospheric oxidation.

By means of these properties the tinplate finds a universal use as a cheap unbreakable packing material for various foods, oils, tobacco, and other commodities; and the zinc-covered plate, under the title of galvanised iron, is widely used wherever a scarcity of slates or timber calls for a cheap metal roof or permanent building materials are not cheaply procurable.

The special interest attaching to these two industries at the present time is due to the large proportion they form of our metal exports, the immense use they have made of the cheap steel imported from Germany, Belgium, and the United States, below the cost of domestic production, and the check the first-named received, almost amounting to ruin, from the McKinley tariff of the United States.

▲The danger of thereby forming too narrow a view often tempts our economists to pay scant attention to such concrete examples a particular industry may afford of the economic results of our fiscal policy that might yet prove instructive if regarded in their true proportion.

These two industries are capable of furnishing us with actual demonstration of some of the effects on our commerce, of the protective policy adopted by all other manufacturing nations, of the loss a British industry can suffer by a tariff levelled against it, and of the gain we may derive from a foreign country so protecting its industries that its producers are able to export to our own shores their surplus output at less than the cost of production in either the exporting or importing country.

I will first deal with the tinplate industry, which provides much food for reflection in the combination it presents of the two above-mentioned effects of the varying fiscal policies adopted by the great manufacturing countries. This important industry was located in South Wales more than a century ago, finding in the coal and iron there produced the fuel required for its manufacture, and the raw material that comprises 98 per cent. of its substance; the remaining 2 per cent., consisting of tin, was first transported from Cornwall, and later from the Straits Settlements and Australia, and was consequently no less accessible to South Wales than to any other locality on the seaboard. As the trade increased the Welshmen became proficient in the skill the manufacture demanded, and, as skilled labour accounted for 20 per cent. of the total cost, the industry, once established, was not easily removed from its first home.

The low cost at which foods, such as meat, fish, and fruit, could, by means of the tinplate, be packed in the countries most favoured by nature for their production, and afterwards distributed, permanently preserved, in small units throughout the world, gained for the tinplate industry a rapidly increasing demand.

By 1880 the inventions of Bessemer and Siemens had provided mild steel as the base of the tinplate, in place of hammered iron, and thus the decreased cost of production further extended the uses to which the article was adapted, and by 1890 the export had assumed the important total of 430,623 tons a year.

To supply the industry with the raw material it now needed, steel works were built, the valleys along the coast of Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and Carmarthenshire were developed, and the prosperity of these three counties rapidly advanced with that of their chief industry. Each year new works were erected and new districts opened, and it appeared that no limit could be set to the ultimate development of this peculiarly Welsh craft.

The check, however, came in 1891, from America, in the form of the McKinley tariff. Previous to that date South Wales had practically supplied the world's requirements of tinplates, and the United States, with their superabundant food supply demanding distribution, had become by far our largest customer, as the following figures indicate:—

Total Tinplate Exports			Proportion taken by United States	
1889	.	430,623 tons	331,311 tons	
1890	.	421,797 "	329,435 "	

The United States had long endeavoured to establish this manufacture for themselves, and their large consumption of it, and the outlet it would afford for their growing steel production, determined them to make any effort to secure the trade. This they did in 1891

by levying a duty of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per lb. on imported tinplates; the immediate effect of which was to stop, for a time, the importation from Wales, their consumers having heavily stocked themselves with Welsh plates in anticipation of, and prior to, the date of the enforcement of the duty.

The closing of many Welsh works and loss of employment followed, and numbers of our workmen, deprived of their means of livelihood at home, crossed the Atlantic to seek employment in the United States, where the government and the capitalist were straining every nerve, by offering free sites and bounties to Welsh manufacturers, to teach their own people the art of tinplate making, and to found a tinplate industry of their own.

Aided by the skilled labour thus procured, they were soon successful, and the measure of their success may be gauged by an examination of their yearly production since 1890:

Tons			Tons			Tons		
1891	.	552	1894	.	74,260	1897	.	256,598
1892	.	18,803	1895	.	113,666	1898	.	326,915
1893	.	55,182	1896	.	190,362	1899	.	397,707

But what America gained, England lost. The tinplate industry in America does not depend on cheap materials or cheap labour, but on the tariff alone. At any period during the succeeding years, which comprise several of great overproduction in the United States, the Welsh plate freed from duty would have considerably undersold the American made article in that country.

Thus did the blow fall on the chief industry of South Wales, instant in its dire effect, and rendering the manufacture of tinplates unprofitable there for many years.

The export to the United States did not, however, actually cease, the margin between the prices of the Welsh tinplate *plus* the duty and the American product was small, prejudices existed in favour of well-tried brands, and the American manufacturer had many difficulties to overcome before he could place the needful quality in sufficient quantity to satisfy his market. Under the Dingley tariff also a rebate of 99 per cent. was given on imported tinplates that were afterwards re-exported with their burden of food and petroleum, by the canning and oil industries, and this portion of the American demand is still preserved for the Welsh maker, though arrangements were last year completed between the United States Steel Trust and its workmen to counteract this advantage now held by Wales, should a fall in their home demand threaten their production with diminution. The effect on our industry of the McKinley tariff is seen in the following figures of our exports to the United States since 1890.

	Tons		Tons		Tons		Tons
1890 . .	329,435	1893 . .	253,155	1896 . .	119,545	1899 . .	58,915
1891 . .	327,882	1894 . .	215,068	1897 . .	83,851	1900 . .	60,386
1892 . .	268,472	1895 . .	219,545	1898 . .	67,222	1901 . .	77,395
						1902 . .	60,120

In spite of the steadily increasing demand of our Colonies and South America for tinplates with which to pack their food exports, and of Russia and the East to export their oil, and of home consumers to distribute their biscuits and cocoa, the trade has never recovered from this blow, as the following table of our total exports from 1890 to 1902 bears sad witness :

	Tons		Tons		Tons		Tons
1889 . .	430,623	1893 . .	379,233	1897 . .	271,909	1901 . .	271,657
1890 . .	421,797	1894 . .	353,928	1898 . .	250,953	1902 . .	311,985
1891 . .	448,379	1895 . .	365,982	1899 . .	256,629		
1892 . .	395,449	1896 . .	266,955	1900 . .	273,055		

As I write I can call to mind the failure or closing down of no less than twenty-eight works during these years, resulting in the cessation of work at 190 mills, nearly half of those in existence being thus affected at one time or another, and their sale at break-up values representing an immense loss of capital ; and but for the enterprise of many of the manufacturers who altered their machinery, and adapted it to the rolling of roofing sheets, in competition with the Midland districts of England, these figures would have to be added to. The workmen, who in the days of their prosperity had largely built themselves houses, suffered greatly, and had not the rapid development of coal-mining, in all the tinplate localities, gradually absorbed those whose former occupation was gone, public attention could not but have been directed to this unfortunate industry.

The exports to other countries than America, however, slowly but steadily increased during these years of stress, and by 1900 the demand once again approximated the supply, curtailed as the latter was by the number of mills permanently dismantled, or adapted to other uses, and during the last three years the trade has again become a profitable one, though of much smaller dimensions than ten or twenty years ago.

It is therefore abundantly demonstrated that the McKinley tariff, against which we could offer no effective protest, checked the progress of our prosperous tinplate industry, stopped from that day to this the erection of new works, and enabled the United States to manufacture, by 1902, 400,000 tons a year, which would otherwise have gone to swell—nay, double—our Welsh production, since every ton of American tinplate has been purchased by the American consumer at a price approximately equal to that of the Welsh product with the duty added.

So far it is manifest that the effect of foreign tariffs has been

disastrous to this industry; but another result of their operation demands investigation, namely, the opportunity they afford the tinplate maker to buy his supply of raw steel from a highly protected country by means of the 'law of surplus,' as Mr. Carnegie has termed it, at a price less than the cost in his own country or the one that produces it.

We have material for an inquiry, as since 1900 we have been constantly importing raw steel from America and Germany at the ports of Swansea and Newport, the whole of the former and a great part of the latter being used in the manufacture of tinplates.

Imports of Foreign Steel Bars at Newport		Swansea	
1899 . . .	7,754 tons		4 tons
1900 . . .	27,146 "	24,024	"
1901 . . .	29,322 "	12,437	"
1902 . . .	89,615 "	24,511	"
(seven months) 1903 . . .	122,092 "	—	

The importation from the United States was of short duration, and was occasioned by a great rise of values in Europe, due to a scarcity of coal, occurring when the Presidential elections had disturbed the American markets, and since then we have obtained none of our raw material from that country.

Those who control the United States Steel Trust, however, predict a recurrence of their steel exportation when the phenomenal demand that has existed for two years in their home market begins to decline.

From Germany, however, we may expect the exportation of semi-finished steel, in the form of sheet bars and billets, to assume a more permanent character.

The production of steel in Germany has grown by leaps and bounds, ten years witnessing an increase of 300 per cent. compared with our 65 per cent., until now its total has almost doubled our own.

In order to secure markets for so enormous an output the German manufacturers have combined together to keep their home prices at a profitable level, and deliberately to sell their surplus outside their own country at below the cost of production.

Their admirably cheap water transit to and down the Rhine, and the proximity of their ports to our own, will probably enable them to compete in our home market with less sacrifice than confronts the United States in a similar onslaught on England.

Since the tinplate maker has made use of this supply, he has usually been able to procure German steel at a price ten shillings a ton below British, and it is manifest that if he could have increased his profits by an equal figure, or by thereby reducing his selling price, stimulated consumption, and increased his sales, not the manufacturer alone, but the whole trade and the producing districts

would have benefited by the present virtually made him by the whole of the German people.

In either of these events the gain to our country would have to be measured solely against the loss occasioned by the closing of the Welsh steel works that had grown up with the tinplate industry.

But experience shows us that neither of these events occurred.

Tinplates are exported from no country except England, and their price is therefore governed entirely by the demands of the markets and the supply by this country, and is not affected by that of a foreign exportation. From this cause and also because the cost of a tinplate as a packing material bears so small a ratio to the value of the oil or food to be packed in it, an ordinary rise in price has never yet diminished, nor a fall stimulated, its consumption.

The margin of profit has always been very small since the passing of the McKinley tariff, and the financial resources of most works have therefore been insufficient, and the knowledge of these facts, by the great buyers and merchants in the trade has largely placed the market under their control. This probably accounts for the undoubted fact that each period of cheap foreign bar importation has been coincident with a corresponding fall in the selling price of the tinplate. The immediate result therefore has been detrimental to the trade as a whole, since the fall in the selling price affected all manufacturers, while the reduction in cost only those who were able to use the imported steel; and that the peculiarities of the trade prevented all tinplate makers taking advantage of this cheap import is proved by the fact that throughout this period some thirteen Welsh steel works, producing only raw steel for the tinplate and sheet industries, regularly turned out for Welsh consumption about 10,000 tons a week, at a price necessarily governed by cost and usually 10s. a ton higher than that of the German bars. There is therefore cause to doubt very gravely the value to this industry of the bounty-fed steel of Germany and America; and that in other respects our country suffers loss is evidenced by the stoppage to-day, in South Wales, of no less than nine steel works all built within the last twenty years for the production of steel for the tinplate industry, of which seven were in operation when the foreign influx commenced.

When to this list we add the numbers of furnaces that are now lying idle in the works that are still manufacturing, we are confronted by an alarming total and the undoubted fact that a larger proportion of the potential power of steel production is at present in disuse in South Wales than in any other iron district in the world; and bearing in mind that each furnace, of which each of the idle works contains from two to seven, is assessed for local rating pur-

poses at over 120%, and represents when in full work a yearly wages bill of more than 5,000%, the loss now being suffered by the Principality is very obvious.

I have shown that the cheap foreign steel, when available to the tinplate maker, is of very doubtful value to this particular industry at large, and I propose to cite a few facts which indicate that its value to the nearly allied manufacture of galvanised sheets is equally open to question.

The rolling of iron into sheets and the subsequent coating of the sheets with zinc, and corrugating, to add strength for building and roofing purposes, were until recent years confined to the Midlands, principally Birmingham and Wolverhampton.

The necessity forced on the Welsh tinplate makers, by the passing of the McKinley tariff, of finding new uses for their capital induced some of them to commence the manufacture of galvanised sheets, utilising the steel that South Wales produced so cheaply, in place of the puddled iron of the Midlands, as their raw material.

The trade, being chiefly an exporting one, also found in South Wales a convenient locality from which to distribute its product over the world, and this consideration has contributed to its development in Monmouthshire, Glamorganshire, and Carmarthenshire.

The principal markets are our Colonies and our Eastern possessions, and probably none of our exporting industries is so directly affected by our Colonies' prosperity as this one. The effects of the South African war, the Indian famine, the proclamation of peace, the drought in Australia, and the bounteous harvests in Canada, are all to be observed by an examination of our exports of this article.

Until the latter part of 1899 this industry purchased its raw material entirely from British producers of iron and steel, but since that date it has made considerable use of the German, American, and Belgian steel bars, imported at Newport, Liverpool, and the north-east coast, and thence transferred to the Birmingham district, or absorbed by the rolling mills in the vicinity of the ports.

In the former case the importation was followed by the closing down of the iron forges, and in the latter of the Welsh steel works. To judge, therefore, whether this direct loss to the country has been met by an indirect gain, we must observe the effects of the foreign bounty-fed import upon the particular industry that used it as raw material.

The following table will assist us, the supply of cheap foreign steel available for the industry each year being represented by the imports at Newport.

This table shows a steady increase in the yearly exports from 1898 to 1901, and a phenomenal one in 1902 which requires explanation before the table can prove of value for our purpose.

Bars Imported at Newport	Total Export of Galvanised Sheets	Value per Ton		
		£	s.	d.
1898 . . . —	226,594 tons	11	3	8
1899 . . . 7,754 tons	238,353 „	13	1	10
1900 . . . 27,146 „	247,247 „	15	6	5
1901 . . . 29,322 „	250,287 „	12	15	3
1902 . . . 89,615 „	331,272 „	12	2	8

The early part of 1902 witnessed a great demand for galvanised sheets for blockhouses in South Africa, and the latter part of that year a call for material with which to rebuild the damaged houses and farms, when the end of the war rendered repairing operations practicable.

Disregarding this phenomenal year, we see that the price of this article bears no relation to the demand existing at any time for it. A steady yearly increase is observable, unaffected even by the 50 per cent. rise in value during 1900.

This is doubtless due to two causes :—

(1) England being the only exporter of galvanised sheets, the colonial and foreign consumers have to obtain their requirements from us at whatever cost.

(2) Since no one would willingly build a house or even a roof of corrugated iron if other material were available at anything approaching equal cost, the presumption is that the consumer's demand is less affected by the ruling price than by his necessity.

Therefore it is probable that the country has not, by the use of a cheaper raw material than it can itself produce, materially increased its export.

That the selling price of the finished article has not been greatly reduced by the use of cheaper raw material is also probable, since the proportion of German steel to the total used by the galvanising industry is still small, and the selling price must be chiefly governed by the cost of the larger proportion of the raw material consumed, and the home supply is usually 10s. a ton dearer than the foreign.

The generalisations of our economists must ultimately be based upon the observed results of varying causes, and the object kept in view throughout this paper has been a statement by a manufacturer of the actual effects upon a particular industry of the unequal fiscal conditions existing in the different manufacturing countries of the world, and an addition of fact to the premises from which, in conjunction with other considerations, the economist can draw the true conclusions.

It is admitted that the outlook of the manufacturer is too limited by individual interests to permit of his forming a comprehensive judgment; but it is claimed that the facts herein narrated do imply a doubt of the value of free imports, in certain cases, even to the industries that use them as raw material.

F. W. GILBERTSON.

POOR LANCASHIRE

It is nearly forty years since we heard much of poverty in Lancashire. Certainly for the last thirty years 'Manchester' has been a synonym for wealth, but to-day circumstances are unpleasantly reminiscent of the years between 1861 and 1864, when North and South were at war in the United States. In those days we heard a great deal of Lancashire 'clemming.' There is perhaps little actual widespread 'clemming' to-day, but there is very considerable poverty, especially in certain portions of the County Palatine, which formerly were famed for their exceeding prosperity. Rossendale, for instance, which up to quite a recent period was familiarly known as 'The Happy Valley,' is now suffering greatly from real want. Guarding ourselves against taking an unduly depressed and depressing view of things, a visit to such typical towns as Bacup, Bury, and Rochdale, or the Burnley district in Lancashire, to Glossop in Derbyshire, and crossing the Cheshire border to Macclesfield and Congleton, is sufficient to subdue the spirits of the most rampant optimist. Those of us of Northern blood are, perhaps, the most touched sympathetically with the pathetic position of a people who hate begging even more than they hate 'clemming,' too proud to proclaim their suffering from the house-tops. Speaking generally, the mill-hands are bearing their trial bravely with Northern reasonableness, understanding that it is nobody's fault and everybody's fault. For the root of the existing trouble has really been want of foresight on the part of the men as well as on the part of the masters, an inability to discern the logical necessity that given causes must produce given effects. They have been too extravagant, and have not put by sufficient savings against a rainy day.

Independently, moreover, of these outlying and particularly afflicted districts which I have named, Manchester itself is anything but happy, though at a first glance after an absence of thirty years one is more than ever impressed with the crowds of well-dressed people, the lively movement in the streets, the wonderful number of electric cars, the gorgeousness of the great new Midland Hotel. These are all superficial evidences of wealth and prosperity, but after a few hours' rambling about listening to the talk of men and

women, after going on 'Change or to Parker's Restaurant, one becomes aware that a very defined though subtle change has come over the spirit of the dream. The difference between the state of affairs now, compared with forty years ago, is that it was very obvious in the years 1861-4 that there was a *real* famine of cotton and that the price of middling Orleans had risen from 2½*d.* per pound in 1860 up to 2*s.* 6*d.* per pound in 1864. There was *no* supply of American cotton for Lancashire during those three years. But, for this year just closed, there is a crop of nearly eleven million bales in the United States as compared with the five million bale crop of 1860 which was then a record crop, so much so that people in those days, before the American War, began to say that cotton in the future would no longer be sold by the pound but by the hundredweight. The difficulty that is in all men's minds to-day is how to explain satisfactorily the existing state of things. There are optimists who attribute all the trouble to the recent American corner in cotton and who believe—or affect to believe—that as the new crop comes forward and the corner is broken Lancashire will revert immediately to its former prosperity. On the other hand, many sound-judging manufacturers and merchants are doubtful whether the disease does not lie far deeper than any corner, and they dwell on the fact of the enormous increase of new machinery all over the world and particularly in the United States and on the Continent in the last fifteen years especially. They are well aware that whereas in 1860 Great Britain was by far the greatest consumer of cotton in the mills, to-day the relations of the cotton-manufacturing countries are fundamentally altered. Even up to the latter part of the seventies, Lancashire took the lion's share of the American crop; the Continent (*i.e.* Germany, France, and Switzerland) took a much smaller share; and the United States themselves took the smallest share of all the three great consumers. In those days the whole of the United States' consumption was confined to the Eastern States—Rhode Island and Massachusetts particularly. There was no cotton manufacturing, to speak of, in the South; and the most remarkable development of that very remarkable country is that the consumption in the Southern mills has, for some years, been increasing by such leaps and bounds that for the season just closed (1902-3) it is exactly equal to the consumption in the Northern mills, with the result that the total consumption of the United States is now the greatest in the world. The Continental consumption has also increased very much more rapidly than the British. In a word, whereas forty years ago Great Britain was first, the Continent second, and the United States third; now the United States is first, the Continent second, and Great Britain a bad third. The question of the future supremacy in the trade therefore resolves itself into the survival of the fittest. All the mills with old-fashioned machinery

must go to the wall. It is the old story of stage-coaches *versus* railways. It is easy for economic philosophers to say that these improvements in the methods of production are in the long run all for the benefit of the world; but it is cruelly hard upon the people, whose bread is taken out of their mouths, during the period of transition. It is to be feared that there are a great many mills in Lancashire still equipped with old-fashioned machinery, and it is difficult to see what will become of them in the future. But, over and above this difficulty with machinery, there is another more deeply-seated difficulty which is the resultant of a deteriorating tendency in the character of a considerable portion of the inhabitants. Betting and drinking have increased to an alarming extent during the last fifteen years. Lancashire is not peculiar in this respect, for all through Great Britain, and in every section of society, from the highest in the land down to the casual costermonger, these two vices, which are intimately and inevitably allied, are eating like a cancer into the heart of the body politic among the women, now, unfortunately, as well as among the men. Under these circumstances it seems passing strange that a distinguished English statesman should go into the witness-box, before a Parliamentary Commission on betting, and assert publicly with all the weight of his authority that in his opinion betting is really doing no harm to the English people, but is rather encouraging a manly taste for sport. A typical Lancashire woman of the lower class, in whose company I travelled the other day from Manchester to Oldham in a third-class carriage, told me, in reply to a question, that trade was very bad in her district, 'partly perhaps on account of t' war, but mostly because t' women bet a shilling on nearly every race, and they take t' bread out of t' children's mouths to obtain the shillings, and that was a thing unknownst in Lancashire fifteen years ago, as it was also for women to be seen drinking in the public-houses'; and half a dozen fellow-travellers in the same carriage all confirmed her statement.

There are very many causes at work differentiating the place that Great Britain holds to-day in the world's productive capacity, compared with the position she held less than half a century ago, but certainly not the least important causes are betting, drinking, and the exaggerated importance attached to sports, particularly when the term sport is enlarged to connote all the loafers who go to *look on* at football or cricket matches, taking no part themselves in the games. The hearts and minds of the British people, unhappily, are no longer in their business, but are rather in aimless amusements; and as the hearts and minds of the people of the United States are very much in their business, the result may be predicted with considerable accuracy, unless we speedily and determinedly reform our bad habits and put away childish things.

The other day it was said by a speaker at the British Association

at Southport that we need have no anxiety as to any decrease in our export trade, and, with special reference to the cotton-manufacturing export trade to India and China, it was asserted that, even if this export trade were to fall off, Manchester could do still better by increasing her output of electrical appliances or some other form of industry. Now it is obvious that a considerable sum of American money has been expended in the plant of such a concern as the Westinghouse Company, and it is also evident that there has been an enormous expenditure of English money on municipal enterprise, and on the Manchester Ship Canal, for instance, all which outlay for the time being conduces to the apparent prosperity of Manchester and the districts around. It increases the demand for labour and keeps up the rate of wages. But we have to consider that the only way in which we can ultimately pay for our gigantic imports of food is by our exports of commodities, and it is therefore idle—nay worse than idle, it is mischievous—to assert that it is a matter of comparatively small moment whether or not the export of manufactured goods from Lancashire (which form our largest item or exports) goes on increasing or remains stationary. And the most important point of all is that the export trade shall be profitable, which it certainly has not been for the last twelve months in Lancashire's speciality of cotton manufactures; indeed, I am informed by a very high authority amongst the manufacturers that as a matter of fact there has been no really profitable margin between the cost of the raw material and the finished article for the last fifteen years, with the exception of the five years 1897–1901, which, curiously enough, included the three years' war. The position, as I understand it, has been that profits have too frequently been declared by many mill-owners which were not real profits at all, because the revenue accounts were not debited with the due amount for depreciation in value of machinery, buildings, &c. Besides which, many of the mills with old-fashioned machinery have actually been making losses instead of profits for years past, but they have been carried along—are now being carried along—on borrowed money. Of course, with the violent fluctuations of late years in the price of raw cotton, a few mill-owners have made great profits by laying in large stocks of cotton at the beginning of a season when it may have been selling at $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb. for example, and selling their yarn or cloth later on in the year, when the price of raw cotton may have advanced to say $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb., and the prices of yarn and cloth would then of course be considerably higher than when the raw cotton was at $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ But in reality such a profit is not a genuine manufacturing profit, but is rather a profit on a speculation in cotton, for which it is not necessary to run a mill. Such a speculation can be made on the Liverpool 'flags' without even the expense of a clerk or a desk. In a gambling transaction of this sort, however, as in all gambling

transactions, it must ever be borne in mind that there are sure to be losses as well as profits, and in the long run most people find that there are more losses than profits. It is not business.

Then, in regard to any future exportation of electrical apparatus, how do we stand in competition with the United States and Germany? I am afraid the answer must be, 'Very far behind.' Surely, then, the profitable export of cotton manufactures is absolutely essential to the prosperity of this country as a whole, and in order to export profitably, not only the skill of the manufacturer but also the intelligence of the merchant is necessary. As regards skill, Lancashire will always be hard to beat, for there is the hereditary adaptability of the workman, during many generations, and the climate is particularly favourable; but the trade suffers somewhat perhaps from harassing Governmental interference in the matter of inspection of the machinery, &c. in the mills; unfortunately, too, the general intelligence of the British merchant is a memory of the past.

Of late years they seem to be very often either too late, or premature, in their purchases of raw cotton, and whichever way they time them they generally turn out to be mistaken. Nor have they their eyes half open to what is taking place in the general trade of the world outside Lancashire. Many of the old firms have been going for generations. The grandfathers and fathers made the money, and the sons are now chiefly occupied in spending it, on Scottish moors or playing polo. A considerable number have converted their businesses into limited companies, very rightly and sensibly from many points of view, but unfortunately a salary-managed concern is seldom good enough to win in a fierce competitive struggle. This general slackness of directors and managers in attention to business—making it a secondary rather than a primary consideration and matter of interest—is one of the danger-signals up against us and, in my view, another danger-signal is the growing excess of our general imports over our exports. For what is the position? Taking Sir Robert Giffen's estimate of 178,000,000*l.* per annum as the amount of our 'invisible exports,' and adding this amount to the visible exports during the five years 1898–1902, we have just been able to pay for our imports; *i.e.* during these last five years the two sides of the account are balanced and no more, whereas previous to 1898 there was always a surplus of exports over imports, amounting from 30,000,000*l.* up to 70,000,000*l.* each year.

And this brings us to the question whether Mr. Chamberlain's reliance on the consuming power of our self-governing Colonies has a solid basis in fact. What has really happened, and what is really happening, is that these eleven millions of people borrow money in London in order to pay for a considerable proportion of their imports every year, and these imports go to help the unemployed in Melbourne and Sydney. The urban labour parties in the Colonies vote

for whatever Government borrows the most money from Mr. Bull-Cohen. Great Britain has done her level best to spoil her children by this prodigality in lending, and anyone who has an ear to hear must be well aware that there are already mutterings from the British public foretelling the knell of British lending, outside our own island, except on a much smaller scale than heretofore. Perhaps some day we shall learn to apply an ancient Scottish adage which is very much to the point, though a little coarse or homely in expression: 'Keep your ain fish-guts for your ain sea maws.' There are unemployed in Manchester and London, as well as in Sydney, Melbourne, or Johannesburg. What if we were to curtail our loans to our Colonies? Then, at any rate, we should be in a position to ascertain accurately the amount of British commodities that can be profitably exchanged for Colonial commodities. That is the basis of sound trade—commodities exchanged for commodities, rather than commodities exchanged for paper promises to pay. It is quite true that it is one of the functions of an old and rich country to develop the resources of the new, poorer countries. We have done this for the last century, particularly in the case of the United States, in the case of Canada, in the case of Australasia, and, last but not least, in the case of South Africa. But *est modus in rebus*. Our lending abroad ought always to be conditioned by the growth of the loyal white population amongst the borrowers, and it must also be conditioned by the amount of available liquid capital in Great Britain. It will be fatal for us to go on relying on cash borrowed on call from the Continent. And if we look at things as they are to-day, and as they are likely to be, casting a glance always a little ahead, so far as may be, we shall find that there is a great danger lurking in the 'Shylock' part. 'The present by the future, what is that?' We must not lose the 'art of production' of commodities, whilst we make ourselves more and more dependent for our incomes on our loans abroad. One of the great triumvirate of world-poets warned us more than 600 years ago against the danger of 'sudden gains,' *i subiti guadagni*, and in a memorable passage Dante, who was a great political economist as well as a supreme poet, has told us how 'Your art is, as it were, God's grandchild, and it behoves mankind to gain their life and to advance, but since the usurer takes another way, Nature herself and in her follower disdains he, for elsewhere he puts his hope.'¹ It is always dangerous for anyone who is not a Dantist to quote the great Florentine. He is so easily misinterpreted, and readers put into his verses many meanings which he himself would never have imagined; but 'Art' in this passage certainly carries a wider signification than Dante's own art of poetry, or the art of painting (we know that 'Dante once prepared to paint an angel'), or the art

¹ *Inferno* xi. 105 et seq.

of music, which is so frequently referred to in the *Divine Comedy*. 'Art' in this widest sense may be taken to include the 'art of production,' whether of cotton manufactures or steel manufactures or anything else to which human labour, intelligence, and skill are applied, as opposed to the mechanical operation without labour, intelligence, or skill of the coupon-cutter. Florence had not yet invented coupons, but the City of Flowers was then the financial centre of the world and the great lender of cash to poorer countries abroad, particularly to the England of those days; and this excess of lending presaged the decadence of the famous city on the Arno 600 years ago, just as a like excess may presage the decadence hereafter of a still more famous city on the Thames unless we have a care, and from the same causes, as all will remember who call to mind the famous passage where Cacciaguida describes Florence in the olden time when she 'abode in quiet, temperate and chaste.' History repeats itself sometimes, though always with a difference; and another interesting parallel may be found in Bruges and Ghent. But if we sound to the depths the heart of the great English people it is right enough yet. The chief trouble is that we have been too rich and are too luxurious, and the remedy for our ills—prospective ills rather than present ills—is simple to a fault. It can be summed up in the one little word 'economy,' not only the economy that prevents waste of money and substance by our Imperial Government, by our municipalities, and by private individuals, but also economy of time, too much of which is dissipated by a business people in racing, betting, polo, golf, bridge, &c. instead of 'minding the shop'; for, however grandiloquently we may talk of our Imperial mission, our Imperial greatness, and our great organising qualities, we are *au fond*, and must always remain, to our great honour, a nation of shopkeepers. The danger of the immediate future is that we may be inveigled into too great reliance on 'The Government,' instead of the old-fashioned reliance of the individual on himself, and it is difficult to foresee what the answer is to be if a 'clemming' Lancashire comes to demand help from the Government, considering that this same Government is prodigally lending hundreds of millions of pounds to South Africa and Ireland.

What Lancashire is thinking to-day all England will be thinking to-morrow. The problem in front of us is not really, or principally, a fiscal problem. 'The world in every part is pregnant with the new creed,' and the serious question is how to steer warily, for we have already pointed the nose of our ship towards State Socialism, and it may be difficult now to alter the course.

J. W. CROSS.

LAST MONTH

MR. GLADSTONE, who to the day of his death continued to blame the Cabinet of 1892 for having resigned on the Cordite Vote, has left on record his opinion that a Ministry, so long as it can command a majority in the House of Commons, need not, under any circumstances, relinquish office. I do not know whether the present Prime Minister was one of those to whom Mr. Gladstone during his lifetime communicated this opinion, but recent events seem to show that it is one which he shares with the old Liberal leader.

When I closed my chronicle of last month it was known that four members of the Cabinet had resigned—three because they could not support Mr. Balfour's policy on the tariff question, and one because he wished not only to support that policy but to carry it much further than the Prime Minister was, for the moment, prepared to go. It was, of course, the resignation of Mr. Chamberlain that caused most excitement in the public mind. To say that people were, in the first instance, bewildered by it, is not to over-state the case. But very quickly an explanation of the step taken by the Colonial Secretary was forthcoming. It became evident that his retirement from the Government was, as it was wittily put, of the nature of a collusive divorce. He and Mr. Balfour had parted company for a time, but only in order that they might work for a common end, and with a view to a happy re-union whenever the circumstances were favourable. Their friends in the press made no secret of this fact; indeed, with a curious *maladroitness* which shows that even the hand of a journalist may sometimes lose its cunning, they exulted in it and poured contempt upon the simple creatures who had not seen all along that a brilliant 'game' was being played by the Prime Minister and his most powerful colleague. I do not pretend to know how Mr. Balfour relished the compliments which were paid to him on this score by the *Times*; I can only say that they were not the kind of compliments which English Ministers would have accepted with equanimity in other days. But whilst the public was still trying to digest this ominous revelation, something else occurred that disturbed it still more. Mr. Balfour had been praised extravagantly for the cleverness of the *manceuvre* by which

he, acting conjointly with Mr. Chamberlain, had got three free traders out of his Cabinet, whilst retaining the fourth and greatest, the Duke of Devonshire. It was perhaps not unnatural that Mr. Ritchie and the two other victims of this performance should hardly regard it in the light in which it was viewed by the Prime Minister's admirers. At all events they insisted upon letting the public know their side of the story. When the 'fateful' Cabinets were held in the middle of September, Mr. Balfour went to them carrying in his pocket the letter in which Mr. Chamberlain resigned office. Of that letter he made no mention to Mr. Ritchie or Lord George Hamilton, or, so far as appears, to Lord Balfour of Burleigh. These gentlemen saw Mr. Chamberlain occupying his usual place at the table and taking his accustomed part in the debates. It never occurred to their simple minds that he was already a defunct Minister, and that if they remained within the sacred body to keep up the struggle on behalf of free trade, they would no longer have to fear his formidable opposition. They looked upon him and his cause as triumphant, and accordingly they tendered their resignations, which the Prime Minister accepted with a promptness that was undeniably eager. But, reticent as he was to them, Mr. Balfour was more communicative to the most powerful champion of free trade in the Cabinet, the man without whose co-operation everybody believed that the Ministry could not go on, the Duke of Devonshire. Where Mr. Ritchie and his two modest companions were left out in the cold, and were induced to resign under a misapprehension as to the facts, the Duke was taken freely into the confidence of the Prime Minister, and in consequence consented to remain in the Ministry—for a time. Whereupon great joy was displayed in the camp of Mr. Chamberlain's journalistic followers. To have got rid of Mr. Ritchie, Lord George Hamilton, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, but to have kept 'the Duke'—that was indeed a triumph which called for outspoken praise of the 'adroitness' by which it had been achieved. In fairness I must record the fact that one member of the Cabinet has come forward to defend Mr. Balfour from a charge that unquestionably throws a shadow upon his sense of honour and good faith. This is the Earl of Onslow, a man whom everybody knows to be absolutely incapable of wilfully misrepresenting any transaction for any object whatever. Lord Onslow declares that during the Cabinet meetings Mr. Chamberlain used words which convinced him that he meant to resign. This we may take it was the honest impression formed by Lord Onslow. But it is impossible to forget that, unlike Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton, he is new to Cabinet office. He has not yet had time to learn how often in the solemn secrecy of the Cabinet-room Ministers threaten to resign, and how seldom they carry those threats into execution. 'A very fair Cabinet to-day, only three resignations,' wrote Mr. Gladstone on one

occasion. It was at another Gladstonian Cabinet that a member was only prevented from resigning by being dragged forcibly back from the door which he was on the point of opening, and thrust into his chair, where he was pinned down by his colleagues whilst Mr. Gladstone lectured him upon his conduct. Old hands like Mr. Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton might well be excused if they paid no attention to words that seemed to the new Cabinet Minister to portend a certain resignation. At any rate they are as sincere as Lord Onslow himself in the impression they formed of what passed at these truly 'fateful' Cabinets, and it was on the strength of that impression that they tendered the resignations so joyously accepted by their chief.

In some respects the most melancholy feature of a painful story is the fact that it was all in vain. It kept the Duke of Devonshire in the Cabinet for a few days longer than his free-trade colleagues, but it led to his resignation at a moment when that event was far more painful to the Prime Minister than it would have been if it had taken place earlier. The first of October was the day fixed long beforehand for that meeting of the National Union of Conservative Associations—in other words the Conservative caucus—at which Mr. Balfour was at last to expound his policy to the world. The meeting was held at Sheffield, and on the afternoon of the day on which the Prime Minister was to speak a conference of delegates took place. In spite of all that is said about the superior discipline of the Conservative party as compared with their opponents, it does not appear that a Conservative caucus is much behind a Liberal one in the freedom with which it speaks its mind. At all events this particular caucus became the scene of a discussion of the wildest and most disorderly character. The official representatives wished to pass a resolution of the usual official type, studiously vague and colourless. But the rank and file seemed to be in no mood for tolerating platitudinous affirmations of this description. Some of them—and apparently a majority—insisted that Mr. Chamberlain's programme and that alone should 'fill the bill'; others, including such representative Conservatives as Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill, boldly stood up for free trade. In the end the conference, we are told, was adjourned, amid much disorder, until the next day, to resume its discussion of the thorny question after the Prime Minister had spoken.

Mr. Balfour's speech was in some respects remarkable. Though clever, and even brilliant, it was certainly not the kind of speech we have been accustomed to get in times of crisis from English Prime Ministers. Briefly stated, his declaration amounted to this, that free trade had failed to attain the success expected from it; that he knew of no cure for existing evils, and regarded a tax on food as not being within the limits of practical politics; at the same time, he wished to 'reverse the fiscal tradition of the last two

generations,' and to secure the right to establish retaliatory tariffs against nations which refuse to deal fairly by us. It is necessary to read between the lines in order to ascertain the true meaning of this declaration of policy. Read in this fashion, it is manifest that Mr. Balfour found himself stopped from going as far as Mr. Chamberlain only by his knowledge that the country was not yet ripe for this step; but he practically expressed his agreement with the late Colonial Secretary, and intimated that his own policy was, in reality, a half-way house to Mr. Chamberlain's. Finally, in a speech to an overflow meeting, he made one declaration which had, at least, the merit of being clear and specific. This was that if his policy were not accepted by his party, he would retire from the leadership. I suppose it was this declaration which secured for him the victory that he undoubtedly won on the following day, when the storms which had agitated the conference of delegates suddenly subsided, and the colourless official resolution was adopted with practical unanimity, Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill being, apparently, the only delegates present who refused to vote for it. In this fashion it was that the Unionist party arrived at a state of union, so-called. By mutual agreement, free trade on the one hand and Mr. Chamberlain's food-tax on the other were ignored, and the party united in supporting Mr. Balfour's demand that the Government should be armed with that power of threatening hostile nations with retaliatory tariffs which, as a matter of fact, it already possesses.

Once again we heard loud praises of the skill which had enabled the Prime Minister to override an awkward crisis in his party. He had undoubtedly prevented an open schism in the conference, and upon this, at least, he may be congratulated. But it is not easy for an outsider to congratulate him on the means by which he had attained this end. The hollowness, indeed, of his device for securing peace became apparent at once to everybody, and the followers of Mr. Chamberlain were absolutely justified in their contention that the Prime Minister of England had become his real, though not his avowed, follower.

The echoes of the applause which greeted Mr. Balfour's dexterous manœuvre at Sheffield had hardly died away when he had to bow before another heavy and unexpected blow. This was the announcement that the Duke of Devonshire had after all left the Cabinet. I need not dwell upon the correspondence between the Duke and the Prime Minister which accompanied the announcement. The Duke made no secret of the fact that it was the Sheffield speech which was the determining cause of his retirement, and the Prime Minister showed that he felt himself deeply aggrieved by the Duke's decision. If his letter acknowledging the resignation was hardly characterised by the dignity or self-possession that we might have expected a man in his great

position to show, we must make due allowance for his chagrin at the discovery that, despite the incense of the press, the 'game' which he and Mr. Chamberlain had played in the Cabinet had failed disastrously. It is given to few men to accept such a failure with equanimity. One can sympathise, however, with the difficulties with which he found himself confronted. Five members of his Cabinet, including the two most powerful men in it, had retired from it, and he was left to patch up the leaking vessel as best he might. It would be in the highest degree unfair to deny the courage which he showed in performing this operation. He went outside the conventional ring in order to find the materials for the reconstructed ship. In obedience to the demands of the newspapers, he promoted Mr. Arnold-Forster, who, barely three years before, had been a private member, to the great office of Secretary of State for War, Mr. Brodrick being transferred to the calm of the India Office. Mr. Arnold-Forster, as everybody knows, has long been an unsparing and courageous critic of War Office administration, and the Prime Minister's pluck in thus placing him at the head of the department which, in his private capacity, he had judged so severely, deserves recognition. The choice of a successor to Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office was still more original, and was a genuine surprise to the country. Mr. Balfour selected Mr. Alfred Lyttelton for this office. The newspapers apparently knew so little of Mr. Lyttelton's qualifications for one of the greatest posts in the Administration that they were driven to expatiate upon his achievements as a cricketer. Fortunately, Mr. Lyttelton has many other claims to consideration, though whether they are such as to justify his remarkable promotion, time only can show. Whatever may be the case with regard to Mr. Lyttelton, it must at least be apparent to everyone that the Cabinet has not been fortified by the drastic process of reconstruction which it has undergone. After all, to have lost such men as the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and to have gained in exchange Mr. Arnold-Forster and Mr. Lyttelton, is hardly likely to impress the public with the idea that it has been increased in strength. But there is another feature of the reconstruction which it is impossible to ignore. This is the fact that whilst Mr. Chamberlain has ceased to be available in the councils of the Administration, he remains, though occupying a position of absolute independence, the master of its fortunes. Mr. Balfour's own declarations leave us in no doubt upon this point, and it is one that is distinctly ominous for the future. Power divorced from responsibility has always been the most dangerous element in our public life.

The great battle of the platforms over the fiscal question began, immediately after the Glasgow conference, with Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Sheffield, and it has since been maintained with a vigour

not unworthy of the best days of political controversy. My readers will neither expect nor desire that the speeches on both sides should be reproduced, however briefly, in these pages. Comparatively few speakers of note in addition to Mr. Chamberlain have taken the field on his side in the great disputation. The cause of free trade, on the other hand, has been defended with uncompromising earnestness by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Sir Henry Fowler, Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Spencer, Mr. Bryce, Lord Goschen, and Mr. Ritchie—all men of the front rank. If Lord Rosebery brought to the controversy his brilliant eloquence and almost unrivalled power of touching the imagination of the masses, Mr. Asquith, and others whom I have named, made it their business to meet Mr. Chamberlain's allegations fact by fact, and to deal with them in the dry but convincing light of actual statistics. On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlain, it must be admitted, has known how to plead his own cause in his own fashion, and with all his old force and fertility of resource. None the less the situation, whilst this battle is being waged, continues to be an almost intolerable one. The fiscal policy of the country so unexpectedly disturbed by Mr. Chamberlain is kept in a state of most injurious suspense. The new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, has gone so far as to hint at a Budget which is to be framed, not in the interests of the country, but of the policy promulgated by his father. Everything relating to the future tariff policy of the country is consequently in a state of doubt and confusion, and nobody pretends to know whether the next Parliament may not build a tariff wall round us as high as that which surrounds the United States, 'protecting' every industry and every interest except that of cheap food for the people. The future commercial policy of the greatest commercial country in the world is thus 'hung up' for an indefinite period. Can it be wrong to describe such a state of things as intolerable?

Of the minor consequences of the events of the month, so far as concerns our domestic politics, one only need be mentioned. The Duke of Devonshire has followed up his retirement from the Ministry by his acceptance of the Presidency of the Free Food League, a body composed of those Conservatives and Liberal Unionists who are opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. It is true that he has done so upon conditions which seem to afford some consolation to those with whom he has parted company. He does not commit himself to opposition to the policy of the Government so far as it is confined to the intention of proposing to Parliament tariff legislation for the purpose of the negotiation of commercial treaties, and the mitigation of hostile tariffs. But to every step beyond this he is resolutely opposed. He will not approve the 'ambiguous declarations' of the Prime Minister at Sheffield, still less will he support the proposals of Mr. Chamberlain. It is curious that in

face of this statement of his views the Protectionist press should profess to find comfort for themselves in his announcement. The comfort will hardly survive a dispassionate examination of the Duke's position. To the world at large it is apparent that the historic Liberal Unionist party, which has played so great a part in our history during the last seventeen years, is now threatened with death by the joint action of the two men to whom more than to any others its creation was originally due.

Turning to events outside the limits of our domestic policy, it is pleasant to have to record, in the first place, the conclusion of a treaty between this country and France, providing for the submission of questions of a certain class that may arise in future between the two countries to the arbitration of the Hague Tribunal. The treaty is strictly limited in its scope, but it is at least proof of the existing good feeling between ourselves and our nearest neighbours on the Continent, and it may fairly be regarded as the forerunner of agreements of still wider bearing and greater importance. The tribunal to which the long-standing dispute between this country and the United States on the subject of the Alaska boundary was committed, has completed its work, and the result is mainly unfavourable to Great Britain and Canada. We must accept the result, however distasteful it may be, consoling ourselves with the reflection that it has at least set at rest one dangerous dispute with our American kinsmen. But whilst we have been thus clearing the decks in one direction new questions of gravity have been arising in other parts of the world. The Macedonian crisis, which a month ago was so threatening, has happily been mitigated since then, and the mitigation is due in no small degree to the action of the English Government, which has pressed certain proposals for the future government of Macedonia upon Russia and Austria that have found favour with those Powers, and are likely to be incorporated in their proposals to the Porte. In the Far East, however, the course of events is not so favourable to the cause of peace. Again and again during the past few weeks rumours have been widespread of the imminence of war between Russia and Japan. It is most improbable that the stories of a Japanese ultimatum to Russia on the question of the evacuation of Manchuria have any substantial foundation. But there is no doubt that the question of Korea is one on which the Japanese feel acutely, and the warlike preparations which both they and the Russians are making are sufficient to cause a general feeling of alarm. In the meantime it is to be noted that the 8th of October, the date finally fixed for the withdrawal from Manchuria by Russia herself, has come and gone, and the forces of the Czar remain as firmly fixed as ever in their occupation of territory which they have seized in defiance of the rest of the world. Nearer home rumours have been current as to the conclusion of a French treaty with

Morocco of a far-reaching character. The rumours have, however, been denied semi-officially, and there is no reason to suppose that France meditates any action with regard to Morocco that does not meet with the approval of the other countries interested. One curious incident of the month has been the sudden postponement of the visit of the Czar to Rome, for which all the official arrangements had been made. Various reasons for this unusual breakdown of a proposed interchange of civilities between two monarchs have been alleged. It is safest to assume that the reason most generally given is the true one, and that the Russian Emperor's journey was put off in consequence of the unmannerly speeches of certain Italian Socialists, who declared their intention of organising a hostile demonstration on the occasion of his visit to Rome. Since then the King and Queen of Italy have paid their long-promised visit to Paris, and have met with a reception of unusual cordiality.

One grave loss has befallen the country during the past month. This is the death of Mr. Lecky, the eminent historian. In the House of Commons, of which he was induced to become a member a few years ago, Mr. Lecky was not a success. But if we regard him, not as a politician but as a great historical writer who had the power, too rare among historians, of grasping for himself and conveying to others the philosophical lessons taught by the facts which he recorded, everybody must admit that he was without an equal among his contemporaries. His death is a real loss not only to letters but to the science of history.

Is it, I wonder, a sign of advancing age and a growing distaste for the acrid controversies of contemporary politics that so many men, during the past month, should have turned with relief from the heated columns of the daily newspapers to the volumes in which we have had given to us the story of a noble and distinguished life? One, at least, can speak for himself of the unfeigned sense of relief with which he has torn himself from the vortex of Birmingham electioneering in order to find refreshment in the perusal of Mr. Morley's biography of his illustrious chief. This particular chronicle is not the place in which to indulge in a formal criticism of the *Life of Gladstone*; but at least I may say here that Mr. Morley has produced a really admirable book, a model of what a political biography ought to be. Of the difficulties of his task only those who have themselves practised the art of the biographer can fully judge. Never, indeed, had any writer such a task as that which lay before Mr. Morley when he undertook this work. Letters by hundreds of thousands to be read and digested; sixty years of English history to be brought into direct relationship with a single life; the secrets of half a score of Cabinets to be handled generously, yet discreetly; a thousand speeches to be marshalled in their proper order, with nothing omitted that could throw light upon

the central subject; and, above all, a character at once simple and complex—simple in its great underlying motive, and in the moral force which gave it life, but infinitely complex in its variations, its catholicity of tastes and sympathies, and the genius which displayed itself in a hundred different forms—to be adequately and vividly portrayed. This is to sketch but barely and briefly the rude outlines of Mr. Morley's task. Its accomplishment is almost a marvel; for the biographer has overridden all his difficulties with what seems to be triumphant ease, an ease, however, secured by an expenditure of labour hardly to be described in words. As a political biography, which perhaps is almost more of a history than a biography, I repeat, Mr. Morley can rightly claim to have produced a masterpiece. If the book is long from the point of view of the average subscriber to *Mudie*, it is yet one from which no thoughtful man would have wished to see a line omitted. It is the fullest, the most complete and authoritative record of the Gladstonian era that has ever been given to us, or that ever will be. Its deficiency—for, like every work of the human hand and mind, it falls short of perfection—is only that which was inevitable considering the vastness of its subject. Throughout, it is the story of a great historic career, told with the simplicity and—paradoxical as it may seem to say so—the brevity of a man handling a great subject, not for the readers of to-day, but for all time. There are no fringes in Mr. Morley's strenuous and nervous style. He indulges in no rhetoric, and in no outbursts of sentimentalism, whilst 'picturesque' writing he manifestly regards as an abomination. Some of us might have liked to see a fuller picture drawn of the more human side of Mr. Gladstone, of his charms as a man, of his brilliant qualities as a conversationalist, of those graces of manner which won for him whilst he still lived the admiration and affection even of his opponents. But Mr. Morley has refused to allow himself to be drawn aside from his great task by any of the temptations which must have beset him to present to us the lighter side of his picture. He has given us the materials from which even the dullest can form their own idea of the complete man, and he has done so in a work which, in its unadorned simplicity and completeness, may fairly take rank as a modern classic.

To pass from the book to its subject is to find ourselves confronted by innumerable lessons, each of which has its bearing upon the questions of to-day, and upon the state of political life in the country of which Mr. Gladstone was so long the foremost citizen. Those of us who have never wavered in our allegiance to him, or ceased to be proud of the fact that we were his followers in those spacious days of stress and conflict in which he played so great a part, have abundant reason to be grateful to his biographer for having explained so fully those doubtful points in his career which

have puzzled the world, and, above all, for having brought into such strong relief the great motive power of his life. So far as the latter point is concerned, none of those who knew Mr. Gladstone, whether they were his friends or his opponents, have ever entertained any doubt. Lord Salisbury, in the fine and generous speech which he made at the time of Mr. Gladstone's death, struck the keynote in half a dozen words of striking truth and simplicity: 'He was a great Christian statesman.' The man who rode triumphantly so long on the crest of the political wave amid all the seething cross-currents of intrigue, self-seeking, bitterness, and insincerity, which have at all times played their part in political life, was one whose nature was rooted deeply and unalterably in a moral basis. The optimism of his nature, and his deep religious faith, bound him securely to that moral basis, no matter what storms might rage about his head. He believed that, like every other man, a divine commission had been entrusted to him when he entered upon life, and that it was his business at all times and in all circumstances to do what in him lay to serve the great cause of righteousness. There was, as the extracts from his diary show, a touching simplicity in the way in which he strove to connect every public action and every utterance with that cause as he understood it. Day by day he found comfort for himself in recalling some text or passage of Holy Scripture. It was, indeed, upon the 'impregnable rock,' as he himself had styled it, that he founded himself from year to year. Here was half, nay, far more than half of the secret of his greatness, and of that unmatched influence which he wielded so long over so large a body of his fellow countrymen, and indeed, over no inconsiderable portion of our race. The man of the world is too apt to make light of the great force from which Mr. Gladstone derived so much of his strength; and if, in addition to being a man of the world, he is one of those flippant cynics who do not believe in the reality of emotions and creeds in which they have themselves no part, he is too ready to confound piety with hypocrisy, and to put down any expression of religious faith and conviction as mere cant. I doubt if even the most hardened of these cynics will continue to judge Mr. Gladstone in this way after reading the unmistakably sincere revelations of his inner nature which are to be found in Mr. Morley's pages. I remember now a little incident which I would hardly have ventured to mention before the publication of the *Life* had made the truth so evident. In 1881, as Mr. Morley has told us, Mr. Gladstone paid a visit to Leeds which, even in his remarkable life, was memorable in its character. He stayed only two days, but in the course of that time he made a dozen different speeches, all of them of importance. But by common consent the most important of all was one which he delivered at a great banquet in an immense hall specially erected for the occasion. His subject was Ireland, at that time the burning

question of the day, and he discussed it with a fulness and earnestness that cannot have faded from the memory of any who were present. By arrangement, he did not dine with the public company, but came in quietly when dinner was done, and took his seat by the side of the chairman. He had hardly done so when he covered his face with his hands, and remained with his head bent for several minutes. The next evening I sat beside Mrs. Gladstone at a private dinner-party, and she, naturally, was full of the many incidents of the visit. By-and-by she said to me, 'Did you see him, last night, when he came to the dinner-table, and how he covered his face with his hands?' I said I had done so. 'Well,' she said, 'he was praying. That was the most important speech of all, and he was so anxious that he might do good, rather than harm, by what he was about to say.' And then she added, 'When we went to our bedroom last night, he said, "My dear, if I were twenty years younger, I should go to Ireland myself."' It is a simple story, and perfectly true, as indeed no one who has read the *Life* will doubt.

To the ordinary politician a great part of the interest of this book lies in the explanation which it gives of those points in Mr. Gladstone's later career around which the largest amount of controversy has been waged. I do not know how the party man of to-day will regard the revelation that the surrender of Majuba Hill, which has been so often urged as a stain upon his character, both as statesman and patriot, was, in reality, not his work so much as that of the whole Cabinet, and that none defended it so ardently as the late Secretary for the Colonies. The case of Gordon and Egypt is another upon which a light that must be wholly surprising to those who have not been behind the scenes is thrown by Mr. Morley. It was not Mr. Gladstone who was responsible, except in a strictly Ministerial sense, for the ill-starred mission of the heroic Gordon to Khartoum. Here, again, the action was that of more impetuous colleagues; whilst the 'desertion' of the hero which, for the remainder of his life, was made a reproach against Mr. Gladstone, was, as we now know, no desertion at all, but simply the failure of a most brave but almost hopeless enterprise on the part of the British army. It is of course the duty of a man at the head of an administration to bear the full brunt of responsibility for its failures as well as its achievements, and he would be justly despised if he attempted to evade that responsibility by laying it upon the shoulders of his colleagues and subordinates. No one can say that Mr. Gladstone ever attempted to do this. He did not even attempt to deny the malicious newspaper falsehood which represented him as having gone to the theatre on the evening of the day on which he heard of Gordon's murder. But now the pen of the biographer—of the historian—comes in, and he is vindicated.

Still more complete is the vindication which is furnished of his

action with regard to Home Rule. Even the amiable 'Civis Britannicus,' who occupied so many of the congenial columns of the *Times* not long ago in the attempt to prove that Mr. Gladstone took up Home Rule for the idle and unworthy purpose of securing the Irish vote after the 1885 election, must be put to silence by Mr. Morley's simple and straightforward narrative. 'Civis Britannicus,' and the worthy people who agreed with him in imputing the basest of motives to a great English statesman, will hardly set themselves as authorities above Mr. Morley. Perhaps, in the light of the truth as it is now made known to them, they will endeavour to revise their charitable judgment upon the character of the dead, and will admit that there are some things, the motives of statesmen amongst them, which are not dreamt of in their philosophy. But, indeed, I think that we should all of us learn to exercise a little more of the virtue of charity in our judgment of public men from a perusal of these volumes. It is so easy to lie, and so easy to accept the lie when it has once been spoken or printed; and then all the rest, the misunderstanding, the misrepresentation, the hopelessly embittered prejudice, becomes easier still, and the noblest of characters may be lost to sight under a mountain of calumny. Those who remember the versions of Mr. Gladstone's conduct, on many occasions of hot contention, that were current among his adversaries, and who now learn the whole story on indisputable authority, will be slow, I think, very slow, in future to accept the rhetoric of partisan journalists as being the truth.

There are, of course, many lessons to be learned from Mr. Gladstone's life that have a direct bearing upon the politics of to-day. It is amusing, for example, to observe how completely the recent action of Mr. Chamberlain was forestalled by his conduct in 1885, when he gave his unauthorised programme to the world without any consultation with his colleagues. There are several letters in the book—and I imagine that, if he had chosen to do so, Mr. Morley could have added to the number—in which Mr. Gladstone discusses Mr. Chamberlain's peculiar theory of Cabinet responsibility. In 1885, as in 1903, Mr. Chamberlain seemed to believe that a member of a Cabinet has a right to propound policies and make declarations of his personal opinions on questions of practical politics, without stopping to consider whether his own views are in agreement with those of his colleagues. I need hardly say that Mr. Gladstone regarded this as a very serious matter; but it is evident that he had a high opinion of the ability of the redoubtable Birmingham politician, and was most unwilling to quarrel with one who was at that time the idol of advanced Radicalism. All the same, he makes it clear that he did not consider Mr. Chamberlain a good bedfellow for the other members of the Cabinet, and that this dangerous theory of personal independence on the part of a single member of that

august body was one with which he had little sympathy. History repeats itself, and I should not be surprised to learn that the pages of Mr. Morley's work which deal with this particular subject had been read with sympathetic emotion by more than one leading member of the Unionist party.

Even more striking, perhaps, in their application to the existing situation are those pages of the book which deal with the formation of the Government of 1880. It was then that the troubles and divisions which have afflicted the Liberal party ever since may be said to have begun. Mr. Gladstone found himself at the head of a Party in which two distinct elements of thought were represented. He was not, of course, the first statesman who has had to deal with the conflicting views of Liberals of the ordinary type, and of advanced and militant Radicals; but he was, perhaps, the first who had to contend with the determination of advanced Radicalism to have its own way without regard to the interests of the party as a whole, and with scant recognition of the duty which every member of that party owed to its leader. He had, as Speaker Brand declared, a 'difficult team to drive.' Fortunately, his unequalled prestige and his own personal qualities enabled him to overcome the initial difficulties of his task. He got his men together in a Cabinet conspicuous for its average level of ability, and for several years he kept them together in spite of the almost unconcealed disaffection which prevailed amongst certain of their number. But, as everybody knows, he was beaten in the end, and the great Cabinet which came into existence with such a flourish of trumpets in 1880 fizzled out ingloriously on a Budget division in 1885. From that time onwards, it may be said with accuracy, the task of the Liberal leader has been one of growing difficulty. It may have reached its culminating point immediately after Mr. Gladstone's resignation in 1894. Let us hope that it did so, though appearances are against the theory. But whatever may be the truth on this point, it is clear that the Liberals of to-day will have to learn the lessons taught by the story of Mr. Gladstone's life from 1880 onwards, if they are ever again to make Liberalism the organised force which it once was in the history of our country. A party which consists of a number of sections each determined to push its own views without regard to the interests of the common body, or the deference due to authority and experience, is a party that can hardly expect, and certainly does not deserve, to have a statesman at its head.

One thing I miss in Mr. Morley's book is any adequate account of what may be called the Napoleonic side of Mr. Gladstone's character, the almost terrific force with which he could express himself and enforce his will upon others in times of stress and difficulty. The outer world did not see much of this side of the great man, but it was apparent enough to all who had much to do with him, and

those who saw it were not likely to forget the revelation which it afforded of the volcanic depths below the surface. Who, for example, among those who heard it, is likely to forget the almost savage outburst of wrath with which, during the Midlothian campaign of 1892, he met a certain candidate who had been unfortunate enough to be the cause of a split in his party and to lose his seat, and had the still greater misfortune to obtrude himself upon Mr. Gladstone's notice immediately after the catastrophe? 'I am astounded sir, at your audacity in presenting yourself to me,' are said to have been the words with which this gentleman was received by the great general who saw in him only an officer who had lost an engagement that ought to have been won. There was another gentleman, now dead, who was once on terms of social intimacy with Mr. Gladstone, and who told me a story that illustrated the Napoleonic side of the statesman. My friend held a position of importance in the Civil Service. His immediate chief died, and he believed that he himself was the fittest man to succeed him. With a temerity that was born of inexperience he wrote to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, asking for an interview. He received an immediate and favourable reply, and on being ushered into the presence of the Minister, was most cordially greeted. But he had hardly faltered out his reason for seeking the interview than a terrible change took place. 'What!' cried Mr. Gladstone rising from his seat and confronting his visitor. 'You have dared to come to me for such a purpose as this——' My poor friend declared that he never heard the end of the sentence. 'Mr. Gladstone's eyes seemed to send out scorching flames, and I turned and ran for it, thankful when I had shut the door of his room behind me.' Touches of this kind are needed to give completeness to any portrait of Mr. Gladstone. Gentle, courteous, and amiable in all the ordinary relations of life, he was not one with whom a wise man ever ventured to take a liberty that touched in any degree his sense of public duty.

Mr. Morley says much, but not too much, of that wonderful power of detachment which was one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest qualities. He never allowed himself to be absorbed at any moment, even in those burning questions in which he was himself playing the leading part. He always had different interests to occupy different compartments of his wonderful mind, and he could turn aside at a moment's notice from a crisis involving the fate of his Government to discuss the poetry of Horace or Dante, or some humbler topic which had chanced to attract his attention. I can myself furnish an illustration of this feature of his character. In the narrative of the events which attended that divorce case of Mr. Parnell's which shipwrecked the Home Rule cause, Mr. Morley pays special attention to two days in November 1890, when the Liberal leader was striving with all his might to avert

the great disaster. They were Monday and Tuesday, November the 24th and the 25th. On both those days Mr. Gladstone was deep in consultation with his most trusted colleagues, and with those Irish leaders who were faithful to him. He wrote the famous letter to Mr. Morley which was to be presented to Mr. Parnell if he refused to retire from the leadership of his party, and Mr. Morley makes it clear that at no point in his long career was he involved in a crisis so grave as that which now confronted him. On the morning of Tuesday, November the 25th, he sent to ask me to call on him at Carlton Gardens. I went at once. As I entered the door, the postman arrived with the midday mail, and I got some idea of what a statesman's correspondence may be during a great crisis. The man did not deliver the letters in the usual fashion to the servant who was admitting me. He had a sack on his shoulders, and leaning forward he opened its mouth, and discharged its contents in a great pile on the floor of the hall. When I was admitted to Mr. Gladstone's room, I found him writing at a table, Mrs. Gladstone being seated beside him reading. He explained why he had sent for me, making many apologies for having done so. He had just written an article for *The Speaker*, of which I was then editor, and he had learned that a certain lady—an old friend of his—objected to a phrase he had used in it. Before withdrawing that phrase he wished to consult me on the subject, and he did so with his usual fulness and frankness. Then he took the proof of the article, and began to correct it carefully, ever and anon stopping to explain the meaning of some sentence, or to ask what I thought of a suggested amendment. I had never known him talk more freely or more lightly, nor had he ever been more full of anecdote and reminiscence. It seemed as though he had absolutely nothing on his mind but that little anecdote, and this was the day that was big with the fate of his last and greatest enterprise! As I left the house I encountered two of the Irish members in the hall. They had come upon a fateful errand. I wondered in what mood they would find the great man whom I had just left playfully discussing the exact meaning of the phrase 'a clerically-minded person.'

. I have one small, perhaps very small, criticism to make on one portion of Mr. Morley's fascinating narrative. It concerns, however, the reputation of another great man of the Gladstonian epoch, for whose vindication as his biographer I was personally responsible—I refer to the late Mr. W. E. Forster. Mr. Morley, in his account of Mr. Forster's latest days in Ireland, speaks of his 'supersession' by Lord Spencer. There is no justification for the word. It was first printed in a journal bitterly hostile to Mr. Forster, which I need not further particularise. It was hailed at the time with great delight by Mr. Forster's enemies. The truth, however, is that the first suggestion of Lord Spencer's appointment as Viceroy in place of

Lord Cowper came from Mr. Forster himself; and I do not think that Mr. Morley, who pays a just tribute to Mr. Forster's character and qualities, is at all likely to regard him as a man who would have arranged for his own supersession. Mr. Forster's resignation, as I have fully shown elsewhere, had nothing whatever to do with the appointment of Lord Spencer to the Viceroyalty. Even Mr. Morley, apparently, is not wholly exempt from the weakness of accepting as the truth the journalist's gloss upon events which he only partially understands.

But here criticism ends. *The Life of Gladstone* is not only an admirable piece of work, achieved with consummate ability and with unimpeachable sincerity of purpose; it is a living picture of a man whose greatness even his contemporaries, dazzled as they were by his genius, did not fully comprehend, and a lesson from which public men of every party and rank may derive an inspiration that was never more needed than it is to-day, when party politics seem to be in the melting-pot, old foundations are slipping away, and the greatest interests of our national life seem to be in danger of being forgotten in the embittered struggle of rival politicians. From all this turmoil and chaos it has been a relief to many of us to turn during the last month to this convincing record of a statesman's life.

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[OVER

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THE MOST HON. THE MARQUIS OF BREADALBANE, K.G.

VICE-PRESIDENT

THE RIGHT HON. LORD LAMINGTON, G.C.M.G.

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T. & A. C.—1903.

[OVER



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25 Payments .	2 9 8	2 13 11	2 19 3	3 5 11	3 16 11	4 8 8	5 0 0
15 Payments .	3 7 5	3 13 2	3 19 11	4 7 11	4 18 6	5 11 2	6 6 6

[The usual non-participating rates of other Offices differ little from these Premiums.]

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PROSPECTUS, WITH FULL INFORMATION, ON APPLICATION.

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